

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

August

5c



inger Rogers

MAYLAND
STONE

Stars' Complexes

Beginning "Great Lover" By Vicki Baum

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Irresistible

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

How Rosalie found a fascinating new world



DO AS NEW YORK MODELS DO, USE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Without perfect teeth, not one model in ten has a chance of success before the camera. No wonder famous New York models choose Listerine Tooth Paste. Its ingredients are super-fine in character, amazingly gentle in action; yet give marvelous cleanliness and brilliant lustre.

Why don't you, too, try Listerine Tooth Paste? See what an improvement it makes in your teeth in a few weeks.

Lambert
Pharmaceutical Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

I RECOMMEND IT TO MY PATIENTS BECAUSE IT IS SO GENTLE IN ACTION

More than
1/4 POUND
of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢

Regular size tube - 25¢



BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

ELEANOR
Powell
ROBERT
Taylor

SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL
SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!



BUDDY EBSEN, and a cargo of cuties!
He's a scream!



SOPHIE TUCKER, the last of the red
hot mommas singing her famous songs!



JUDY GARLAND, the sensational little
hot-singing discovery!



GEORGE MURPHY, Eleanor's new
dancing partner!

Also in the Big Cast:

Binnie Barnes
Charles Igor Gorin
Raymond Walburn
Robert Benchley
Willie Howard
Charley Grapewin
Robert Wildhack
and hundreds more

Directed by

Roy Del Ruth

Produced by

Jack Cummings

Dance direction by

Dave Gould

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Songs by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed

The mammoth M-G-M
musical that picks up
where "Great Ziegfeld"
and "Born to Dance" left
off! . . . Scores of stars!
Gigantic spectacle! Gor-
geous girls! Thrilling ro-
mance! Swingy tunes!...
It's M-G-M's gayest, star-
jammed entertainment!

BIG

SONG HITS

"Yours and Mine"
"I'm Feelin' Like a
Million"
"Sun Showers"
"Your Broadway
and My Broadway"
"Got a New Pair of
Shoes"
"Everybody Sings"
and others

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

August, 1937

Vol. XXXV. No. 4

AT LAST! "My Life"

By
Robert Taylor Himself

(As Told to Ben Maddox)

Hitherto Taylor has refused to give his Life Story to any magazine. It took SCREENLAND to get him to tell his straight-from-the-shoulder story himself, in his own way. Forget all the exaggerations, all the publicity yarns, all the ballyhoo. Wait for the next, the September issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, with the first chapter of Robert Taylor's Own Story.

"Youth"—including Bob's memories of his boyhood, with the background of his home, his intimate family life—starts in the September issue, on sale August 3rd. You will be interested and entertained by it, we promise you, even though you may be one of the very few who is not a Taylor addict—for here, in this Life Story, is the modern saga of an American boy who made good in a big way, without acquiring an enlarged ego in the process. As told to Ben Maddox it will hold your attention from first to last.

Feast of Features is this September issue, with not only the Taylor Life Story, but exclusive stories about other noted stars in today's movie news, including Edward Arnold, Deanna Durbin, Carole Lombard, and many more. Remember—SCREENLAND for September, on sale August 3rd.

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	17
Carnival Nights in Hollywood. Joan Crawford gives a party.....	Elizabeth Wilson	18
Great Lover. Fiction.....	Vicki Baum	20
Problem Star. Fred MacMurray.....	Virginia Wood	22
Stars' Complexes.....	Liza	24
"Panther Woman" into Patrician. Gail Patrick.....	Ben Maddox	27
Hollywood's Hell.....	William H. McKegg	28
Are Movie Men Social Flops?.....	Ted Peckham	30
Fatal Masquerade. Fictionization of "The Emperor's Candlesticks".....	Elizabeth B. Petersen	32
Beauty on her Own. Anita Louise.....	Dickson Morley	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
You Can't Keep A Good Menjou Down! Adolphe Menjou.....	Ida Zeitlin	54
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Claire Trevor.....		56
Fashions.....		58
Cary Grant's Secret Album.....	Ruth Tildesley	60
London.....	Hettie Grimstead	62
Paris.....	Stiles Dickenson	63
Tell-Tale Desires.....	Helen Louise Walker	64

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Return of the Prodigal. Leslie Howard. Return of "Stella Dallas." Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Anne Shirley. So This is How a Star is Born? Personality or Art? Love Their Dogs? Well, Who Wouldn't? "For a Woman is Only a Woman, But a Good Cigarette is a Smoke." Our Own Novelty Newsies. George Raft, Bette Davis, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Joan Blondell. "Turn 'Em Over!" Action on the Sound Stages. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Honor Page.....		8
Ask Me!.....	Miss Vee Dee	9
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	10
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		12
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers.....		14
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	66
Summer Beauty Keeps Cool. Beauty Article.....	Elin Neil	69
Femi-Nifties.....		70
Inside the Stars' Homes. Ruby Keeler Jolson.....	Betty Boone	71

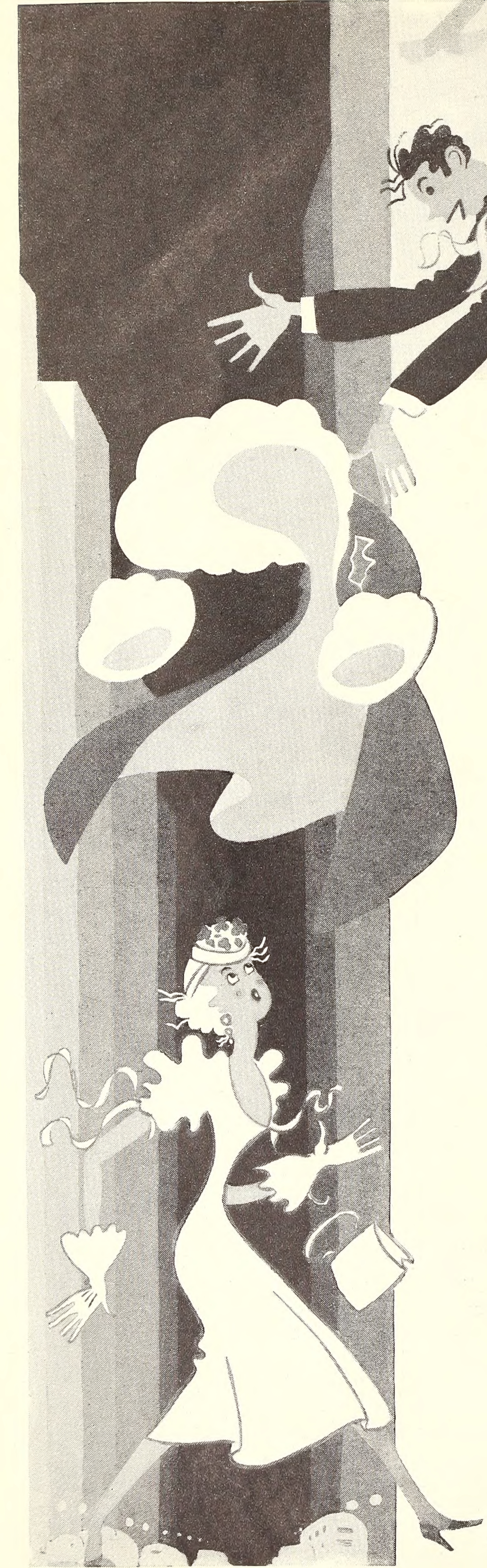
Cover Portrait of Ginger Rogers by Marland Stone.

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President, J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.10 in Canada; foreign \$2.50. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

Copyright 1937 by Screenland Magazine, Inc.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.



Suppose a \$75,000

Here's How I Felt

by
Jean Arthur

I WAS RIDING on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Yes, sitting there all clumped up, worrying about how I could squeeze a new budget-shop hat out of my poor little old salary. Then it happened. A fur coat landed out of the sky right in my lap. And what a coat. Not lapin or Kolinsky, not even mink, but real movie-star sable. Imagine a million dollars floating into your office window and you'll know just about how I felt. Naturally, when I recovered enough to ring the bell and get off the bus, I hurried right back to see where it came from. I knew it had to go back. After all, twenty-dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

MR. BALL BUYS A HAT...

I went back to where the bus was when the coat fell on me. And I stood there holding it, hoping whoever was tossing sable coats out of windows would come and claim it. Then I met Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball was a big man who looked as if he owned the world. His face was red kind of like he was angry. He tipped his hat and said, "Young lady, do you like that coat?" I thought the world had gone completely mad. "Well," he went on, "keep it then. I'd rather see somebody wear it who can appreciate it. But you need a new hat. Something's happened to yours, hasn't it?" I took off my little ancient felt and, sure enough, the coat had hit it, and it was squashed in worse than ever. Well, it's unbelievable. Mr. Ball just took my arm and shoved me into the swankiest hat shop on the Avenue and bought me a glorious new hat. "There," he said, "You look fine. Goodbye."

I GET A TOWN CAR

But this was only the beginning. Here I was, Mary Smith, with a beautiful new sable coat and a beautiful new Paris bonnet, and before you could say Jack Robinson another amazing thing happened. A little man

you got hit on the head with
sable coat! *How would you feel?*



Twenty-Dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

Jean Arthur

who said he ran the most exclusive hotel in New York had appeared and handed me the imperial royal suite to live in. Another man had given me a brand new town car to ride around in. A jeweler had sent me oodles and oodles of diamonds to try on. All of a sudden, it seemed as if New York had suddenly picked on me to hand all its most precious luxuries to . . . me, Mary Smith . . .

I MAKE A MILLION...

But, as if all this wasn't enough to make me keep pinching myself, a very serious minded gentleman in a derby bows in front of me and asks me if it's all right for him to invest a few hundred thousand dollars for me. And before I can even think of a sensible answer like "No," he's invested or done something with his dream money. For he comes back to tell me I've just made a million dollars. Me, Mary Smith, living in the ritziest hotel in town, wearing sable and silk and having chauffeurs and butlers and valets and florists and masseuses bow to me as if I were a queen . . . and now I'm told I'm worth a million dollars.

I MEET MY DREAM PRINCE...

And yet the most wonderful thing of all I haven't even mentioned. My dream prince. Suddenly there he was, grinning at me, and wearing not any fancy prince charming clothes, just an ordinary gray suit. But he had a smile like all the best story book lads and he told me he loved me, me, Mary Smith . . .

But Mary's told you enough. Did she have to go back to pounding the old typewriter, punching the old time clock? Or did her series of amazing lucky breaks end happily for Mary? You'll find the answer in Paramount's "Easy Living," the grandest picture of the summer, starring Jean Arthur in her swellest role as little Mary Smith, Edward Arnold as Old Mr. Ball, and dashing Ray Milland as her dream prince.



Ray Milland

He had a smile like the story book lads.

Adolph Zukor presents

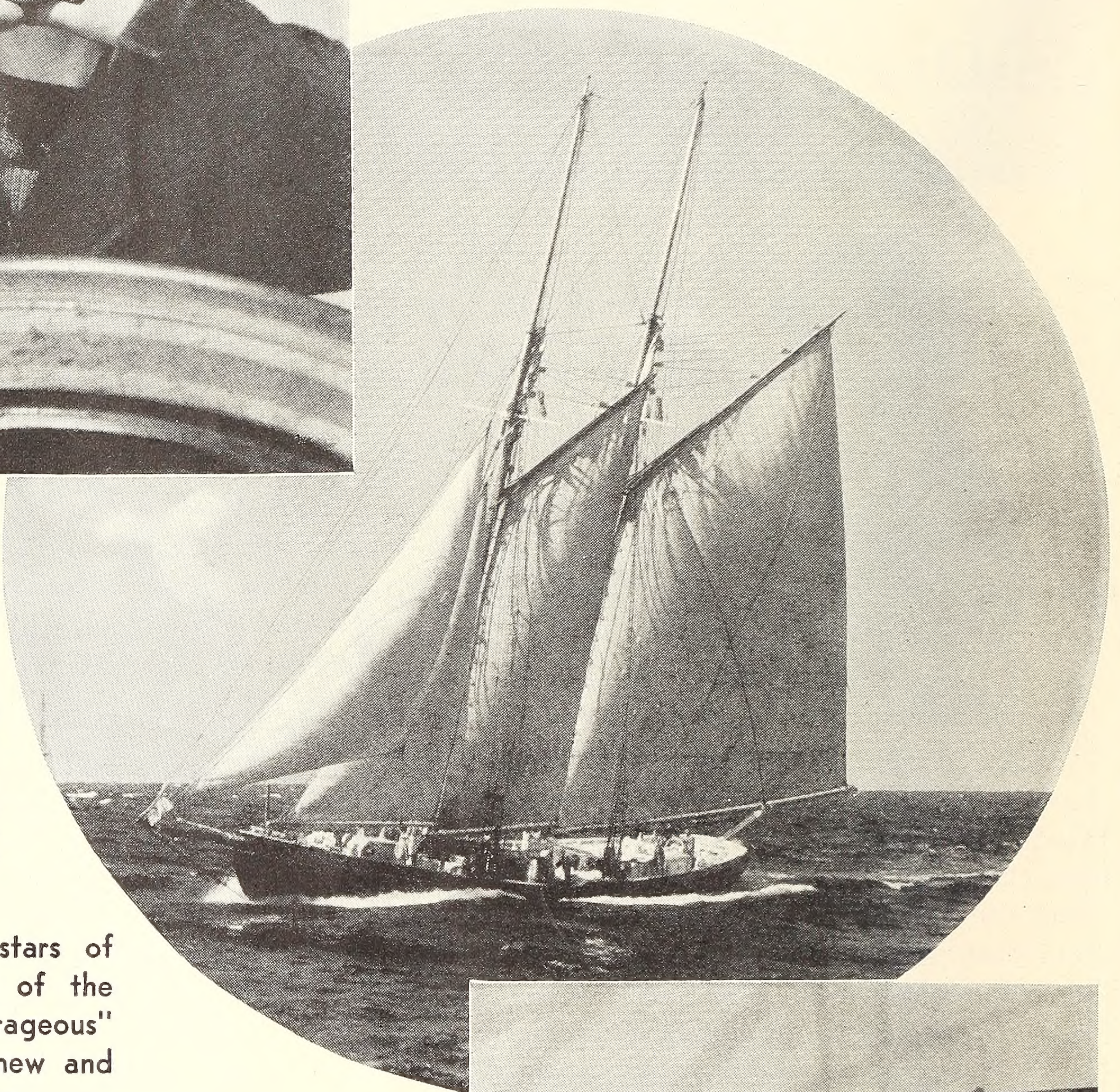
JEAN ARTHUR • EDWARD ARNOLD EASY LIVING RAY MILLAND • LUIS ALBERNI • MARY NASH

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

SCREENLAND Honor Page



The small boy above, Freddie Bartholomew, seems destined to become one of the great actors of his time. Critics have already honored his performance in "Captains Courageous" by appraising and praising it by adult standards, and awarding Master Freddie a large share of laurels—saving some, however, for Spencer Tracy, pictured twice below with Freddie. A special obeisance to the lovely ship at right, the "We're Here" of the film.



To the classic co-stars of that timeless saga of the sea, "Captains Courageous"—Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy

A MOTION picture of the magnificent sweep and authentic grandeur of "Captains Courageous" is not for just a season, but forever, or until celluloid crumbles. Freddie Bartholomew will be long remembered as the small boy who learns life's lessons from the fine fishermen of Gloucester. Spencer Tracy as *Manuel*, Freddie's mentor, is splendid and stirring, his greatest performance. "They that go down to the sea in ships" are immortalized in this perfect picturization of Kipling's story. "Captains Courageous" is perhaps the most soul-satisfying cinema yet produced, and Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew are truly worthy protagonists.



ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Marge L. No, Francis Lederer is not married. If you wish to write to him, address your letter to him in care of Columbia Studios, Hollywood, California. You, too, have fallen for Tyrone Power. Haven't we all!

Bobbe H. John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, has brown hair and gray eyes. He attended the Glendale High School and the University of Southern California. He is married and has two children.

Lawrence W. The two leading players in the following pictures were: Ramon No-



Edna May Oliver is seen aboard ship, bound for a vacation abroad.

varro and May McAvoy in "Ben Hur," Wallace Beery and Chester Morris in "The Big House," Wallace Beery and Katherine DeMille in "Viva Villa," Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Dancing Lady."

Erna W. Nino Martini was born in Verona, Italy. His father died when Nino was in his early 'teens. His mother and three sisters comprise his family; he is not married. His career began as an operatic singer in Italy. Since then, he has been a member of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, and now the Metropolitan, in New York. He has recently been awarded the Columbia medal for distinguished contribution to radio art. He has appeared in several pictures, his first starring film being "Here's to Romance." Rated his best, "The Gay Desperado."

June W. William Henry appeared in his first film at the ripe old age of 8! And played bits all the time he attended school. In 1927 he entered Punaho College at Honolulu and remained through one term. Then he presented shows at University of Hawaii Little Theatre. He has been appearing regularly on the screen since 1933. Following are listed a few of the pictures in which he has had parts: "The Worst Woman in Paris," "Coming Out Party," "Operator 13," "The Thin Man," "China Seas," "Exclusive Story," and "Tarzan Escapes." Address Richard Cromwell at Columbia Studio, Hollywood, California.

(Please turn to page 11)

Girls into Goddesses

Flatter your figure in a B. V. D. Swim Suit...fashioned to control and enhance your loveliest curves!



LADY, be beautiful! When you go down to the sea and the sands, sculpture your silhouette—glorify that feminine form divine with the glamorous, the artful, the brilliant Swim Suits of B. V. D.! For in their evening gown backs, their moulding fabrics, their seamless side mailots and seamless backs, their beautiful patterns and jeweled colors—you have the way to the body beautiful...alluring...goddesslike! The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.

Sea Nymph

The look of a lovely "hand-knit" with contrasting straps tying in "double bow" belt, \$8.95. Maillot model, \$7.95.

Tri-Color

B. V. D.'s "Crosstide" stitch with adjustable rope straps controlling pennant patterned uplift, \$4.95. Skirted, \$5.95.

Copyright 1937, The B. V. D. Corporation

B.V.D.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Swim Suits

- Seamless Sides and Backs
- Silhouetting Fabrics
- Extra Seat Fullness

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

always
ardent color..

never

lipstick
parching



Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

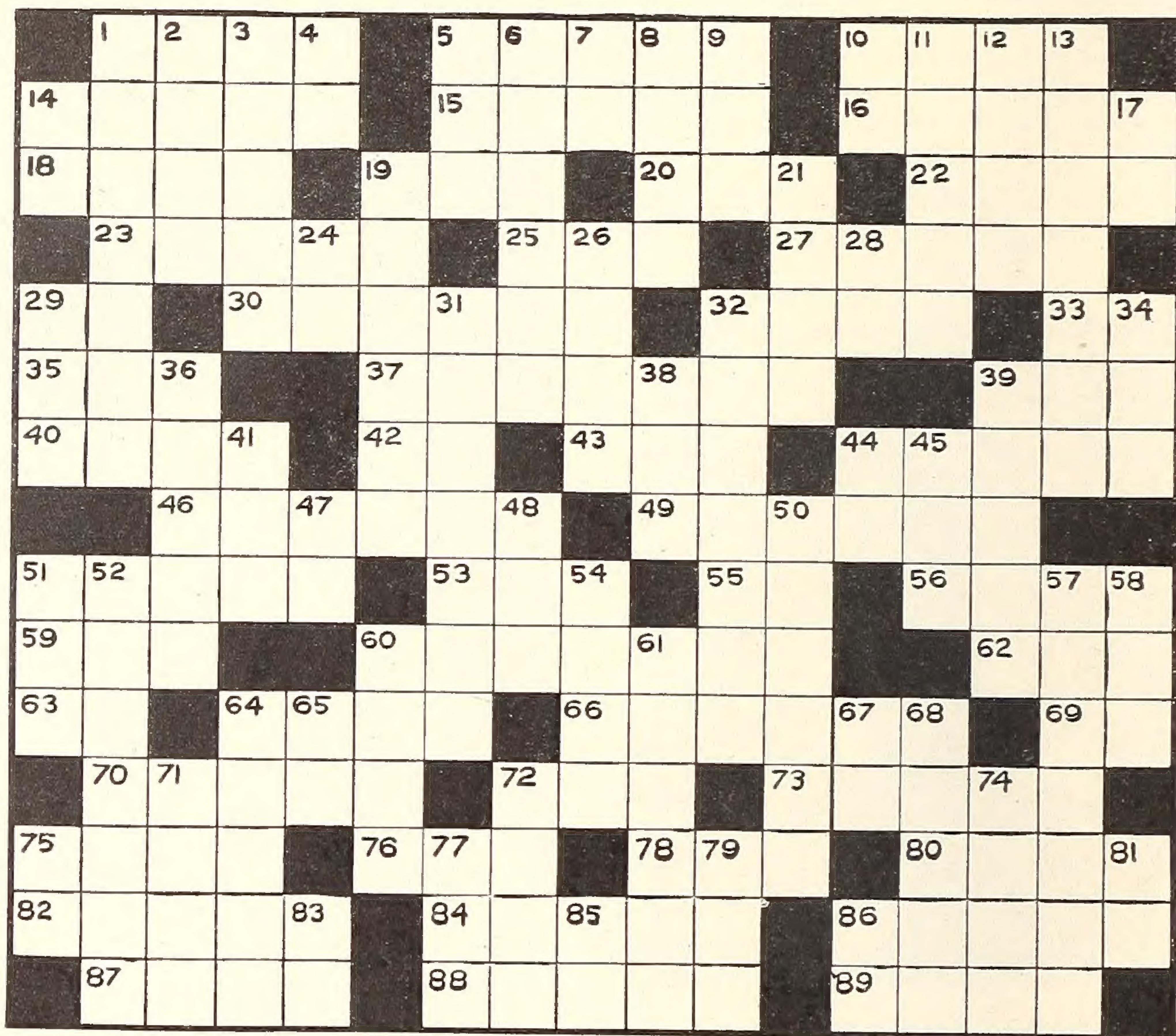
COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

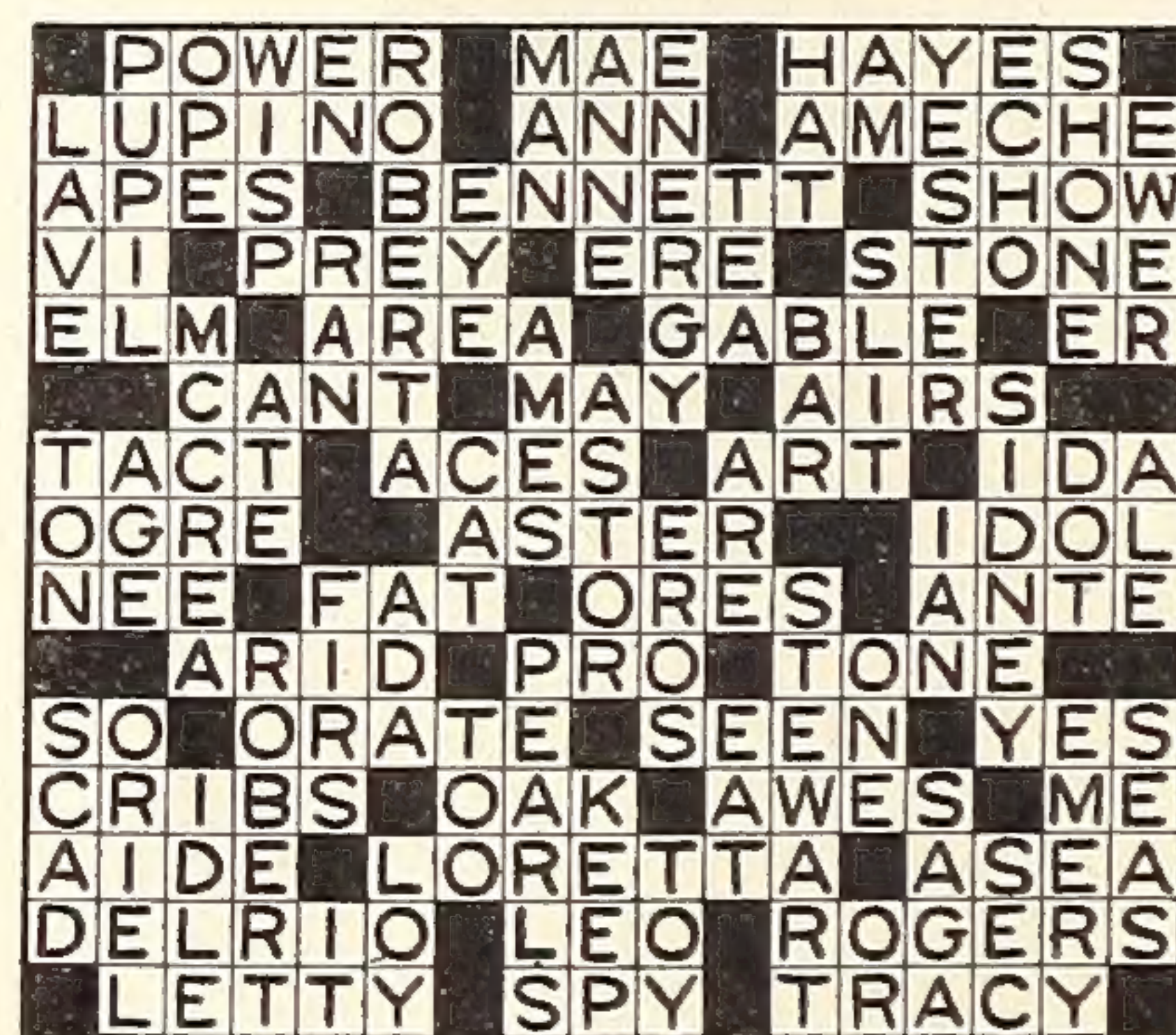
1. Hero in "Espionage"
5. His new one is "Captains Courageous"
10. Singing star of "That Girl From Paris"
14. Shanty
15. Juliet's Great Lover
16. Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
18. Scope
19. He's not afraid of the big bad wolf
20. Hard shelled fruit
22. Trolley car
23. Star of "The Prince and The Pauper"
25. Take food
27. Sea
29. That thing
30. Large scissors
32. Fuss
33. Therefore
35. Dined
37. Agrees
39. Deity
40. Grabs
42. Thoroughfare (abbrev.)
43. Tune
44. Charlie Chan
46. Piece of bedroom furniture
49. Heroine in "Girl Loves Boy"
51. Odor
53. A former wife of John Gilbert
55. Biblical pronoun
56. Religious title for man
59. Seed container
60. Mrs. Joel McCrea
62. Yours and mine
63. He's married to Ruby Keeler
64. Dry
66. Severe trial
69. Sun god
70. Star of "Marked Woman"
72. An
73. Leather strap
75. To grant
76. His new one is "Fifty Roads to Town"
78. Beast of burden
80. Small deer (plural)

DOWN

82. Command
84. Sharp
86. Came up
87. A character actor is cast according to this
88. Indian wigwam
89. Lairs
1. Star of "Cafe Metropole"
2. Above
3. Is dressed in
4. Swede comic (in "The Holy Terror")
5. Prefix meaning three
6. Astaire's dancing partner
7. Live
8. A penny
9. The opposite of me
10. Postscript (abbrev.)
11. Fur bearing animal
12. Famous Ibsen heroine ("The Doll's House")
13. The former Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray
14. Exclamation
17. Printers' measure
19. To give pleasure to
21. Small children
24. Exclamation
26. On the ocean
28. One hundred and one
29. Featured actor in "Call It A Day"
31. His new one is "Shall We Dance?"
32. Wandered
34. Uneven
36. Receded (as tide)
38. To bite
39. The screen's newest "Camille"
41. This always shines in California
44. Slang for all right
45. Meadow
47. Abbreviation for right
48. She's featured in "Good Old Soak"

50. Changes setting (as jewels)
51. Mineral spring
52. Star of "Maid of Salem"
54. Soon
57. Star of "Winterset"
58. Epoch
60. Ginger's co-star
61. To make
64. To soak in liquid
65. And, in a French movie
67. Exclamation
68. Villain in "Nancy Steele Is Missing"
71. Co-star of "Maytime"
72. "You Only Live —" (a movie)
74. Midday
75. Business firm (abbrev.)
77. Cereal
79. To behold
81. Compass point
83. Note of the scale
85. Upward
86. Paid notice (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



Continued from page 9

Mrs. T. C. M. It was Irene Dunne who played the leading woman's rôle in "Cimmaron," with Richard Dix. Barbara Stanwyck received her first screen test and motion picture contract when she was playing on the Broadway stage in "Burlesque."

Babe E. Frankie Darrow's first picture was "The Rainbow Man," a Paramount picture released in 1929. His later pictures were "The Payoff," Warner Bros.; "Three Kids and a Queen," Universal; "Unwelcome Stranger," Columbia. Don Ameche is with 20th Century-Fox. Write their studio in Hollywood for a picture of Don.

Mildred M. Yes, I agree with you perfectly in all that you say about Brian Aherne. But you see, he deserts the screen every now and again for the stage, which accounts for the lapses between pictures. He was born in England in 1902. He has played on the English stage and also appeared in English films. He first came into prominence in America in 1933 playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs." Since then he played *Mercutio* in Katharine Cornell's stage production of "Romeo and Juliet." His last picture was "Beloved Enemy" opposite Merle Oberon. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Anything more?

Louise A. Tom Brown was born in New York City, January 6, 1913. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. He attended the New York Professional Children's School. Both of his parents are on the stage; he also played in several stage plays, before his appearance on the screen, to say nothing of his radio programs! His recreation is swimming, hiking, if and when!

June J. Donald Duck? He is a grand character, isn't he? Suppose you write to Walt Disney to get the lowdown on that fellow, Donald. Mr. Disney will know when he was born and where, the color of his feathers and eyes; if he is married, and whether or not he answers his fan mail. Address Alan Marshall, Selznick-International, Hollywood, California.

Constant Reader. You are right about Sid Silvers in "Trans-Atlantic Merry-Go-Round." Remember how funny he looked in that uniform? The picture was released through United Artists.

(Please turn to page 13)



Maureen O'Sullivan, all set for a sail in a natty sea-going outfit.

GIVE YOUR THROAT A KOOL VACATION!



LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of **KOOL'S** fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) *Your* throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of **KOOL'S** today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orch. & Morton Bowe, NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.



Bridge Table—De Luxe inlaid. Sturdy. 750 coupons. Plain model, 500 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14



Electric Clock—Hammond. Walnut front. 110V. 60 cycle AC. 375 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



There Goes My Girl

RKO-Radio

Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond teamed this time as a girl and boy reporter, in love of course, but prevented from marrying by Ann's boss. Some amusing situations and fairly bright dialogue compensate somewhat for the weaknesses of a pallid and unconvincing story. Frank Jenks, Joan Woodbury, Gordon Jones, Richard Lane, Marla Shelton, Maxine Jennings, Bradley Page and Alec Craig give good support.



Turn Off the Moon

Paramount

Something light for evenings heavy with summer's sultriness. It's the boy and girl again, getting their chance to be stars—again. But the routine arrangement carries on with success as amusement because of pleasant handling in production, nice tunes, and good acting jobs by Charles Ruggles, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs, Ben Blue, Marjorie Gateson—plus some pretty good songs for Kenny Baker to put over.



You Can't Beat Love

RKO-Radio

We must say we like Preston Foster in top hat and tails, even when he's digging ditches—which is precisely what happens in this highly entertaining number about Preston involved in a political situation. He wins the respect of labor followers by digging, well and lustily for all his starched shirt. Joan Fontaine gives evidence she's well launched on a successful career as leading lady of a very good cast. Nice film.



Hotel Haywire

Paramount

A rather amusing little number, that should have been funnier—because Lynne Overman, Akim Tamiroff, and Spring Byington are in it. It shows us a mixup with a country dentist and his wife consulting an astrologist about the crash of their matrimonial bliss after twenty years of wedded happiness. Mary Carlisle and John Patterson as young lovers are indirectly involved in farcical events taking place here.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

The Lady Escapes

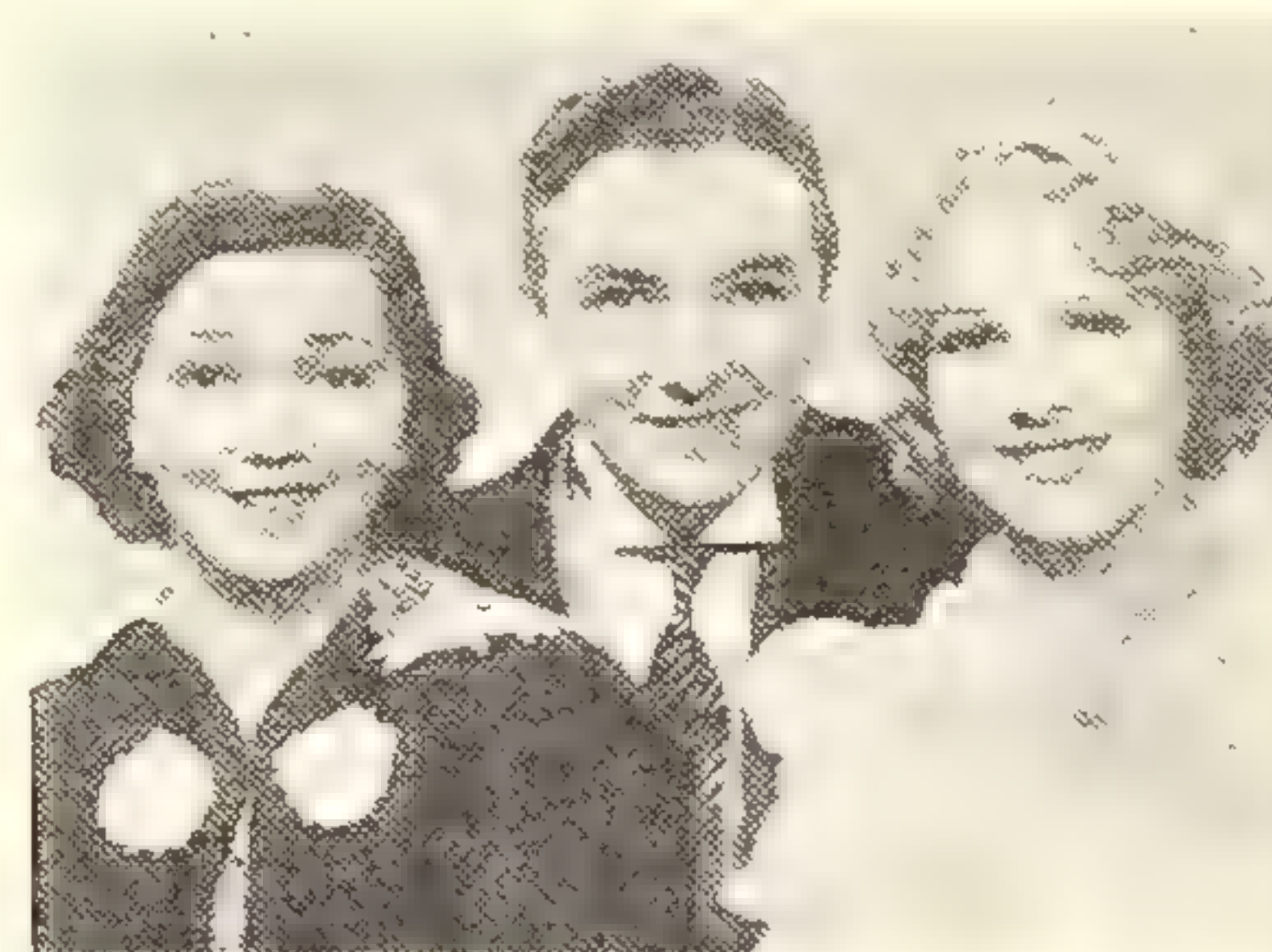
20th Century-Fox



The theme of this is definitely on the French farce side, but the film somehow fails to hit the right pace, and the result is a picture only moderately entertaining, for all the bright spots interpolated here and there during the course of the play. Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen, George Sanders and June Brewster are the leading players, with Gloria and Michael as newlyweds who divorce and then make-up.

Pick a Star

M-G-M



Yes, pick any star in this aggregation and you have one who knows how to make you laugh. Look at 'em: Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley, Mischa Auer, Laurel and Hardy, Lyda Roberti plus Rosina Lawrence and many other personable players. It's about aspirants to screen fame out to make good in Hollywood, and no punches pulled when the mood to clown comes over these comics. Gusty stuff, shooting straight for laughs.

Hollywood Cowboy

RKO-Radio



You people who don't get to see westerns very often, had better have a look at what's going on. And for an eye-opener as to how much real fun and genuine entertainment the ace action boys are putting on, we advise you to see this perfectly swell George O'Brien show. The best of shoot-'em-up western stuff is blended with real laughs—smart humor, too. Cecilia Parker, Maude Eburne and others are fine. It's good.

Wings Over Honolulu

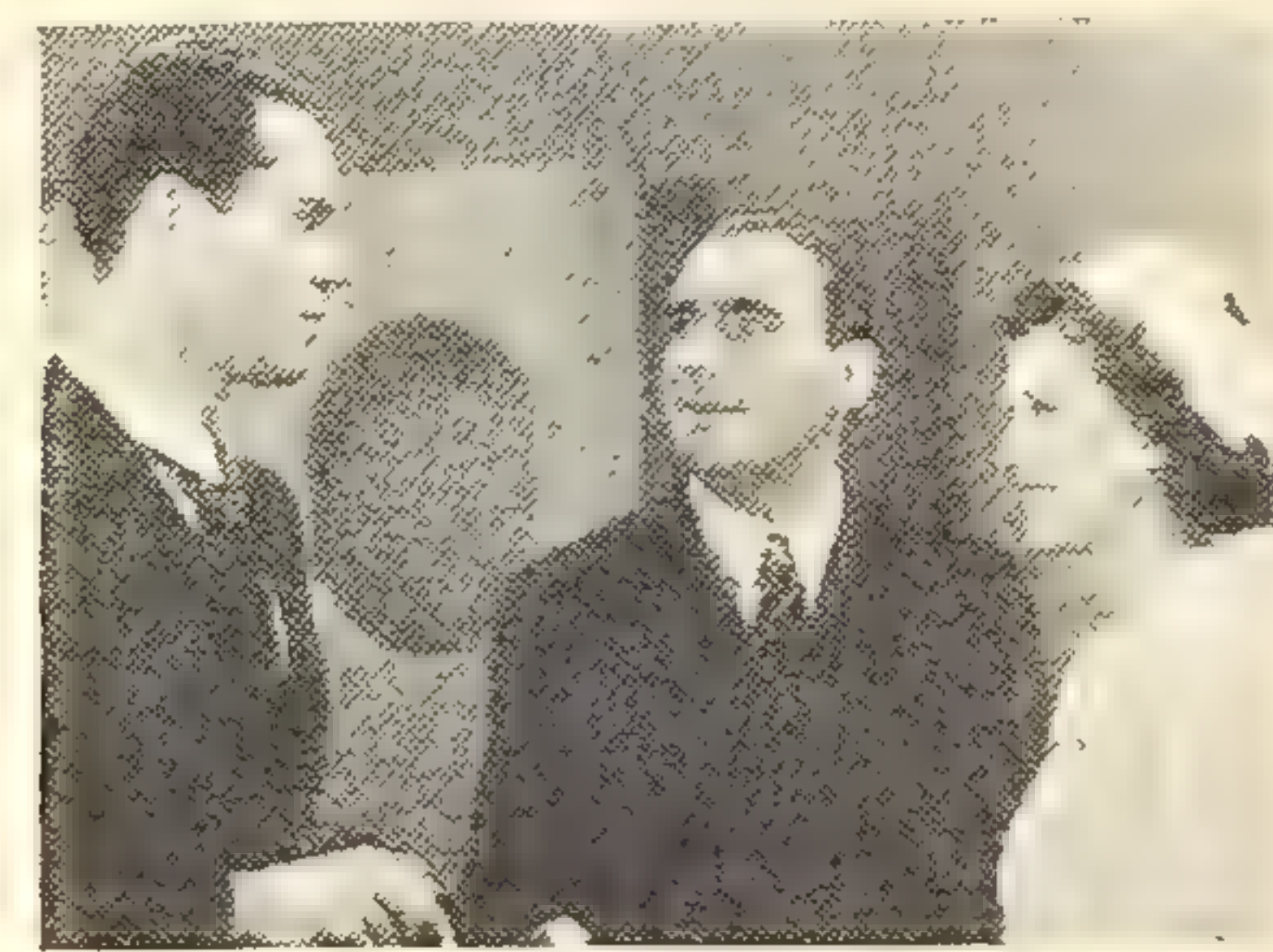
Universal



Enlivened by realistic and often very exciting aviation episodes, this study of the domestic difficulties of a bride to become adjusted to the social life at a naval base, has much to recommend it as the sort of entertainment most film-goers demand. Ray Milland, Wendy Barrie, William Gargan and Polly Rowles in the featured rôles give the central characters decided appeal. It's pleasing entertainment, from first to last.

Slim

Warners



Romantic melodrama spun around the lives, and loves, of the brave linesmen who do and dare, and sometimes die, to string wires that carry electricity into our homes and factories. It's ruggedly interesting, with Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda, and Margaret Lindsay working out a three-cornered love story, and J. Farrell McDonald, Stuart Erwin, Dick Purcell, Craig Reynolds and others lending effective support. Very good.

They Gave Him a Gun

M-G-M



Life behind the front in the World War, and its consequences for those who later must adjust themselves to peace-time conditions. Spencer Tracy scores with a vital characterization of a hard-boiled doughboy; Gladys George, lovely to look at, registers as the Red Cross nurse, and Franchot Tone plays with his usual finish in the rôle of Tracy's friend and regimental buddy. Good melodramatic fare—if you can take it.

Border Café

RKO-Radio



Fringing on the Western formula, but modernized by the injection of a gangster element, this picture moves right along, with plenty of action, romance, and some sprightly comedy sequences to contrast with the melodrama of the piece. John Beal, Armida, and Harry Carey are featured, and play their parts nicely indeed. George Irving, J. Carrol Naish and Leona Roberts are good in the prominent supporting rôles. Action!



Romance partners. Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Hunt are a new team.

Continued from page 11

Aileen C. K. "It Happened One Night" was a grand picture. It was based on Samuel Hopkins Adam's *Cosmopolitan Magazine* story and directed by Frank Capra. The screen treatment was done by Robert Riskin.

V. E. C. Helen Morgan, it may interest you to know, played the rôle of *Julie* in Zeigfeld's "Showboat" on the New York stage. The play ran for two years, at the conclusion of which she shared honors with Maurice Chevalier at the reopening of the Zeigfeld Roof. Later she appeared on the screen, and of course, in the screen version of "Showboat," played her original rôle of *Julie*.

Tarrytown. Nils Asther is in Europe making pictures. So that is the reason you have not seen him recently.

Helen E. Dick Purcell was born in Greenwich, Conn., August 16, 1900. He was educated at Fordham College. His stage career began in vaudeville, from there to drama; it was while appearing in "Paths to Glory" that Warner Bros. signed him on a contract. His pictures include, "Case of the Velvet Claw," "Bullets or Ballots," "King of Hockey," "Slim," and "Public Wedding." He has blue eyes, brown hair, 5 feet, 11 inches tall. Oh, yes, he plays the violin, and really plays it!

John Kippy. Good for you for sticking to your own opinion! Simone Simon was born in Marseilles, France, on April 23, 1914. She was studying art when a Russian film director happened to see her. Shortly, she found herself playing the rôle of *Pierrette* in "Chanteur Inconnu." The star was Muratore, the famous opera singer. Her delightful portrayal of *Puck* in "Lac aux Dames" won for her the contract with 20th Century-Fox in August of 1935. Her most recent picture is the lead in "Seventh Heaven," with James Stewart.

Geri M. Cesar Romero is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, 30 years of age. Graduated from Collegiate School, New York City. Had stage and professional dancing experience. A few of the pictures in which he has appeared are, "Good Fairy," "Thin Man," "Dinner at Eight," "Cardinal Richelieu," "She's Dangerous." Marie Wilson is 20. She has only one pet, "Frankie," a turtle. Pink is her favorite color and tuberose her favorite flower. She enjoys pingpong and bridge.



*"You have an enemy
—a beautiful blonde
IT'S YOURSELF!"*

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. *It's you, yourself, my dear!"*

• • •

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself*. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.*

It is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm —

that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too — you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and you're safe for all day long!

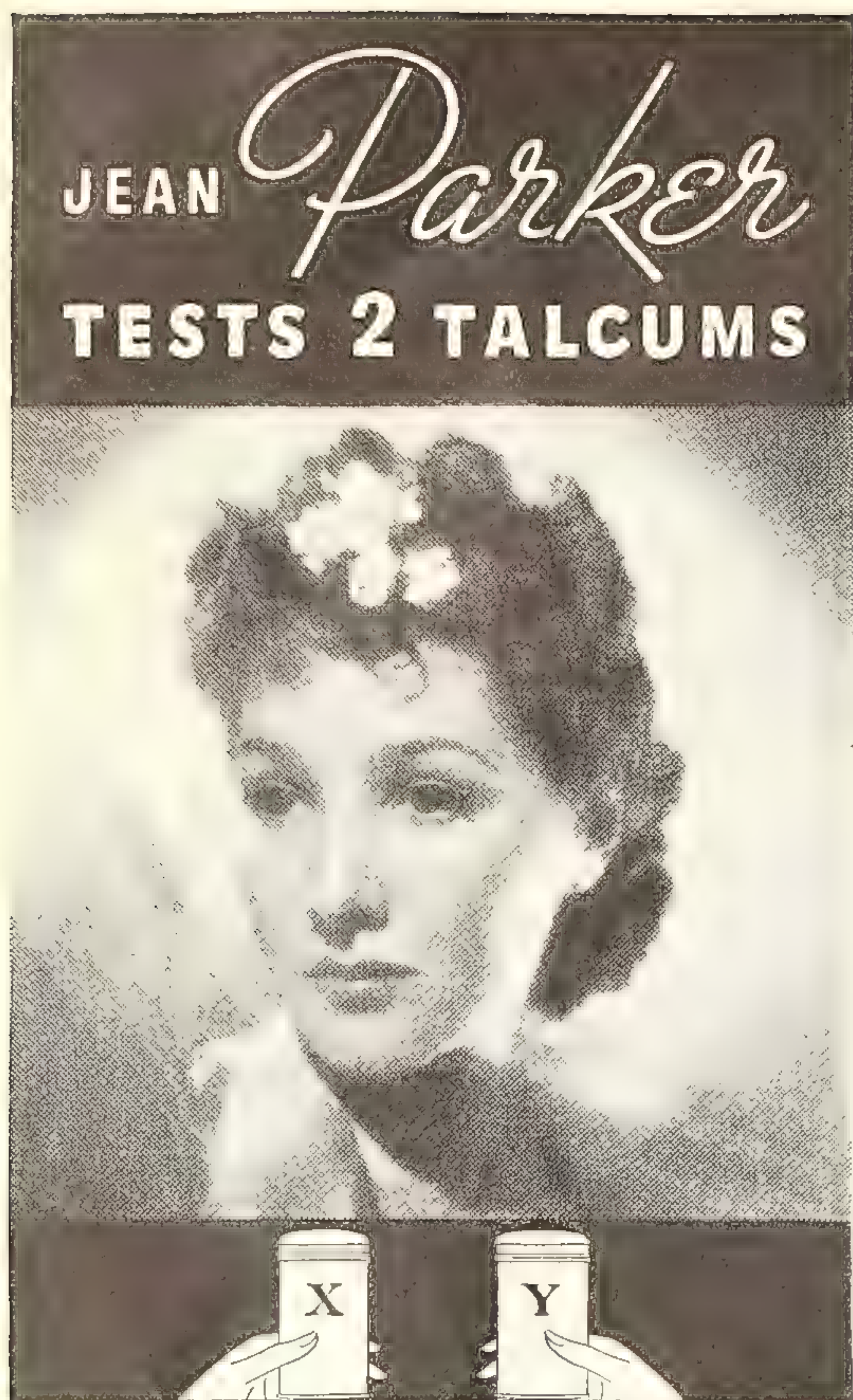
Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum — and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



See lovely JEAN PARKER in Columbia Picture "Life Begins With Love"!

Likes Both—Prefers "Y"

Jean Parker tries both powders in plain white boxes. She chooses "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented*. Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented*. MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts*! MAVIS cools, soothes and refreshes.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a lightly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

FREE Generous size trial package. Ask for either regular or mildly scented MAVIS. Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 101, Long Island City, N. Y. Offer not good after Aug. 25th. Get your FREE MAVIS now!



*Finer than
most face powders*



**MAVIS
FOR BODY
PROTECTION**

Two lovely MAVIS Talcums. Both will flatter you. Which one suits your type?

Glamor girls and great lovers step aside, as the cheers of letter writers call Hugh Herbert to take a bow. Hugh brings his big banjo and more fun than three fiddlers brought Old King Cole.



Salutes and Snubs

HUGH AND LAUGH!

Here's a grand salute to a grand and jolly fellow—Hugh Herbert, of course. Venturing to give my opinion without being asked, I think Hugh is Hollywood's greatest gift to laugh-lovers. He even deals out laughs with those eloquently expressive hands of his.

Miss Mae Hoja,
17 University Court,
South Orange, N. J.

JANET MARCHES ON

Winsome Janet Gaynor is again the great girl star she was for so long. Graciously she has stepped aside for a worthy successor to her girlish rôles, and particularly the rôle that made her and Charles Farrell so famous—and who but Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland can honestly take their place?

M. D. Morris,
West Union, W. Va.

THAT VERY GOOD BADDIE

After seeing him in his recent pictures, particularly "Nancy Steele is Missing," I would like to register applause for an

excellent actor—a "real" bad man! To Peter Lorre, therefore, a Salute! However mean the rôle portrayed, his personality has made a character that makes us feel whatever else it is, it's real!

Elsie Danforth,
Wolfeboro, N. H.

ENDURING TEMPLE

Glamor fades, new trends of acting are initiated, even stars rise and fall, but Shirley Temple's popularity continues to register ace-high on the barometer of success. Natural, unaffected little darling that she is, beloved by young and old, alike, she's a game little trouper.

Mrs. Bertha G. McDowell,
Ronceverte, W. Va.

WHO MAKES THE STARS?

It is said that the public makes the stars. If that is so, I'd use my share of such power to make Fernand Gravet the most popular star in Hollywood. I liked him so much in "King and the Chorus Girl" that I saw the picture twice.

Mary Nell McKelley,
Dyersburg, Tenn.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING TO HOLLYWOOD!

Say what you will, your ideas about Hollywood's pictures and picture stars are matters of importance to producers as well as actors, and interesting to your fellow screen patrons. So whatever you have to say, send it along in a letter to this department. Please try to restrict letters to fifty words, but send as many as you please, in one or many envelopes. Address them to: Letter Dept., Screenland, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

JEANETTE, HERE'S PRAISE INDEED

It's hard to imagine a more fascinating performance than Jeanette MacDonald's in "Maytime." Charm, joy, radiance, youth—she just bundled them all up in one fascinating character and turned loose the full battery of magnetism on us, the audience—and were we caught? I've seen that happen more often on the stage than in the movies. Screen stars are pretty, or beautiful, or charming, or good actresses, or what have you, but very seldom do they possess enough magnetism to reach beyond the screen, as does many a famous stage star.

Kathryn Murphy,
36th and Orchard,
Indianapolis, Ind.

FERNAND FOREVER?

I cast my vote for Fernand Gravet as tribute to the most charming new star to reach Hollywood from foreign shores since Charles Boyer. I was glad to see Gravet get SCREENLAND's Honor Page. And if he isn't one of our most popular stars within a year, SCREENLAND and I will both be wrong. And that just couldn't happen!

Ann Thomas,
617 Wenzill Way,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ALL-TIME FAVORITE

My favorite screen actor of all time is Fredric March. He is good in any type of rôle, and his best pictures, I think, are "A Star is Born," and "Death Takes a Holiday." Even so, I like him best in modern rôles such as *Norman Maine* in "A Star is Born."

Ann Wagstaff,
727 Lowell St.,
Dallas, Tex.

SALUTE TO SINCERITY

I want to offer my sincere congratulations to Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart, for their fine performances in "Marked Woman."

A. F. Werner,
Elizabeth, N. J.

BUT—THERE'S ONLY ONE FLYNN

It was rather swell of Errol Flynn to be willing to play second fiddle in "The Prince and the Pauper." However, those terrific Mauch Twins to the contrary notwithstanding, if others feel as I do, there'll be much disappointment that there isn't more of Errol in the picture.

Ellen W. Barkdull,
5247 Florence Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL FOR FORAN

I'd like to lead a cheer for Dick Foran, who rates rounds of applause—who can forget his rugged individuality in that gripping "Black Legion" picture? Although I've seen and enjoyed Dick's acting in quite a few westerns, I Salute particularly his work in "Black Legion."

Elsie Mae Hall,
Coats, Kan.

ANSWER YES OR NO!

Can anyone question that, with the right pictures, Tony Martin could become a great popular success. This young man has the good looks, acting ability and personality that goes to make a screen star. Here's to you Tony Martin!

Billie Jayne Brooks,
505 E. Seventh St.,
Wilston, O.

WHEN FINGERS AND TOES MUST LOOK THEIR BEST...

wear

GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints



*The newest, loveliest
colors....in perfect
"skin-tone" harmony*

BEWARE, YOUNG WOMEN! Unscrupulous flatterers of any hand are Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty" shades. Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red...these Complimentary Colors have a way with them...a way of adding new beauty to your manicure—and your pedicure.



GLAZO

But flattery from Glazo means honest admiration from beaux and escorts. So why resist its blandishments? You'll never suspect how fascinating your fingertips can be until Glazo's misty, smoky shades persuade you. That's why smart girls everywhere are losing their hearts and pledging their hands to Glazo.

A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—satin-smooth on the nail, for several *extra* days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-fast" friend, whose charm doesn't fade, whose flattery doesn't grow a bit "thick" with lingering in the bottle. And one that, at 25 cents, has a care for your pocketbook.

The Smart Manicure

The Highest LOVE

...the lowest men

The Seven Seas have ever known

MUTINY!... Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats

..defying the gallows..doomed unless they smash

a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR!

NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE!

NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

Warner
BAXTER Wallace
BEERY

SLAVE SHIP

with

Elizabeth ALLAN

Mickey ROONEY

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by TAY GARNETT

Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson

Based on a Novel by George S. King

DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production



The Editor's Page

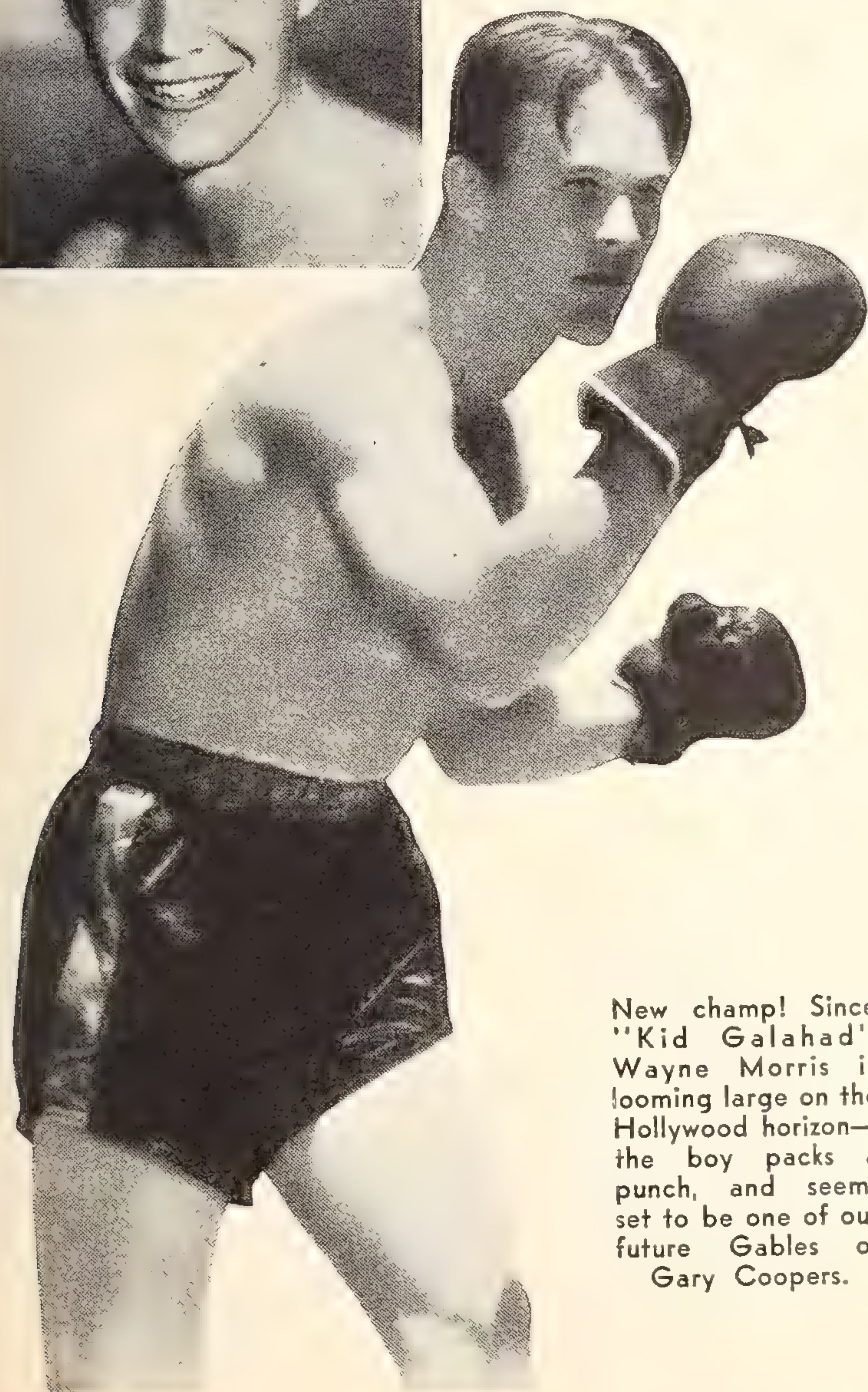
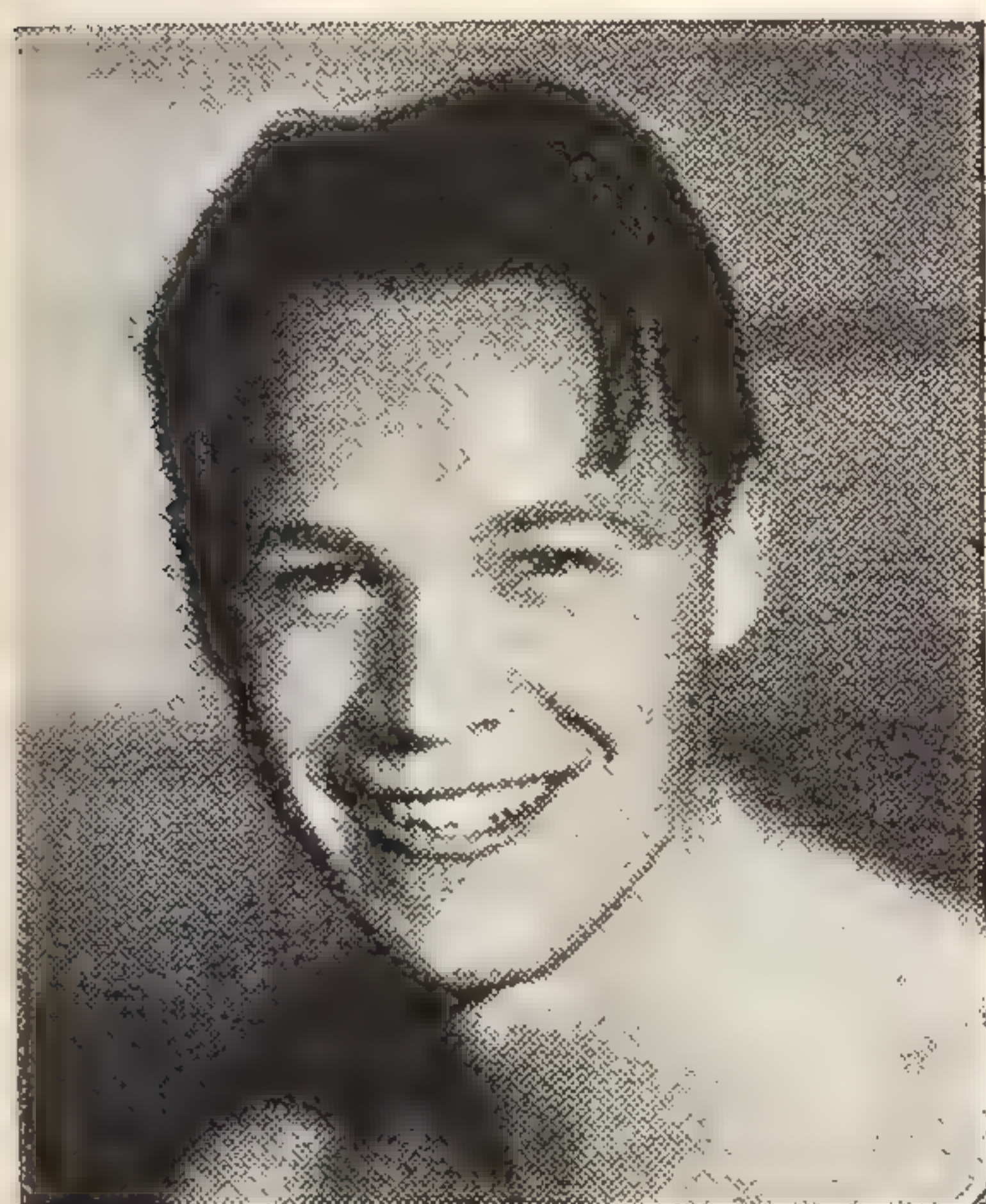
An Open Letter to Wayne Morris

DEAR KID GALAHAD:

Greetings!

How does it feel to be the new champion of Hollywood? Or are you punch-drunk? Nobody could blame you if you were groggy from this sudden success—for right now you're where Robert Taylor was after "Magnificent Obsession" and Tyrone Power after "Lloyds of London." If anything, you're already more securely established than either of these boys after their first hits; for your performance in "Kid Galahad" not only won you feminine applause, but masculine

approval; which latter boost Bob to a greater extent, and Tyrone to a lesser, still lack. That's why, Wayne Morris, I hereby hail you as the *luckiest* find in film history. Yes, I mean it.



New champ! Since "Kid Galahad" Wayne Morris is looming large on the Hollywood horizon—the boy packs a punch, and seems set to be one of our future Gables or Gary Coopers.

You may resent that word "lucky." But it's true. Suppose you'd happened along a few years ago before screen audiences apparently agreed that "Latinos are lousy lovers." Sleek-haired, sloe-eyed young men were the vogue, before the reaction set in. If you had attempted to break in then, you might have been given a few small parts, but ten to one with your rugged, American ways you'd have ended playing third assistant palookas in serials. Suppose, too, you'd tried to crash Hollywood at the same time Gary Cooper was looming on the horizon. I suspect you might have been dismissed with a shrug and a curt, "Sorry, kid, we can't use you—you're too much the Cooper type." As a matter of fact, a tall, wholesome young man named Lane Chandler had the misfortune to be a newcomer simultaneously with Gary. I remember Cooper and Chandler were a lot alike, and played in several pictures together—which turned out to be fatal for Chandler; for Gary got all the good parts, the fame, the fortune. His look-alike, Lane Chandler, last I heard, was still playing bits.

The point is, *you* hit it right; right time, place, part, picture. We welcome you because you're the first rugged individualist since Clark Gable. The two new current heart-throbs, Taylor and Power, are more romantic than rugged. Perhaps it was about time for another "typical American boy" to come along. And you did.

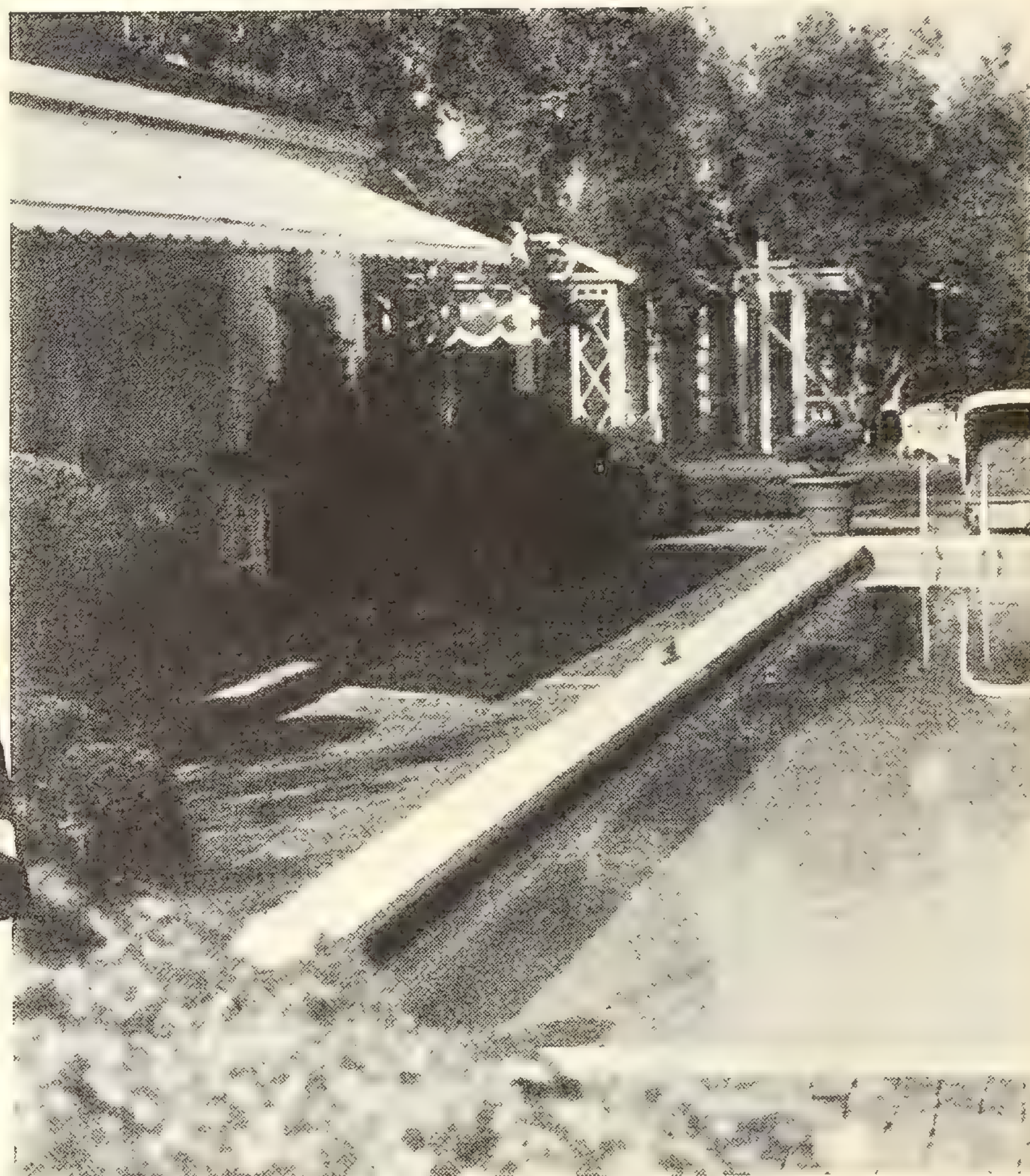
Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not trying to detract from your genuinely good work in "Kid Galahad." I know of no other actor who could have played that part with your whole-souled sincerity, your wholesome appeal, your awkward strength. You had never boxed before they put the gloves on you for "Galahad," but before you were through your powerful right had the men in the cast plenty worried, as Eddie Robinson reported to me. Perhaps you played that part with its naïveté, its homespun reality, so well because at heart you're still a small-town boy. Something tells me success won't change you much. You admit you like Bud Kelland's novels rather than weightier tomes; you hate orchids; but best of all, you keep a good-luck charm stuck in the lid of your make-up box. It's a Jewish prayer, and you don't know exactly what it means; but you wouldn't throw it away for anything. I like that.

Delight Evans



By Elizabeth

The Hostess: Joan Crawford Tone. This is the smile of welcome she gives her guests. Right, the setting—the beautiful swimming pool where Joan's parties usually begin, and sometimes end.



Joan Crawford gives a party, and we go! You'll be greeted by the famous glamor girl off-guard, you'll meet the Gary Coopers, Barbara and Bob, the Boyers—but come along and see who else!

THERE'S a whimsical old fallacy going about Hollywood, and Boston too, that when one is invited to dine at Joan Crawford's one simply dresses to the teeth. White tie and tails, swirling chiffons, diamond bracelets up to here, all that sort of thing. "And chi-chi no end," people who have *never* dined at Joan's are wont to say offhand, "place cards, my dear, and electric lights in the dessert. But really!"

Joan is mildly amused by all this, but only mildly. Sometimes her amusement is so mild that she would gladly stuff these people who gossip about things they know nothing about with red hot molten lead. "I do nothing more elegant than collect old silver and new freckles," says Joan, "and I live as quietly as a mouse with an inferiority complex. How can they say such things?" Many a movie star has asked that question and received no answer. In Hollywood where gossip flourishes like fungus in a swamp a scandalous remark anent a glamor girl is considered of no more importance than a comment about the weather. "I know it isn't true," I once heard one of those nasty people say when called down by a resenter after he had spread a bit of first class libel about

a famous blonde, "but it's an awfully good way to start a conversation." No one seems to mind but the movie star.

But as I was saying, or was I, I'm supposed to delight mankind with my gay goings-on in Hollywood and so if you'll just wait until I jump into something smart for \$19.95 I'll take you to a dinner party at Joan Tone's. As a night-outer from way back who has lost none of her zing with the coming of swing (a lyric), I have often snagged an invitation *chez* Crawford which I heartily recommend as a dream of a place to spend an evening. And I must say I have never found anything that slightly resembled an electric light bulb in my dessert—once I found some whipped cream which I nobly pushed aside; I have never seen a place card or a white tie, and Emily Post has never jumped out at me from behind the piano. I have often missed by the fraction of a second sitting down on cookie crumbs left behind by cute little three-year-old Joan Le Sueur who is allergic to eggs and not supposed to have cookies but slips them when Baby isn't looking. (Baby is what little Joan calls Auntie Joan and no one knows why.) I have often seen Joan put her elbows on the table and slip a bit of something from her plate to the dogs. Once she upset her coffee and swore like a lady. Honey, if this is Elegance we'll have to go back for re-takes.

The party we are about to move in on is delightfully

in Hollywood

Wilson

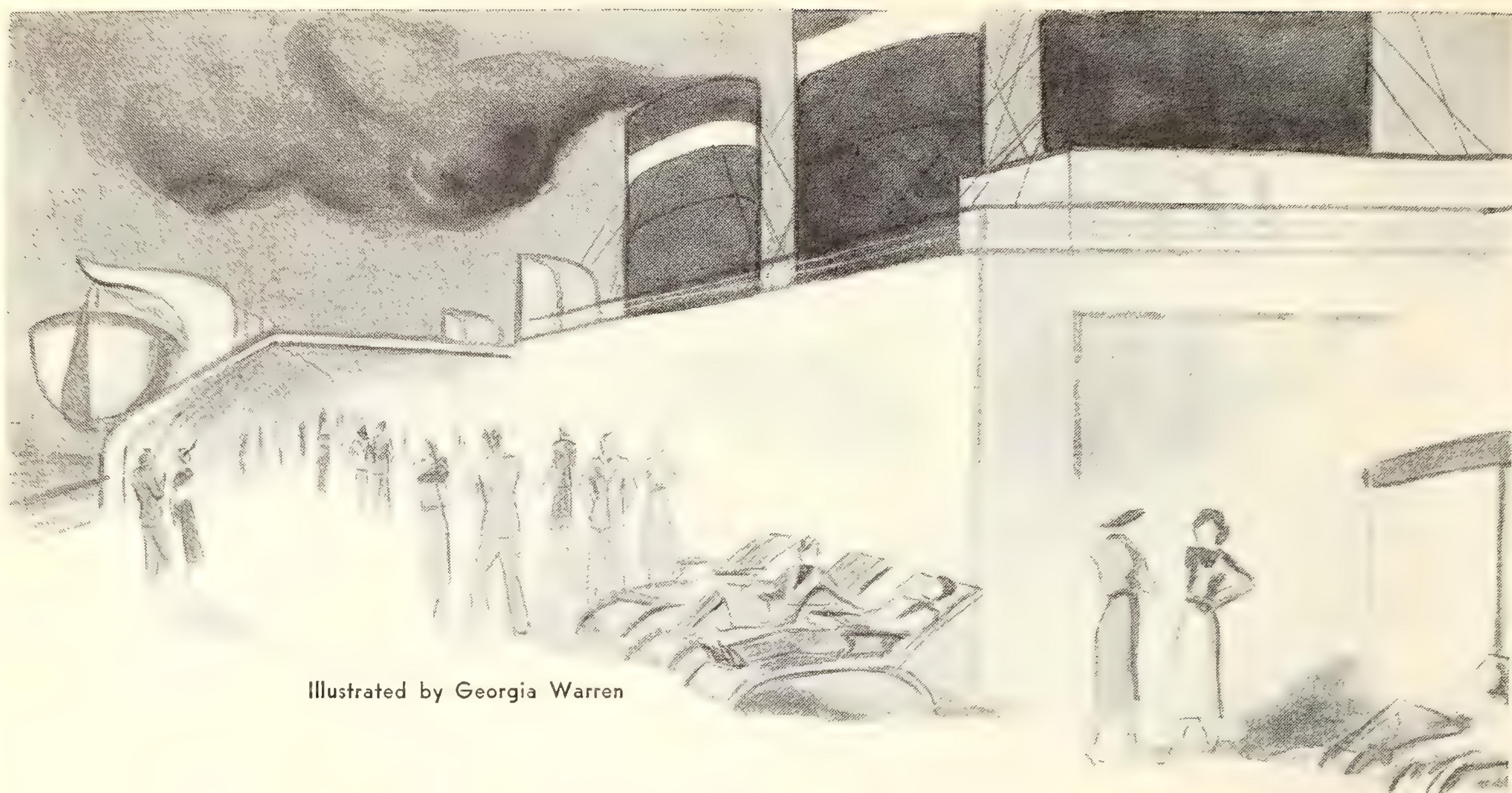


The Host: Franchot Tone. At this particular party Franchot went into a huddle over the Group Theatre with Luise Rainer. Below, Joan again, with Pupchen.



informal and more or less typical of all of Joan's parties. Although a grave girl bordering on the intense at times, Joan surrounds herself with gay, amusing people and at the first sound of laughter from her guests she snaps right out of whatever depressing mood she may be in and quickly becomes the gayest of the gay. It's a warm summer evening so cocktails are served in the garden at the end of the swimming pool (the most beautiful swimming pool in Hollywood unless you are a stickler for Harold Lloyd's), from a portable refreshment cart equipped with all kinds of little gadgets and shelves from whence come the most delectable canapés, caviar with onions, a little sherry for Joan, fruit juices for those who do not drink, and tomato juice for those who do, and did. Mercy, am I the only one having tomato juice! Franchot, always the perfect gentleman even when he's mad as hell over the tripe he often has to say in pictures, will not let a lady drink alone so joins me in a tomato juice with a wee dash of tobasco as a special surprise for the stomach. The men are all in sack coats except Cesar Romero who dotes on white mess jackets. The girls are all in backless dinner gowns—they've worked hard on acquiring that tan and they don't expect to pass up an opportunity of showing it. Joan has the best. Barbara Stanwyck has the worst. She has been too busy rushing from picture to picture this spring and summer to find time to relax in the sun. She is rather pleased with the picture she made with Robert Taylor called "This Is My Affair" because she is allowed to dress up (*Please turn to page 88*)





Illustrated by Georgia Warren

Great Lover

By VICKI BAUM

"HOW much money have you?" asked the immigration officer.

Ferdinand von Schoenbauer bowed from the waist. "If you please—two thousand dollars."

"Let's see it."

The young man was already fumbling in his wallet. The fingers that presented the bills shook a little. "Please," he said again, with a second bow. His eyes, brown velvet in a thin brown face, glued themselves to the official's hands as he counted the money.

"O.K. There you are. Your money. Your card."

"I am now permitted to enter?"

"You are now permitted to enter. Next, please."

The passenger extended his hand, his face lit by a brilliant smile that yet had something mournful about it.

"I thank you, sir, for your kindness," he said.

The officer cocked a suspicious brow and eyed him for a moment before taking the proffered hand. "You're welcome," he said. "Next, please."

* * *

Von Schoenbauer joined two persons at the ship's rail. The man was small and swarthy and nondescript looking, except that his most casual glance seemed to bore straight through you and come out on the other side. The girl was a blonde, so distractingly pretty that you thought you

must be mistaken in detecting a faint flavor of the alley about her. They had both been dressed by experts, which emphasized the effect that their companion had not.

He took out his wallet again, extracted the bills and handed them to the man, who riffled through them before placing them in his wallet. "All right, Schony," he said. "After you land, go to the address I gave you and they'll arrange for your transportation to the coast. I'll see you there. You've got the hundred I gave you for expenses? Hang on to it. Never know where the next one's coming from."

To Fuller, the agent, this was a stock witticism that came out automatically. To von Schoenbauer, the actor, it was bleak fact. Yet he smiled dutifully, as a man must smile at even the flat jokes of his benefactor.

"How I should thank you for all I do not know," he began in his formal English, fluent enough, and rendered the more piquant by a Viennese accent and occasional verbal inaccuracies which the third Mrs. Fuller described as "too cute for words."

Fuller made a large gesture. "Thank the wife. She spotted you. Matter of fact, Schony, I got you this test as a honeymoon present to the little woman. Pretty broad-minded, what? And we'll have to do something about that name of yours. The casting directors'll take one look and

The author of "Grand Hotel" achieves a new triumph in this graphic novel about a sincere and sensitive young actor, cast adrift in Hollywood through the whim of a capricious woman



Ferdinand joined two persons at the ship's rail, extracted from his wallet the money he had borrowed, and returned it to Fuller. "How I should thank you," he said. Fuller made a large gesture. "Thank my wife," he said. "My sending you to Hollywood is a present to the little woman, she spotted you in that play in Vienna."

pick someone they can pronounce. Check with me on that in Hollywood——"

"Check with you——?"

"Oh, stop pestering the poor boy," Elaine Fuller broke in. "Don't worry, Herr Baron. Joe'll take care of you. I knew the minute I set eyes on you in Vienna that you were the Hollywood type. I nudged Joe right away,

didn't I, Joe? And during the *ahntract*, I said: 'Joe, you simply *have* to go after that guy, because why shouldn't you do a little business, even if we are on our honeymoon?' I've got an instinct about actors, haven't I, Joe? I was born under Sagittarius, you know, and all Sagittarians have an instinct. Only mine happens to be particularly strong when it comes (*Please turn to page 72*)



Rare photographs of Fred MacMurray's childhood are clustered around the best new likeness of him, above. At right, the family home in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Left above, Fred's first violin, at four. Next, as the current movie idol looked when he was only three.

Problem

EVER since the first day Fred MacMurray arrived in Hollywood, people have been saying the same thing about him—"He's *such* a problem! He simply won't talk!"

Of course, the film colony said the same about Gary Cooper for a number of years, too—and still do, for that matter. Fred and Gary are a lot alike in that respect. Neither of them have ever been given much to small talk, or what is commonly referred to in Hollywood as "chat-ter." Neither of these two is physically capable of talking unless he has something to say. Which, by and large, is a pretty good failing.

On the other hand, this inarticulateness of which they have both been accused is prompted by quite different motives. Often, when Gary is asked a simple question, he has felt it should be carefully mulled over in his mind before he answers. But with Fred it's another matter. Nine times out of ten the reason Fred leaves you hanging in mid-air is because he's scared to death!

This shyness, or self-consciousness, or whatever you want to call it, isn't anything new with Fred. Back in the old high school days in Beaver Dam, many and many a time Fred was seized with the horrible realization that he had suddenly become the center of activity and found himself standing before a large auditorium full of kids, completely tongue-tied and speechless. Even the most simple oral recitation would bring large beads of perspiration out on the attractive MacMurray brow, and he'd blow up completely. He could write it out on paper without any hesitation, but just let someone ask him to recite a line of poetry, and he was finished!

"Gosh, I even used to blush!" Fred admitted, looking at me intently across the luncheon table in the Paramount commissary. Then he burst into that sudden chuckle of his.

"I remember when I graduated from the 8th Grade in Grammar School," he reminisced. "We had some kind of an oratorical contest. I had to get up and recite a great big long thing, something about:

'Fifty years ago in a lonely garret in the city of London lay a dying man. His legs were clothed in long military boots—'

"Isn't it wonderful how I can remember that?" he chuckled again. "Couldn't remember it then!"

"What did you do?" I wanted to know.

"Well, I looked over in the corner where the prompter was standing, but I couldn't hear what he was saying. So I quit."

"How do you mean, 'you quit'?" I pursued.

Fred shrugged: "Just sat down, I guess. Then my mother came up to get me and we went home."

Just like that! Personally, I think Fred had a great deal of common sense at that early age to have the courage to sit down. Most kids would have run pell-mell off the stage amid shouts of laughter. But you can't laugh quite so heartily at someone who just quits when he

Hollywood says about Fred MacMurray, "He's such a problem—simply won't talk!" But in this story you'll read, for the first time, the reasons for Fred's reticence—in fact, *MacMurray talks!*

By
Virginia
Wood



Triumphant trumpeteer, MacMurray, above, today. Left, when he was an unknown in "Roberta," on the New York stage. You can identify George Murphy at left in this group, Fred at right. Upper left, at the age of four Fred goes for a drive with Grandpa Martin.

STAR

knows he's had enough, is through, has no more to say.

"Funny thing," Fred went on, swiping one of my cigarettes and muttering something about leaving his on the set, "I never used to get a bit self-conscious at football games or things like that. If I had anything to say, I'd get up and speak right out."

At that moment, the waitress came up to take our luncheon order.

"What are you going to have?" he inquired. Fred always does that. And then orders something different! The lunch problem settled, Fred gave me his attention again.

"I didn't mind playing with the school orchestra, either, but those saxophone solos got me down! I remember the first one I had to do. Had to borrow a dress suit for the occasion. People said I looked kinda scared, but I got through with it somehow. Guess it was because I'd been practicing the number for weeks before the show and I couldn't go wrong!"

"I didn't get any better, either," he went on. "I remember when I was eighteen I got a job at Carson Pirie Scott's department store in Chicago. I was petrified that first day. Fortunately, they put me in the sports department, selling golf clubs and sweaters. Pretty soon I began to realize it wasn't so hard, after all, and I was

making fewer and fewer mistakes. Before I left there, they even put me in the suit department to help out on rush days and Saturdays.

"I think it's just that anything new scares me off before I even get started. The only thing you have to realize is that if you've got something to do, the only way is just to do it. If you're bad, you're bad—and the only consolation you have is that if you do it often enough, you'll get better!"

Which isn't a bad way to look at it, when you stop to think about it. Just how you're supposed to work up to the act of tackling your job is something that Fred wouldn't be able to tell you. All he knows is that he's barged in and done the best he's known how. Which is all you can ask of anyone.

"Never forget when I first started to work in 'The Gilded Lily,'" he went on. "You know how I was ready to pack up and leave after the third day. I thought I was so bad I never could be any better. And then I heard someone say everything I did looked so 'natural.' I was the most surprised person in Hollywood! I've always tried to remember that and keep hoping that if I make a mistake, maybe no one will notice it as much as I think they will.

"Now I find that pictures don't bother me—much," he chuckled again. "The first day on a new picture is the worst. If I blow up in my lines and there are a lot of extras on the set, it takes me (*Please turn to page 94*)

Stars' Complexes

Quoting Noel Coward: "It must be fascinating work, unearthing everybody's rattling little skeletons." It is, if you can get it! We can, and we did, as you'll see in this piquant story which pries into the minds of movie favorites

By Liza



Looking above at Dorothy Lamour, you wouldn't believe she has a care or complex in the world. But she has—read our story and learn what her complex is. Joan Blondell, right, must be trying to iron out the kinks in her complex, judging by her rapt expression. Clark Gable, however, laughs his off.



IN MY simple neurotic way I have been toying about a bit lately with complexes, and am delighted to report that I find that Hollywood is tied in knots.

Psychiatrists say that every person, including the morons, has an avoidance complex. Every person dreads to pass some place, maybe a building or a house or an area, where he has experienced unhappiness, and when he is forced to pass said place he sinks into a mood so black that not even a champagne cocktail and Myrna Loy can bring him out of it. I think that the psychiatrists have got something there, something that I might use in my own business; it might be interesting to know that the screen's great lover avoids balconies, and why. But before I go delving into the minds of my poor wretched victims, the movie stars, a few words about psychiatry. My knowledge of the subject might be rather quaintly summed up in a line from Noel Coward's play "The Astounded Heart." Says *Leonora*, "Psychiatrist is only a word to me—it's nothing to do with bone setting, is it?"

"Panther Woman" into Patrician

THOSE discerning people who foresee tomorrow's front row favorites are convinced that Gail Patrick is now set to follow right in the footsteps of Crawford, Colbert, and Lombard. And no wonder! After being chic and cool in picture after picture, and frequently given to suave villainies in her line of duty, Gail has emphatically emerged from the average ranks. In rôles that are allowing her to be warmly human she is demonstrating a patrician punch that is bound to distinguish her.

But meeting Gail, I discovered other extraordinary things about her. The siren who has gone sympathetic is the college girl who thanks friends in the background for helping her up the trying first steps to stardom—possesses character as well as color, courage rather than boldness.

Also one learns from meeting Gail that she has the grandest sense of humor—about herself. To hear her tell on herself is more fun than I've had in many a Hollywood moon.

It's easy to be sarcastic, to be witty about friends when they aren't present. You know that as well as I. But when you can grin frequently about yourself you

That's the strange career story of Gail Patrick, graphically told here in all its colorful phases

By Ben Maddox

possess a trait that is practically irresistible. In the complicated process of becoming theatrically famous, Gail hasn't acquired that elegance complex which seems automatically to accompany most rises in Hollywood.

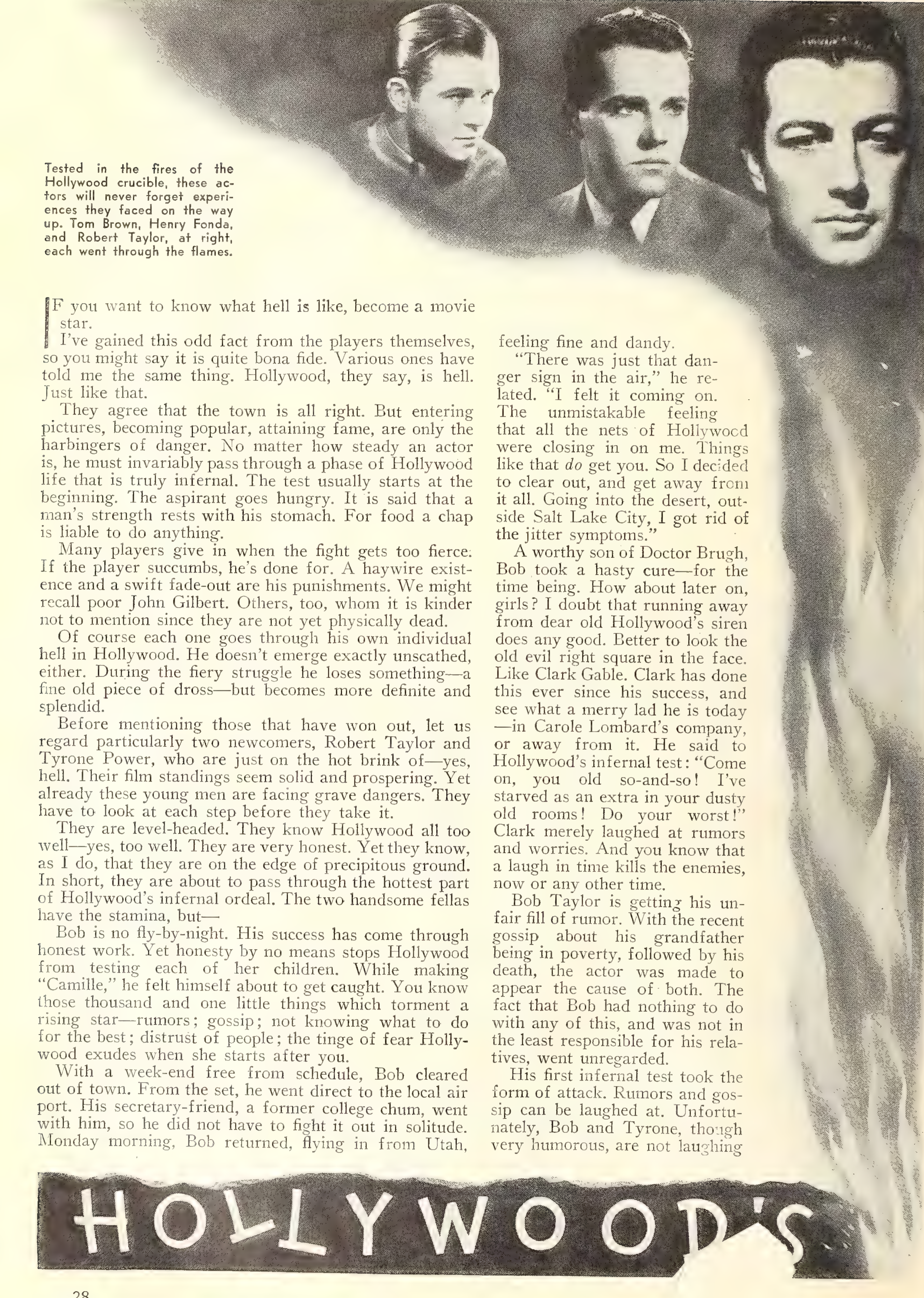
Back in Birmingham, Alabama, Gail was Margaret Fitzpatrick, typical Southern belle. Her parents had a rambling, comfortable house where all the gang preferred to gather. "My older brother brought me up," Gail explains, "and I brought up my younger brother." Not literally speaking, but so far as learning to mix well was concerned. The elder brother preceded her to Howard College, there in Birmingham, and "smoothed the approach for me!"

Gail didn't need any special nursing. She was attractive, peppy, and bright. The astute sisters of Delta Zeta knew a nugget when they saw one and pledged her to their sorority. She tried out for college shows and performed effectively. When she decided to play basketball she ended up as captain of the women's varsity. College Humor selected her as one of (*Please turn to page 85*)



The gorgeous girl at right, and above with Jack Benny in a scene from her new picture, "Artists and Models," was once the shy newcomer pictured with Gary Cooper, below. Yes, Gail Patrick.





Tested in the fires of the Hollywood crucible, these actors will never forget experiences they faced on the way up. Tom Brown, Henry Fonda, and Robert Taylor, at right, each went through the flames.

If you want to know what hell is like, become a movie star.

I've gained this odd fact from the players themselves, so you might say it is quite bona fide. Various ones have told me the same thing. Hollywood, they say, is hell. Just like that.

They agree that the town is all right. But entering pictures, becoming popular, attaining fame, are only the harbingers of danger. No matter how steady an actor is, he must invariably pass through a phase of Hollywood life that is truly infernal. The test usually starts at the beginning. The aspirant goes hungry. It is said that a man's strength rests with his stomach. For food a chap is liable to do anything.

Many players give in when the fight gets too fierce. If the player succumbs, he's done for. A haywire existence and a swift fade-out are his punishments. We might recall poor John Gilbert. Others, too, whom it is kinder not to mention since they are not yet physically dead.

Of course each one goes through his own individual hell in Hollywood. He doesn't emerge exactly unscathed, either. During the fiery struggle he loses something—a fine old piece of dross—but becomes more definite and splendid.

Before mentioning those that have won out, let us regard particularly two newcomers, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power, who are just on the hot brink of—yes, hell. Their film standings seem solid and prospering. Yet already these young men are facing grave dangers. They have to look at each step before they take it.

They are level-headed. They know Hollywood all too well—yes, too well. They are very honest. Yet they know, as I do, that they are on the edge of precipitous ground. In short, they are about to pass through the hottest part of Hollywood's infernal ordeal. The two handsome fellas have the stamina, but—

Bob is no fly-by-night. His success has come through honest work. Yet honesty by no means stops Hollywood from testing each of her children. While making "Camille," he felt himself about to get caught. You know those thousand and one little things which torment a rising star—rumors; gossip; not knowing what to do for the best; distrust of people; the tinge of fear Hollywood exudes when she starts after you.

With a week-end free from schedule, Bob cleared out of town. From the set, he went direct to the local airport. His secretary-friend, a former college chum, went with him, so he did not have to fight it out in solitude. Monday morning, Bob returned, flying in from Utah,

feeling fine and dandy.

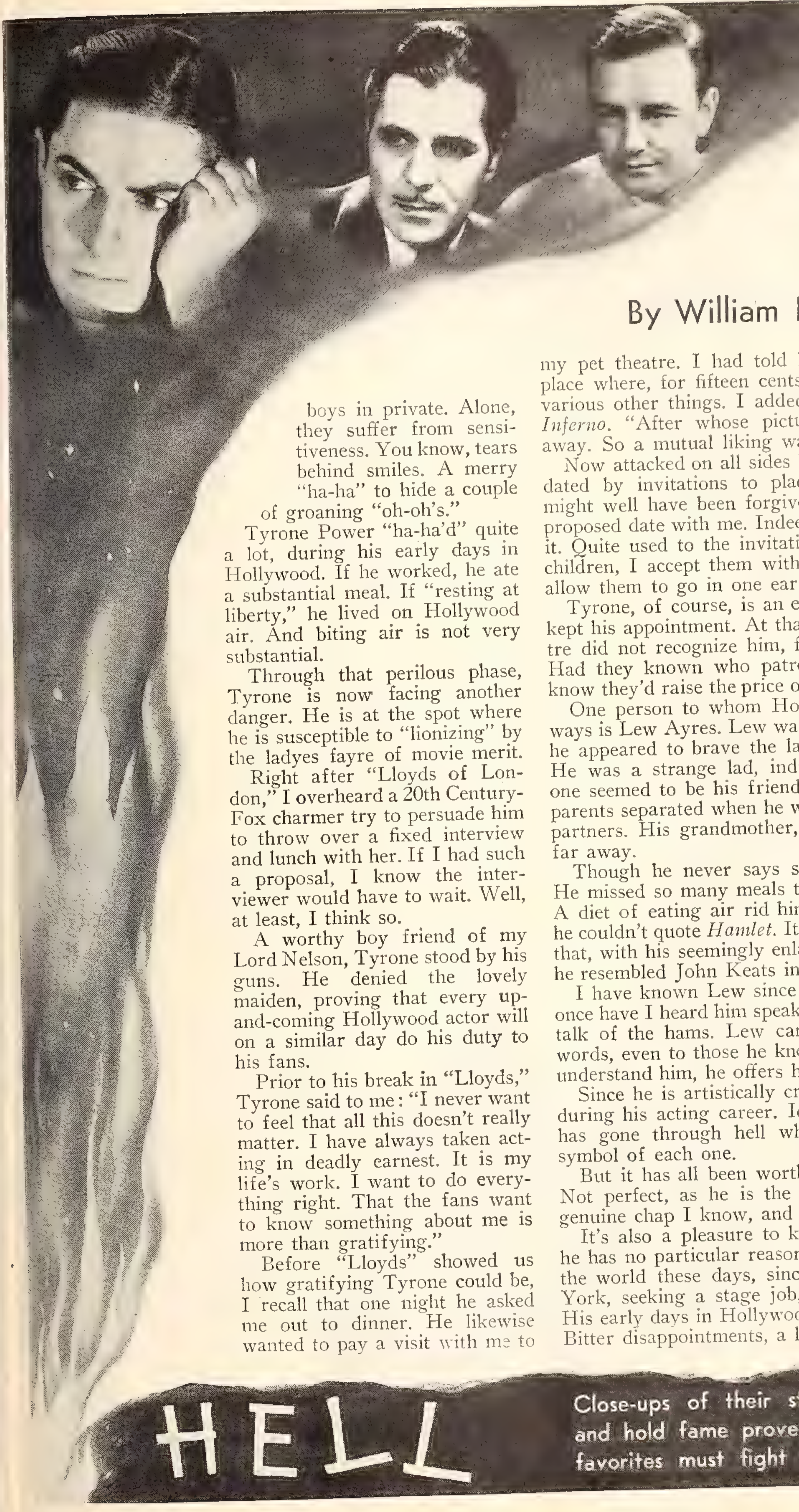
"There was just that danger sign in the air," he related. "I felt it coming on. The unmistakable feeling that all the nets of Hollywood were closing in on me. Things like that *do* get you. So I decided to clear out, and get away from it all. Going into the desert, outside Salt Lake City, I got rid of the jitter symptoms."

A worthy son of Doctor Brugh, Bob took a hasty cure—for the time being. How about later on, girls? I doubt that running away from dear old Hollywood's siren does any good. Better to look the old evil right square in the face. Like Clark Gable. Clark has done this ever since his success, and see what a merry lad he is today—in Carole Lombard's company, or away from it. He said to Hollywood's infernal test: "Come on, you old so-and-so! I've starved as an extra in your dusty old rooms! Do your worst!" Clark merely laughed at rumors and worries. And you know that a laugh in time kills the enemies, now or any other time.

Bob Taylor is getting his unfair fill of rumor. With the recent gossip about his grandfather being in poverty, followed by his death, the actor was made to appear the cause of both. The fact that Bob had nothing to do with any of this, and was not in the least responsible for his relatives, went unregarded.

His first infernal test took the form of attack. Rumors and gossip can be laughed at. Unfortunately, Bob and Tyrone, though very humorous, are not laughing

HOLLYWOOD'S



Tyrone Power fought poverty and discouragements to win out, and now faces other pitfalls. Warner Baxter, center, has not emerged unscathed, but sees gain in the strife. Lew Ayres fought on bravely.

By William H. McKegg

boys in private. Alone, they suffer from sensitiveness. You know, tears behind smiles. A merry "ha-ha" to hide a couple of groaning "oh-oh's."

Tyrone Power "ha-ha'd" quite a lot, during his early days in Hollywood. If he worked, he ate a substantial meal. If "resting at liberty," he lived on Hollywood air. And biting air is not very substantial.

Through that perilous phase, Tyrone is now facing another danger. He is at the spot where he is susceptible to "lionizing" by the ladies fayre of movie merit.

Right after "Lloyds of London," I overheard a 20th Century-Fox charmer try to persuade him to throw over a fixed interview and lunch with her. If I had such a proposal, I know the interviewer would have to wait. Well, at least, I think so.

A worthy boy friend of my Lord Nelson, Tyrone stood by his guns. He denied the lovely maiden, proving that every up-and-coming Hollywood actor will on a similar day do his duty to his fans.

Prior to his break in "Lloyds," Tyrone said to me: "I never want to feel that all this doesn't really matter. I have always taken acting in deadly earnest. It is my life's work. I want to do everything right. That the fans want to know something about me is more than gratifying."

Before "Lloyds" showed us how gratifying Tyrone could be, I recall that one night he asked me out to dinner. He likewise wanted to pay a visit with me to

my pet theatre. I had told him of a small Hollywood place where, for fifteen cents, you see two features and various other things. I added that it smelt like Dante's *Inferno*. "After whose picture?" Tyrone asked, right away. So a mutual liking was established on this sally.

Now attacked on all sides by seductive maidens, inundated by invitations to places of importance, Tyrone might well have been forgiven for not keeping his own proposed date with me. Indeed, I would not have noticed it. Quite used to the invitations of Hollywood's darling children, I accept them with all my heart and soul, but allow them to go in one ear and out the other.

Tyrone, of course, is an exception in many ways. He kept his appointment. At that time, my fifteen cent theatre did not recognize him, for "Lloyds" was not made. Had they known who patronized their smelly show, I know they'd raise the price of admission at least a nickle.

One person to whom Hollywood has been hell in all ways is Lew Ayres. Lew was a kid of eighteen when first he appeared to brave the labyrinth of the movie maze. He was a strange lad, indrawn, secretive, moody. No one seemed to be his friend. He had no family, for his parents separated when he was a child and married other partners. His grandmother, who brought him up, lived far away.

Though he never says so, Lew often went hungry. He missed so many meals that he became quite slender. A diet of eating air rid him of the burden of flesh, so he couldn't quote *Hamlet*. It stimulated the spirit so much that, with his seemingly enlarged luminous, broody eyes, he resembled John Keats in Italy.

I have known Lew since those early times. Yet never once have I heard him speak of his "sufferings"—the ham talk of the hams. Lew can never put his sorrow into words, even to those he knows intimately. To those that understand him, he offers his friendship.

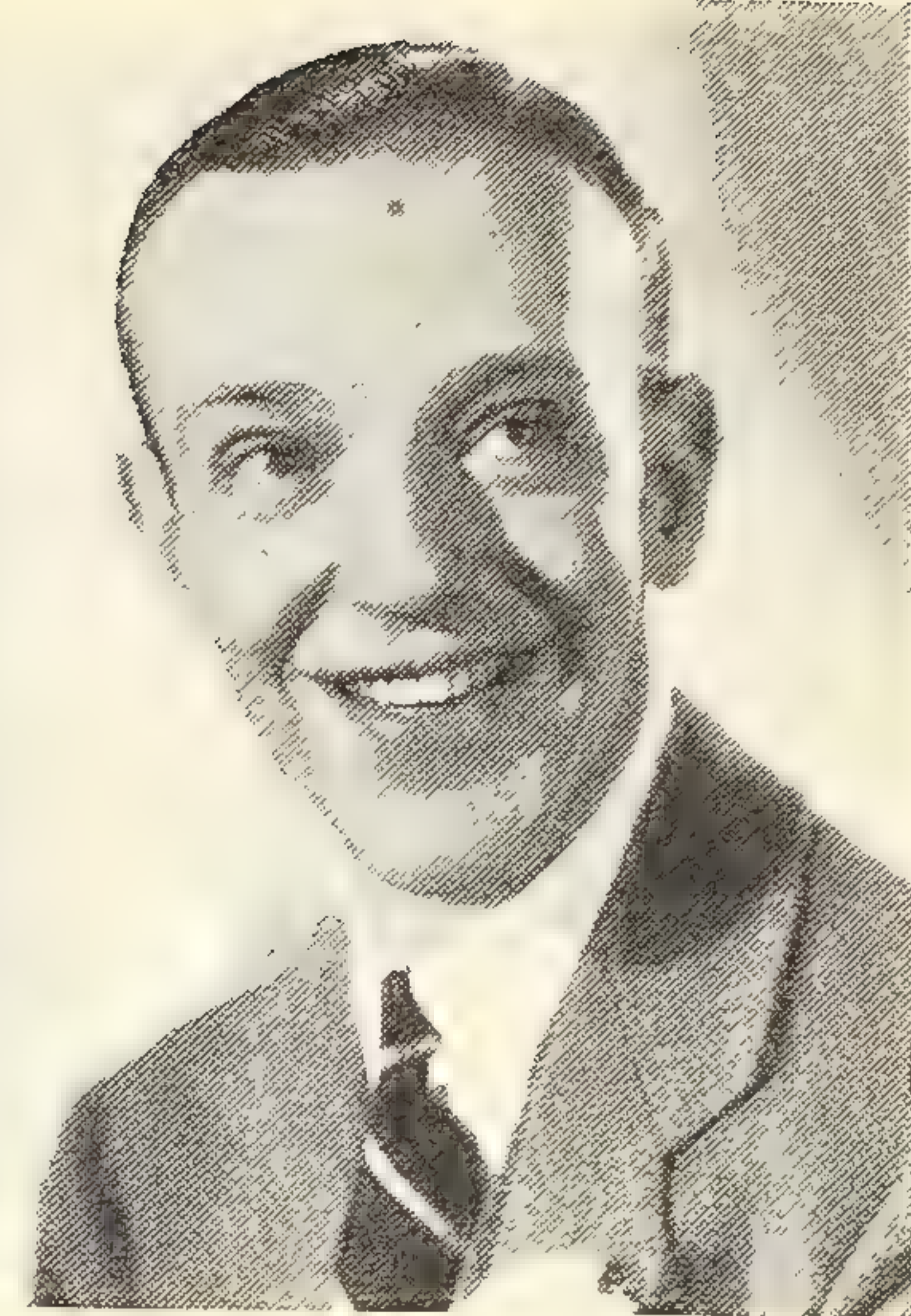
Since he is artistically creative, he has suffered much during his acting career. Ideals, aspirations, love—Lew has gone through hell while clutching at the earthly symbol of each one.

But it has all been worth it. He is a fine man today. Not perfect, as he is the first to admit, but the most genuine chap I know, and it is a pleasure to know him.

It's also a pleasure to know Warner Baxter, though he has no particular reason to make himself pleasing to the world these days, since he has "arrived." In New York, seeking a stage job, he went hungry frequently. His early days in Hollywood were no times for pleasure. Bitter disappointments, a lean (Please turn to page 98)

HELL

Close-ups of their struggles to win and hold fame prove that these film favorites must fight fire to succeed



The rich, world-famous men pictured at left: Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Fred Astaire—fail to qualify as guide escorts according to Ted Peckham's exacting standards. Well, they've done all right anyway—Gable is Carole Lombard's best beau; Bob escorts Barbara Stanwyck; and Fred married a social-registerite.



Are Movie Men Social Flops?

AS ORIGINATOR of the Guide Escort services in New York, London, Paris and Chicago, I seem to have started a tempest in a teapot when I chose young men from the East to start my Hollywood office.

"Why," male stars of importance and unimportance asked me, "won't Hollywood men do—when they're already presumably trained as escorts by their picture work and by taking Hollywood women, most glamorous and demanding in the world, to famous Hollywood night clubs and restaurants?" Why not give the local talent a chance—especially when there are hundreds of smaller featured players and extras who would thoroughly appreciate the minimum of \$50 a week which my men earn? I'll tell you—and hope the wounded vanities, if any, of the male stars will heal quickly.

Most Hollywood men won't do because they don't dress well enough! They aren't sufficiently sophisticated. They don't know the smart places to dine and dance, but prefer to go night after night to one or two well-publicized spots where producers will see them. They—

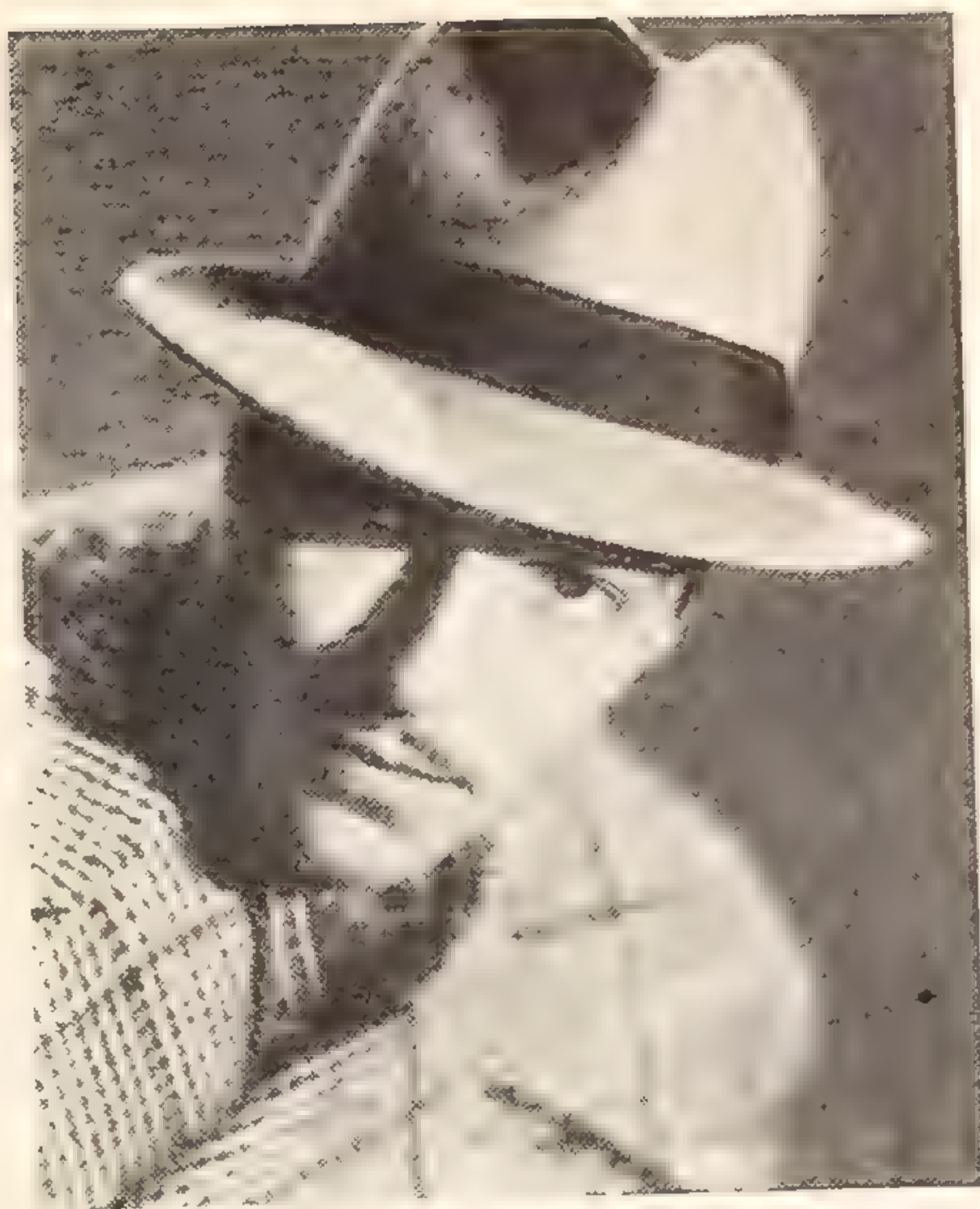
But personalities always are more interesting than generalities, and I'll tell you why a few male stars wouldn't be acceptable if they presented themselves to me, as dozens of men do every day, as prospects for my lists.

Tyrone Power—doesn't dress right. I saw him the other night out with Sonja Henie and he wore a pair of baggy flannels, sneakers, and a scarf around his neck. Guide escorts must dress according to generally accepted standards of neatness and good taste. But more about



Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard are Ted Peckham's first selections as belles of Hollywood—particularly Carole, at left, complete with hat.

For various reasons, these successful Hollywood gentlemen, at right, are considered non-eligible as escorts to lovely ladies. Cesar Romero doesn't mind; he dates Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, other noted belles. Tyrone Power is popular with Sonja Henie and other beauties. James Cagney gives 'em a good, Irish grin.



What, our Hollywood Romeos failures as escorts? So says an authority in this controversial feature, which makes racy reading even though you don't agree

By Ted Peckham

how Hollywood males dress later!

Fred Astaire—not tall enough.

James Cagney and George Raft—ditto.

Clark Gable—doesn't fall within my age limits. Guide escorts must be quite young—recently graduated college boys—or else, for older women, men of the "retired military officer" type.

Robert Taylor—too good looking. Guide escorts must be a background to a woman's charm and loveliness, and not attract attention to themselves.

Johnny Weissmuller—hair too long.

Cesar Romero—not an American type. I could use him in Europe to great advantage but for American women I try to supply boys of the "typical American boys" type.

Larry Crabbe—too muscular. Escorts must be slim and elegant.

On the other hand, there are a few—very few—stars who could make their fortunes, and have a lot of fun, if they ever chose to leave the screen and become guide escorts.

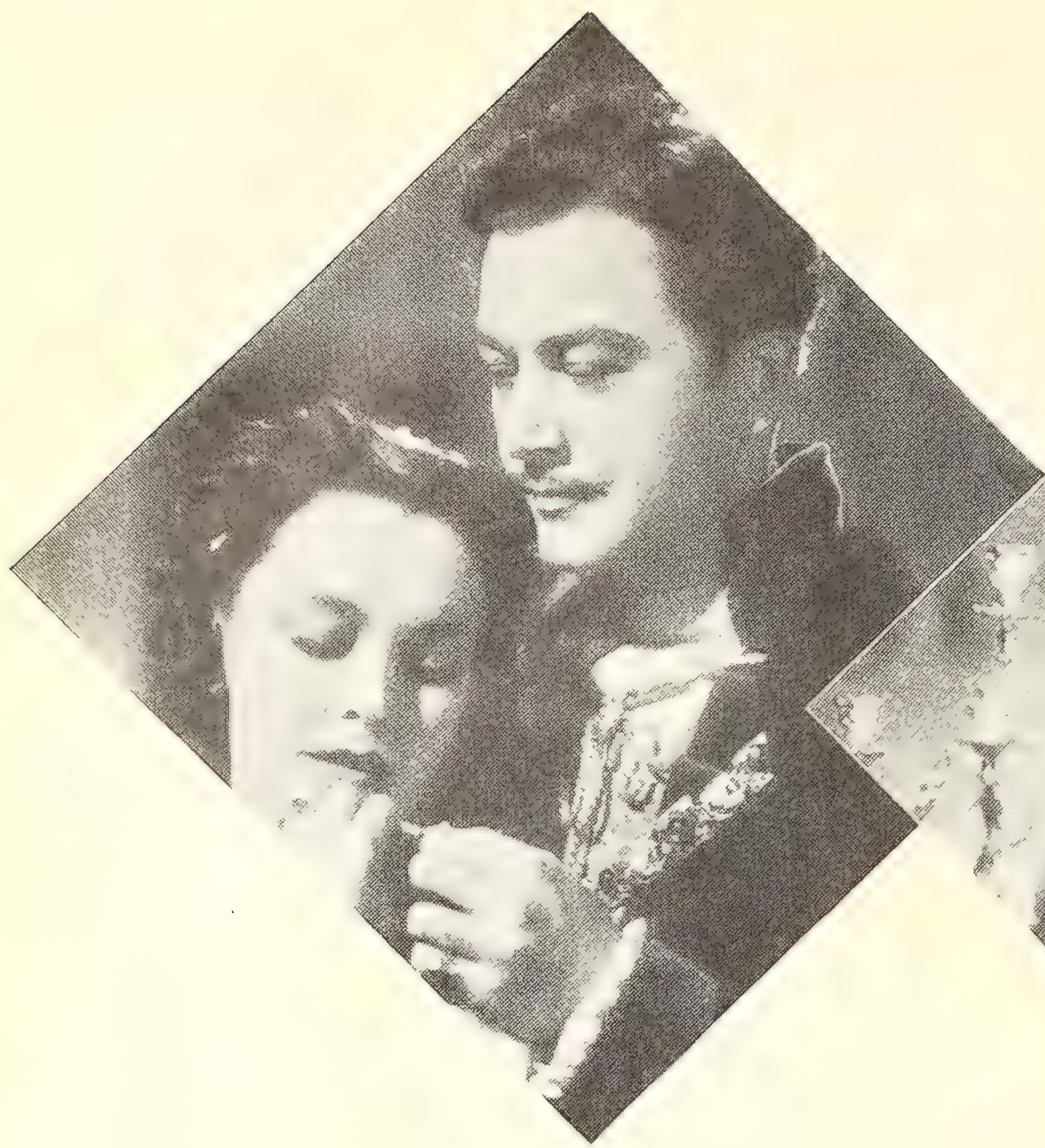
There's Leslie Howard, whom I met in Palm Springs and who told me jokingly that he wanted to do it for one night for the experience. I may take him up on it. He has a fine background, a beautiful voice, and great charm. Especially good for older women.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is also ideal.

Franchot Tone is another who has everything a guide escort should have—college background, social register, well travelled, beautiful manners, nice looking without being beautiful, good conversationalist, an engaging (Please turn to page 90)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., can have a job with Peckham's guide escort service any time he tires of picture-making. Kay Francis, we learn, is "perfection."





Fatal Masquerade

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

(Copyright 1937 by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation)

EVEN now, looking down on that letter that might mean his death, there was that lightness in Stefan, the Baron Wolensky, that casual gayness that could find jesting words even when he was facing death. In all these years in Vienna, far from his native Poland, that lightness had served him well.

Some men serve their country with a sword but Stefan served his with his charm and his wit, and none the less bravely than men who had given their lives for Poland's freedom from the Russian yoke.

Now he himself might give his life too. And all because a boy had masqueraded as Romeo the night before at the costume ball held at the opera house and a girl had come as Juliet. For the young Romeo was the son of the Czar of Russia, and the girl the daughter of Orlich, Stefan's fellow patriot who had been sentenced to death in Russia.

She had been so enticing, that young Juliet who had played at love with the boy and he had followed her to her carriage and driven with her to her home. They had planned it all beforehand, the girl and the men who were her father's friends and even as they had planned it had seemed too fantastic to succeed. But it had all been as simple as that.

Love complicates the intrigues of patriots, as the paths of political enemies cross. MARIA (Maureen O'Sullivan), lures GRAND DUKE PETER (Robert Young) into a trap, as MIRONOVA (Luise Rainer) and BARON WOLENSKY (William Powell) are torn between the dictates of their hearts and devotion to their causes.

So there was the letter written by the young Grand Duke himself:

My dear father:

I am in the hands of a group of Polish nationalists who have made it their duty to secure the immediate release of their friend and leader, Thaddeus Orlich, who is to be executed in St. Petersburg, by your order, in fifteen days. I ask you to pardon him immediately and on your Imperial word to guarantee his safe conduct abroad. Should this man die my fate will be inextricably bound with his.

Peter.

Stefan's smile came wryly as he reread the letter and Korum, his fellow patriot who had brought it, shifted uneasily. None knew better than he the danger that lay in the possession of that letter. Even here in Vienna he had anticipated death a hundred times in the short two hours he had held it.

"You will leave tomorrow on the ten o'clock express," Korum said. "And it will be your business to contrive a way to get that letter into the hands of the Czar himself in time to save the life of Orlich! You've always been a gallant patriot. You have sacrificed your patrimony for your people. Not once or twice, but times unnumbered you have flung yourself upon some desperate mission at our behest!"

Stefan smiled deprecatingly. "But my dear fellow, I've always rather enjoyed it," he protested.

"No matter!" Korum leaned forward tensely. "You have done it! And now tonight, Wolensky, you are called upon to accomplish the greatest achievement of all. This

Luise Rainer and William Powell meet again, fall in love again as stars of "The Emperor's Candlesticks," a new screen romance here presented in a stirring novelization

mission requires intense initiative and unremitting energy, combined with an almost reckless courage. There is no man of your rank and station in Europe who would so gladly lay down his life to aid the suffering and oppressed.

"In this case it doesn't seem much good laying down my life, unless the letter gets into the hands of His Imperial Majesty." Stefan shrugged away the other's compliments.

"Exactly." Korum was not to be diverted. "That's where your intense initiative and unremitting energy will come in."

"Oh, yes, of course!" Stefan drained his brandy glass. "I'd forgotten them."

"Everything will be planned for your journey," Korum went on. "We propose to call upon you tomorrow at three."

"I am sorry." Stefan shook his head regretfully. "At that time I visit Prince Johann."

"A somewhat useless companion," Korum reproved him, but Stefan laughed.

"If it weren't for mixing with useless companions, I would be watched with the same vigilance as you are. I'll be here at four."

Being punctual was a ritual with Stefan so it was a few minutes before three when he was ushered into Prince Johann's drawing room.

"How good of you to come, Wolensky!" The Prince rose from his desk with a smile, for Stefan could always be counted on to relieve boredom. "I understand you are thinking of a few days in Italy. I might manage to come with you."

"Alas, sir, that's out of the question," Stefan sighed.

"I have to go to Petersburg. It is really most annoying."

"Well, I'm very disappointed." The Prince frowned. "Nor do I admire your taste. I think snow is a most unbecoming color."

"But not for Russians." Stefan bowed. "Believe me, Prince, I've many delightful recollections."

"And may we hope, anticipations." The Prince smiled. "By the way, Wolensky, you can do me a great favor." He led the way to a small table on which stood a beautifully made candlestick beside two Morocco cases. "The Kaiser gave them to me last year." He opened one of the cases and took out the twin candlestick and placed it beside the other. "Everybody tells me they're very magnificent, but I can tell you if he had given me a couple of sporting dogs I would have been much more edified. So I've decided to make a present of them to someone who will appreciate them. A very beautiful lady, Wolensky!"

"That I'm sure of," Stefan grinned. "Am I to take it she lives in Petersburg?"

"Yes. It's the Princess Tanya." The Prince breathed the name softly and then at Stefan's delighted smile he broke in hastily, "Are you sure this wouldn't be troubling you too much?" As Stefan protested he looked hesitatingly at the candlesticks. "There's more to these candlesticks than meets the eye," he went on. "You see this center branch looks like all the others, but when I turn it, like this, a secret container is revealed. Marie Antoinette, according to the story, sent her last letter to Vienna in this very candlestick."

Stefan watched fascinated as the Prince screwed the branch into position again. This was heaven-sent, this hiding place for the Czar's letter, and as the Prince apologized and turned to sit down at the writing table Stefan unscrewed the branch again and put the letter in the secret container of the candlesticks. He could tell

The fate of each in the hands of the other, the gallant BARON and the charming MIRONOVA must choose between love and duty. Below, Rainer and Henry Stephenson.



Please See Page 80
for Cast and Credits

it from the other because one of the claw-foot legs on which it rested was broken.

Prince Johann began to write a letter and Stefan seized the opportunity to put the candlestick back in its Morocco case. There was time to spare before the letter was finished but Stefan had barely recovered his composure when the Prince turned around.

"I've scribbled a note to the charming princess," he smiled significantly, "so that you will not necessarily feel under any obligation to deliver them personally."

Stefan bowed, and now he was more at ease than he had been at any time since the letter had come into his possession. It was easy to chat now of the gay things that interested the Prince and it was only when he was leaving and his host insisted upon sending the candlesticks to the train that night, that the old anxiety came back.

He could not afford to arouse suspicion by insisting on taking them along with him so he went reluctantly to the door.

It was from the head of the staircase that he first saw the Countess Mironova and even then at that first sight of her, he felt an emotion no woman had ever kindled in him before. Small and slim she came up the stairs toward him, and he saw her eyes were as softly brown as the bands of sable twisting around her turban. There was only that quick look flashing between them as they passed and then she was gone.

Mironova was still thinking of him as she went into the Prince's drawing-room. For all the loveliness of her, she had had little time to know men as other women knew them. For to her all men were friends or enemies, to be counted on or to be feared. She had learned that when she had first offered her services to the Russian secret police and learned it so well that she was one of their most trusted workers.

Even now in that soft sable muff she carried so apparently carelessly were papers that her co-worker in Vienna had given her. She had been surprised when she read them and saw the proof that betrayed the identity of the head of the Polish group working against Russia's interests in Vienna. Baron Stefan Wolensky! Even as she saw his name she had gasped in surprise, for though she had never met him she had heard of him and his reputation as a gay man about town had deceived her as it had the others.

There was nothing of that other woman, the woman whose heart and soul was taken up in serving Russia as she coquetted with the Prince who had been her father's friend. She was like a child as she talked to him and only when he showed her the candlestick and its secret compartment did her sudden interest almost

betray her. It was an anxious moment, a supreme test.

She recovered her composure quickly even as her mind seized upon the candlestick as a hiding place for the letters that would mean her death should they fall into the hands of a loyal Pole. And she would have to pass the customs in Poland before she arrived in Russia. The candlesticks would make a perfect hiding place and she must get them. She needed all her charm now, all her wit that had made her so valuable in her service to her country, and so she coaxed the Prince to allow her to take them to the Princess and when she left she was carrying them with her and now each one of them held the life of a man in its secret hiding place.

Stefan paced the platform nervously that night as the train prepared for departure for it wasn't until the warning whistle sounded that Prince Johann's butler came hurrying toward him.

"His Highness sent me to tell you, Sir, that he has made other arrangements for the transit of the candlesticks. The Countess Mironova left for Petersburg this afternoon and His Highness thought it would save you unnecessary trouble if she took charge of them."

Stefan had need of his iron nerve as he listened for he knew the Countess by reputation. But he had to get that candlestick back. The life of his friend depended on it.

All that night he paced his compartment nervously making plans that could not really be plans with so much depending on chance and uncertainty. It was early morning when the train crossed the border into

Poland and he got off at the station at Czakova where the custom's inspection was taking place.

It was then he saw the poster on the station wall offering a large reward for information leading to the recovery of property stolen from the Countess Mironova, who was staying at the Golden Crown Hotel. Fate had been good to him after all. Here in his native Poland he was at a better advantage than the Russian woman.

A girl was crying softly in a room of the hotel and the young man watching her threw away his cigarette irritably.

"Stop it, Mitzi!" he ordered. "She'll hear you."

The girl looked nervously at the door leading into the Countess' suite. It had all seemed so easy before with Antone urging her, telling her how easy it would be to "lose" her mistress' jewels and painting that bright picture of their marriage that would be possible if they could change those jewels into money. But she hadn't thought it would be like this, with fear rising in a big lump in her throat and her hands icy and trembling.

Her breath came in little (*Please turn to page 80*)



Wide World

Romance that has intrigued Hollywood culminates in marriage, as Victor Orsatti, actors' agent, and June Lang, one of the screen's outstanding beauties, are wed. Here you see the new bride and groom registering their happiness.



The romantic Don is above all an able actor, entitled to his rewards—that lovely home at left, with the actor in the foreground, for instance. And glamor girls as screen sweethearts. Right, Loretta Young; center left, with Louise Hovick (who was very famous as Gypsy Rose Lee on the stage), in "You Can't Have Everything" Oh! no?); lower left, paired with the blondly buoyant Alice Faye. Below, the lucky Don.



Actor's Reward

Don Ameche takes the honors. For grand work in films and radio, pretty leading ladies, a lovely home, and your plaudits are his prizes





Bert Siz

Return of the Prodigal

That wayward son of the screen, Leslie Howard, comes back to that so-commercial Hollywood after his long stage tour in "Hamlet," surprisingly ready, willing, and able to resume his picture career

Lucky Leslie! "It's Love I'm After" is the debonair title of his "come back" film, with a gay story, a fine director, Archie Mayo, a superlative cast including Eric Blore, and a lovely leading lady, Olivia de Havilland, seen with Messrs. Blore and Howard in a scene at left. Our other candid shots, reading from top left, show Mayo describing the next scene to his nonchalant star Eric Blore leading him on; and two solo views of Mr. Howard all mixed in the mechanics of this so-sordid, but oh-so remunerative picture-making.

Ah, Art, where is thy swing?



What changes hath time and talkies wrought! Directly above, Lois Moran and Belle Bennett as daughter and mother in the first version of "Stella Dallas." Above, Stanwyck and Anne Shirley in the modern edition, also produced by Sam Goldwyn.

Remember that first, silent screenplay of "Stella Dallas," produced by Samuel Goldwyn over a decade ago, with Ronald Colman and Belle Bennett, shown at left in still from old film, in leading rôles? Now Goldwyn brings it all back to us, with Stanwyck as the colorful Stella, Anne Shirley as her daughter, Laurel, John Boles as Stephen—see them in large picture, below. Top center, Stanwyck in one of the phases in Stella's life. Directly above, the young lovers as portrayed by Anne Shirley and Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, and topping them, the original creators of the same rôles, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Lois Moran.

Return of "Stella Dallas"

That girl's here again—Stella herself, famous screen heroine of twelve years ago, revived by Barbara Stanwyck



So This

People are still talking about the characterization achieved by Janet Gaynor, above, as the screen-struck girl who wins stardom in "A Star is Born." Now gaze, right, at new group of girls, cream of the Manhattan model crop, submitting to Hollywood's rigorous training school. Here, the prize mannequins hear Coach Harold Clurman.



It looks enchantingly easy, but is it? Take the latest batch of young hopefuls—a group of New York models brought to Hollywood for "Vogues of 1938." The girls thought they were pretty good to begin with, but soon found themselves being transformed by the make-up magicians of the studios. Who knows, one of them may be the next Gaynor or Joan Bennett or Carole Lombard.

Contrast the newcomer, Marla Shelton, right, receiving expert make-up—in Hollywood they believe in painting the lips with a brush—with the two established stars at left and above: Carole Lombard and Ann Sothorn. But note also, please, that even Hollywood stardom doesn't insure exclusivity—both Carole and Ann are wearing the same "exclusive" gown, the only difference being a reverse in color. And will these girls be surprised when they see these pictures!



How A Star Is Born?



Looking on at the struggles of the hopefuls with a tolerant smile, is Joan Bennett, above, bright particular star of "Vogues of 1938." Below, it doesn't take long for a new girl to learn the gags—Katharine Aldridge poses in a dunce cap as her first contribution to Hollywood gaiety. The lovely girls shown in close-up, center below, are Ida Vollmar and Miss Aldridge.



Every girl's dream, to be transformed by the Hollywood make-up wizards! The Walter Wanger models, all young, pretty, and distinctive, needed careful grooming to measure up to movie standards—and got it. Consider Ida Vollmar, left, getting a new complexion finish and coiffure. Far left, Olive Cawley hopes the powder brush and hair-comb will do their work. Top left, new eyebrows for Dorothy Day, who hopes to stay!



"For A Woman Is
Only A Woman, But
A Good Cigarette*
Is A Smoke"

*With Profound Apologies to Kipling's Poem

Call 'em smoke dreams if you must, but breathe them in with a puff of pipe, or cigar, or cigarette so dead that he fails to see even longer looking smoke and visions in the curling, swirling smoke! On this page, our dream-makers are Melvyn Douglas, above; Herbert Marshall, center, and Charles Boyford, too. The women, mentioned in center, are Ann Miller and Ada Leonard. Reading down the list, as around page Ann Haver, Terry Walker, Phyllis Brooks, Germaine Arner, Ann Miller, again, and for good reason, and Mady Currell are visions to challenge the imaginations of all good smokers.



Our smile-bearer on this page is Raymond Milland. As he puts the pretty girls make lovely pictures. Beginning with the graceful hula dancer at left, Dorothy Thompson, and Mary Maguire's charming close-up directly above, you'll see, reading up: Leah Ray, Joan Marsh, Arzilda, Jane Wyman, Pauline Moore, Joan Woodbury, dancing, and last but not least, Frances Drake.



Pals of that prince of adventure, Errol Flynn, are his prize dogs, the meek looking fellow with his master above, as well as the lion hunter Errol brought back from his recent journey abroad. Left, Frances Farmer's bull dog makes it very evident that he appreciates her friendship. Below, Terry Walker's companion isn't making snoots at you, but he's mighty proud to be posing with her.



Love Their Dogs
Well, Who
Wouldn't?

Hollywood's dog stars! They're canines of quality, and live in luxury too. But it's loyalty to their owners, not royal surroundings, that makes the stars so proud of 'em

Romping all over Basil Rathbone's Hollywood haven are dogs—all types of dogs, but every one a winner, and don't let Basil hear you say otherwise. Have a look at what goes on when Basil and his gang get together. Below, for example: at left, the pranks around the swimming pool; center left—especially look at this—the Rathbone dogs have their own trailer, for trips with their master; and lower left, the terrier doesn't mind the sun, but Basil does, so it's up to him to wheel the lawn lounge into the shade. Lower right, Marsha Hunt's favorites are a pair of prize collies.





However they do it, these charming people make us like them. Irene Dunne, and Claudette Colbert, center above and below, for glamor; Joe E. Brown's clowning; Tony Martin's songs; Michael Whalen's and James Ellison's romantics; and George O'Brien's rugged heroism—below with Cecilia Parker—thrill us.

PERSONALITY

Etern.



NEWSIES

Camera-reporting the stellar surprises on the Hollywood front



Beauty In Disguise

Don't worry—Marion Davies may go ugly for some scenes in her current cinema, "Ever Since Eve," but as always, she's beautiful again in time for the final clinch. Marion, left, as is. Above, in deep, dark disguise, with Robert Montgomery, her leading man, and script clerk. Right, a scene.



Gilbert and Sullivan on the Screen!

At last the beloved music of Sir Arthur Sullivan and the immortal lyrics of W. S. Gilbert come to the screen. Enterprising producer Andrew L. Stone interpolates not only the gems from "The Mikado," as at left, but six other classic numbers, in his new film, "The Girl Said No." A gift of gaiety for which—thanks!

Making Up Mama!

And when Mother is none other than Joan Blondell, the four pictures below may be labeled Hot News. Joan's adorable little son Normie decides to gild the lily, and Joan submits while he tidies her hair, applies a touch of lipstick, now a little mascara, and finally, a dab of powder on the nose.



"Turn 'Em Over!"

The more perfect the recording, the more natural the song or dialogue. Here's a look into the sound booth, right, where skilled engineers concentrate on making the delicate machinery record the actors' voices.



Last minute preparations. Right, make-up man touches up Sophie Tucker's lips, a stage hand polishes the floor, and Igor Gorin and male chorus wait for the call "turn 'em over," to make a scene for "Broadway Melody." Left, three pretty chorines while away the time as they rest between dance numbers on the set.



This sound engineer hears only dialogue or music as it comes from the microphones on the stage or set. He advises actors and technicians by telephone. Below, an electrician focuses a spotlight on the action as cameras turn over.





The film goes round and round as cameras turn at the director's command, and it comes out right on your local theatre screen. Have a peep at stars and technicians at work

And—the other side of the microphone. Allan Jones records a song you'll hear in "The Firefly." For perfect vocal results singers make separate recordings, later matched up with scenes filmed on the set.



Over the shoulder of the cameraman, we see a closeup being made of Jeanette MacDonald as she goes into her dance for "The Firefly," in view at right. Here, left, is how the travelling microphone is operated. The man at the "tiller" guides the "mike," suspended from the end of the boom, as action progresses.



Left, Binnie Barnes, who must slap George Murphy's face in the impending scene, assures him: "This'll hurt me more than you." Meantime Sophie Tucker and "Broadway Melody of 1938" show girls relax on the sidelines.





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane in "Varsity Show."

The star of today—left, and center below, at her harp—may be remembered by some as the child actress at bottom of page.



Beauty on her Own

Anita Louise says farewell to being guided and guarded, in her career and private life as well.

By Dickson Morley

IN SIX months Anita Louise goes wholly on her own! The prelude will be over, emphatically done with. She begins, then, truly. All those sacrifices, the constant studying, all her preparations for conquering every possible crisis of career and love will be put to the supreme test.

But when the time literally comes for her to step out, when she does bid farewell to being guided and guarded, it won't be an abrupt switch. For right now she is, privately, finishing the plans which mean so much to her. The tomorrows must be vital. They must be complete. And so, although she is still under supervision, she is charting her personal course. She is to live her life as she herself sees fit; therefore the familiar theories are being dragged into the strong light of this summer's obvious facts.

"I don't believe in luck, or that anything good lasts unless you make it last," she declares. That is no idle statement, just for an effect. It is the truth, as she has learned it from her experiences.

She has watched what has happened to other ambitious women. She has—and this will astonish the sophisticates even in Hollywood, perhaps—already secretly proved that she can rise triumphantly above slaps.

Slaps? I won't be surprised if you'd decided that (*Please turn to page 91*)





PARNELL—M-G-M



CLARK GABLE makes a valiant effort to triumph over miscasting and almost succeeds, in this interesting, if controversial romantization of the career of Ireland's patriot. Gable gives a sincere and praiseworthy performance, always fully conscious of the demands of his rôle, and ever striving to realize its potentialities; but somehow his attempt never quite conquers the character. Vigorous and ingratiating though he is, Gable is not cast in the heroic mould, to my mind; and Parnell was a giant—or nothing. It is Myrna Loy, to me, who comes closer to achieving a true portrait as *Katie O'Shea*—or rather, as any woman helplessly, hopelessly in love. Sometimes Miss Loy seems to forget she is playing *Parnell's* beloved and permits traces of *Mrs. Nick Charles* to creep in; but not often. Beguiling in the curiously becoming costumes of the period, Myrna manages to maintain the true romantic mood in most of her scenes, and she invariably presents a perfectly delicious picture. "Parnell" is staged in sumptuous fashion, and John Stahl's direction seems to squeeze every drop of suspense and emotion from the story. In the fine cast, Edna May Oliver and Alan Marshall score. Now may we have Mr. Gable in another "San Francisco," and soon?



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M



THE cinema classic of the year, this masterly motion picturization of Kipling's story should live as long as celluloid lasts. I'm pretty maudlin, I warn you, about this picture. I saw its premiere in Manhattan weeks ago; I caught it again around Gloucester, Mass., practically its spiritual birthplace—where it seemed to me insufficiently appreciated; and I've just seen it for the third time—and I find new beauty in it. Perhaps in "Captains Courageous" we have the finest example of a Hollywood picture with no taint of cheap commercialism. If it isn't art then I can get along without art. From the moment we first meet Freddie Bartholomew as a masculine Jane Withers, through his spoiled-boy spill into the sea and his rescue by the fisherman *Manuel*, we are completely enthralled, and fail to miss the "romance" hitherto considered inevitable in moviedom. Freddie's performance as the rich man's son who is transformed by sun and sea into a real person is a wonderful thing to watch; once again I say this small boy is a great actor. Spencer Tracy as *Manuel* is marvellously moving. In fact, it's a perfect cast. Of course the beauty of the scenes at sea is something only a poet should write about. See "Captains Courageous" more than once.



THIS IS MY AFFAIR—20th Century-Fox



I HOPE you haven't the idea that this is just another made-to-order romance for the express purpose of co-starring Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in a series of clinches. "This Is My Affair" would have been almost as good entertainment without Taylor and Stanwyck—I say *almost*. But Taylor and Stanwyck would *not* be as good entertainment without "This Is My Affair." These two poor, miscast stars have suffered through mediocre vehicles together and singly, and have surely earned the right to appear together in a hearty, robust film like this. Their best rôles in months are given them in this meaty movie of gangster goings-on in President McKinley's day. It's really a modern melodrama set in an amusing era, with splendid 1937 suspense against lively turn-of-the-century backgrounds. Taylor is forceful and forthright as the young naval officer who sacrifices a promising career to track down a gang of bank robbers embarrassing to the administration. He succeeds, but is caught in his own net, when McKinley is assassinated—and the noose is near. Is *that* a situation! But "T.R.," goaded by Stanwyck, gallops to the rescue. You'll enjoy Victor McLaglen's fist-clenchings and Sidney Blackmer's Roosevelt.

ALL-TIME CLASSIC:

"Captains Courageous"

BEST COSTUME FILM:

"Under the Red Robe"

MOST HILARIOUS COMEDY:

"A Day at the Races"

TOP CO-STARRING TEAM:

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in
"This Is My Affair"

FINEST PERFORMERS:

Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer
Tracy in "Captains Courageous"

Annabella and Conrad Veidt in "Under
the Red Robe"

Victor McLaglen and Sidney Blackmer
in "This Is My Affair"

Marxes, just Marxes



A DAY AT THE RACES—M-G-M



I AM no judge of the relative merits of the Marx Bros.' movies, because I invariably think the latest is positively the best. And maybe this time I am right. "A Day at the Races" is surely the craziest of all their pictures, with less rhyme and reason, more giddy goofiness and aimless goings-on, AND a paper-hanging scene. Now, this latter sequence, involved as it is with Groucho's midnight rendezvous with a statuesque blonde, alone is sufficient to make this picture memorable to me—it may be old stuff, it probably is; but it cannot ever have been so hilariously presented before, because only the maddening Marxes mixed up with paste and paper and love and ladders and a blonde *could* be so silly. Anyway, I recommend "A Day at the Races" on the strength of a few scenes, and the terrific steeple-chase which provides the comedy's climax. Of the amazing Marxes Groucho is still, to me, the grandest; but Chico and Harpo are here almost as important, for a change, in the comic development of the story as the maestro himself; and both boys prove conclusively their madcap talents are not confined to finger exercises on harp and piano. Allan Jones takes care of the warbling, with Maureen O'Sullivan the love interest



I MET HIM IN PARIS—Paramount



UNDER THE RED ROBE—20th Century-Fox



CHEER up—Claudette is here again, with no sombre "Maid of Salem" overtones to bother us. *La Colbert* is as we like her best in this current comedy which is, to coin an overworked word, sparkling. Yes, it's gay, too, and sprightly; but the best part of it is not the familiar plot—which it seems to me I've seen Colbert act in at least twice before—but the very engaging spirit of good, not-too-clean fun which pervades the dialogue and the direction. Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young are the "him" of the title. Claudette, on a Paris vacation, meets them both, but it proves necessary for the trio to journey to Switzerland to see if they can preserve their delightful "platonic" relationship, or something. I'm glad they went to Sun Valley, Idaho—beg pardon, I mean Switzerland—for the skating and skiing scenes are the most amusing in the picture. You must see Claudette on skates, and Sonja Henie must see her, too, if only to realize how quickly our Hollywood girls can learn new tricks—and besides, no star, not even Sonja, can look more graceful on skates than Colbert. Bob Young has another one of his "at-last-his-big-chance" rôles, and as usual, acquits himself nobly. Douglas, dignified and stately, is nevertheless a darling—I think.



WATCH this Annabella—it's no hardship. You remember her, I hope, in "Wings of the Morning," with color and Henry Fonda. Now you're seeing her in one of the better costume pictures, with Conrad Veidt; and it's an excellent chance to become even better acquainted with the young woman who will, in all probability, be a most important Personage in Hollywood before long. This film, I believe, marks Annabella's farewell to British pictures; and it is a suitable swan-song in that it gives the gifted girl opportunity to display the wide range of mood and emotion for which she is famous. Briefly, it's the story of a daring agent of Cardinal Richelieu whose adventures lead him into a dangerous romance with the heroine, whose family political interests are opposed to the Cardinal's. The love scenes in "Under The Red Robe" have a fascination you won't find in Hollywood costume dramas; for the hero, *Gil de Berault*, is definitely a mature and menacing swashbuckler, and Annabella as his beloved is both thrilled and chilled by his "Three Musketeers" manners. The result is a believable romance both refreshing and realistic. Conrad Veidt as the bold *Gil* is supremely convincing. Raymond Massey, Romney Brent, splendid.

You Can't Keep A Good Menjou Down!

Prince of character
performers tells his
professional secrets
in this socko story

By Ida Zeitlin

Adolphe Menjou's new rôle as Deanna Durbin's father in "100 Men and One Girl" offers him the acting opportunities he covets—first close-up above. Right, a "still" record of Menjou's great triumphs: "Front Page," with Pat O'Brien; "Little Miss Marker" with Shirley Temple; "Sing, Baby, Sing," supported by Gregory Ratoff.

A SCENE was being rehearsed for "100 Men and One Girl." Deanna Durbin leaned against the piano singing. At the keyboard I recognized Mischa Auer's back in an old red sweater, his shirtsleeve poking through a hole at the elbow. A group of guests—people not overburdened with wealth, to judge from appearances—sat and stood about the boarding house parlor, listening. Henry Koster was directing. Joe Pasternak sat behind him. This is the young duo that made Universal's "Three Smart Girls" the big surprise package of the year.

"Wait," called Koster. "The gentleman beside Mr. Auer is very sad. I don't know why."

"Tell him he'll get his check tonight," Pasternak murmured.

"Now please be a little happy, sir. It's such a nice studio and such a nice little girl you're looking at. Only Mr. Menjou must be sad."

I pricked up my ears. It was Menjou I had come to see. But somehow it had never occurred to me to look for him among these threadbare folk. Unconsciously I'd been keeping my eyes peeled for a natty coat and a pair of knife-edged trousers. As the rehearsal went on, I looked again—and



found him. His trousers were baggy, his coat was shiny, his bowtie straggled toward the four corners of the earth. His hair needed cutting, and one lock fell unheeded over his temple.

Yet it wasn't his getup, so much as his expression and manner that wrought the greatest change. His shoulders sagged, his eyes gazed into space. The girl at the piano was singing to him, her father, her voice urgent, pleading with him to be happy. He looked up and smiled—the gentlest smile, that transformed his face and tugged at your heartstrings.

I had never seen such a Menjou. Neither, I'm sure, have you—not even in "Little Miss Marker" where his tenderest moments were built on a foundation of toughness. This man, you could tell from that one brief glimpse, was fundamentally sweet, an impractical dreamer, probably, but a darling, a man you'd love.

I thought back to the parts he'd played in the last year—the inspired rascal of "Café Metropole," the quietly understanding producer of "A Star is Born," the bluff manager of "One in a Million" with his flashes of brilliance, the screwball of "Sing, Baby, Sing." All different in tempo, all tellingly portrayed. And now he was a down-at-the-heel musician, who with one smile showed up his heart and took yours.

I knew something about Menjou at first hand—more from people better acquainted with him. I tried to piece together what I knew into an explanation of how he had bridged the chasm, on one side of which stood a typed worldling, repeated "till the public and I were both sick of him"—on the other, a succession of varying characters, variously played. There was a time, after he had made his big hit in "A Woman of Paris," when Menjou went around begging for extra work. Today, producers beg him to appear in their pictures on his own terms. In

between, lies one of those Hollywood stories which might have ended in heartbreak like so many others, except for the character of the man involved.

He had three things to help him—acting ability, intelligence, and courage. When the typing of actors was still taken as a matter of course, he struggled against it. No use. He'd made his name as a suave sophisticate. He'd have to go on playing suave sophisticates or nothing. Presently it was nothing. He didn't drop his head on his hands and moan. He's too vital and sane to have any patience with that kind of thing. He learned other languages in addition to the French he knew, and played in foreign versions. He had the courage to turn down jobs that would have relieved his financial plight, because they meant playing the same monotonous rôle. He had the courage to ask for extra work from men who had known him as a star.

That was how he kept going till one fine day he bumped into Lewis Milestone, at his wits' end for someone to play the newspaper owner in "Front Page." Milestone noticed Menjou's resemblance to Osgood Perkins, who had played the part in New York. He went into rehearsal that afternoon. He proved that he could be hardboiled. So they let him be hardboiled, tapering off to soft, in "Little Miss Marker." Thus began the return journey.

Later, at lunch, he presented his own theories—"more than theories to me. I've proved them in the school of hard fact. I don't set myself up as Advice to the Stage-lorn. I know what I wanted and how I tried to get it. That's all I know."

Menjou is easy to talk to at all times, and a particular delight to interviewers. Give him a hint of what you're after, and he does the rest, his nimble tongue keeping pace in crisp, staccato sentences with his nimble brain. Some players won't talk; others are afraid; still others can't. Menjou is ready, willing, and able.

"First and foremost, I won't (*Please turn to page 76*)

Two more memorable performances by Menjou were in "One in a Million" with Sonja Henie, left; and in "A Star is Born," from which we show a still at left, below, with Menjou, Owen Moore, and Lionel Stander. Below, the happy Menjous—she's Verree Teasdale, and a very good actress, too!



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Claire Trevor



A gown for gala evenings is worn by Miss Trevor at left—pale pink net with enormous width shown in the frothy skirt. The jacket is embroidered in apple blossoms made of sequins ranging in shade from deep pink to palest mauve, with deep green for the leaves. A dream dress indeed! Above, an advance fashion note is Claire's Directoire hostess gown, with coat of blue and silver lamé buttoned over a finely pleated slip of pale blue chiffon.



You can choose your clothes to be practical as well as chic, if you follow Claire Trevor's fashion example. To be smartly turned out, especially in Summer, is to be cool, comfortable, but never conspicuous, says Claire



At left, Claire's rosette dress of smoke-grey crepe, with tie-on shoulder cape. Her hat is of wine straw, trimmed with pale rose and raspberry velvet ribbon; her shoes and gloves are grey suede. Far left, the Spanish influence in hats is seen in Claire's modified sombrero of beige felt, and her brown bolero worn over a beige and henna dress—excellent choice for a brown-eyed blonde. Claire's current film is "Time Out for Romance," from which she took time out to pose for us in these smart clothes and accessories from the French Room of J. W. Robinson and Co., Los Angeles.

Two trim daytime ensembles are pictured at right. First, a printed frock topped with a light-weight woolen jacket. High style notes include: tailored bow of olive green, pale yellow, and brown velvet ribbon at the throat, matching the green and yellow print on a brown background; slot pockets and seaming on the collarless jacket of oatmeal woolen; and a brand new hat, deep brown straw with a brim that curves up and then sharply down; chamois gloves, dark brown bag and pumps. Far right, frock of imported chiffon woolen, henna-colored, with brown velvet bolero. Claire's youthful sombrero is of beige felt; her gloves are beige doeskin, her bag and shoes brown.





Charm Plus Chic defines June Lang

One of Hollywood's loveliest young players above in the late fashion poses of Summer! June Lang wears at left above a festive garden party frock of white eyelet embroidery over black tulle. Above attractive garden coat of turquoise-blue sailcloth worn over practical overalls. The coat and hat are lined with bright yellow. At right above June's bolero dress of navy blue, the jacket braided in geranium red.



To top your tailored suit, your hat should be a brisk fan, styled as Marcia Ralston's at right. To top your afternoon ensemble, select a rose-trimmed suede, such as Virginia Bruce wears at far right.

Toppers!

Hurrell



That little French girl brought not only her piquant acting talents to Hollywood, but true Parisian style sense. Simone Simon models for us three exquisite evening gowns. At left above, white crepe gown with a brilliant splash of color in the blue-green girdle, which on cool evenings Simone enhances with ermine bolero and muff. Center, mousseline de soie, strikingly printed in black and white, combined with black faille taffeta—the bodice with long, close sleeves, deep square neckline. Right above, realistic bouquets of red and blue poppies printed on a white crepe background, enlivened by Simone with three white carnations in her hair.

French Flair from Simone Simon



Turbans!

After their fashion exile, turbans have returned to high favor. Doris Nolan's, left, is made of woolen knit, with open crown. Chartreuse crepe and chiffon combine to concoct Virginia Bruce's chic turban, cleverly draped, at far left.



Cary Grant's Secret Album

By Ruth Tildesley

Cary takes pictures as he sees them. At right are three of his examples of candid shooting. Above, Baby Patsy May of Our Gang; and Patsy again, center, with Billie Burke. Below, Constance Bennett ready for a scene in "Topper."



"THERE'S nothing wonderful about my pictures. I take them for fun!" Cary Grant, tall 'n' dark 'n' handsome, glowered at me from his canvas-backed chair on the "Topper" set, and dared me to call him an artist.

"This candid camera stuff is just my way of amusing myself," he assured me, seriously, "I don't think it's fair for actors, who make fairly good money themselves, to take special shots of a production that chaps who earn their living by taking pictures *can't* get, and then go to work and market those shots. Each fellow should stick to his own job. There's no harm in playing around with a camera. That's all I do.

"I have a little Leica camera. I like it very much, but I've seen quite as good results from other cheaper cameras. Sometimes I think the price is the main difference in cameras—lots of American-made cameras are splendid. Maybe it all depends on the fellow who clicks the shutter."

The set consisted of a strip of woodland, rather dark woodland, with rolling hills and a little brook. Near at hand a modernistic car had crashed into a tree and lay on its side, the broken tree scattered its branches over the rocks and torn grasses.

"That car," observed Cary, "represents illusion. The

scene painters have painted the gashes and dents into it so realistically that you don't doubt from where you are sitting that the thing is a complete wreck. Come up closer and you'll see the neat job of paint. . . . I understand the idea came a few months ago when one of the writers on this Hal Roach lot drove up in a new Oldsmobile. He was so proud of the car that he talked of nothing else. All of which was noted by the Roach gag men. They waited till he left the car parked and then fixed it up something like this one.

"You can imagine the man's face when he came back to his beloved Olds! They thought he'd have heart failure. Somebody came rushing out with a cake of soap and a cloth and washed the damage off. Then he went around patting the hood, afraid to believe nothing was hurt.

"As I say, that's illusion. That's the sort of thing an artist gets into his pictures. But I'm an amateur. I go in for candid shots that show my friends when they aren't

"I'm no artist," says the tall, dark and handsome star, when we ask him for tips on how to make good pictures. His camera's for fun, he says, and shows his candid shots to prove it

posing. Most of those are intended only for the eyes of the victim and my own most secret album, but there are a few that I think amusing and don't mind giving you.

"These two of Roland Young under the shower are examples. You can see it's a cold shower. This of Young and Billie Burke, blowing up in their lines and laughing, is another.

"Then there's this one of Baby Patsy May of Our Gang feeding in the commissary. I don't think she knew I was taking it. She's a bit young yet and not inclined as so many people are to freeze into a pose. There's another one of her, reading to Billie Burke. I just waited around while she wiggled this way and that, and then trusted to luck.

"Here's another very young person being directed by Gordon Douglas of Our Gang. The younger they are the less self-conscious, but, alas, their youth makes them difficult. They hate to hold still.

"Talking about kids, there's the Abbe children. The ones who write books. They're doing a book *Everybody's Famous in Hollywood* and they spent the day here on the set yesterday. Cute kids, too. I took this shot while they were talking to Constance Bennett's dog. They seemed to take to Connie.

"Richard—he's the oldest boy—made a bet with me. I can't remember how the subject of marriage came up, but he was against it. I said: 'You'll change your mind inside fifteen years, old man.'

"'I will not!' said he.

"'What'll you

bet?' I returned. We got very serious, and pretty soon we had a bet of fifty cents that Richard would—or wouldn't—be married by the time he's twenty-six. He's eleven now. Richard is putting his money up in a bank and writing me a letter, and I'll have to do the same. But I don't think I'll lose.

"That kid's bright. I was going into a scene, and I said: 'Don't be too critical now, kids!' and he said: 'What do you mean by *critical*?' 'Don't pick flaws,' I explained, and then I found he wasn't asking for a definition. He observed that some people might think so, but *he* believed the meaning should be 'evaluate.' What do you think of that?"

Kolma Flake, pretty young publicity woman, observed that Patience, the Abbe girl, had announced, on leaving, that Cary Grant was very handsome but didn't know it, as so many actors do.

Cary blushed. Yes, believe it or not!

When Cary was twelve, he invented a theatrical lighting effect which he carried to the manager of the Princess Theatre in Bristol, where he installed it and operated it for the show.

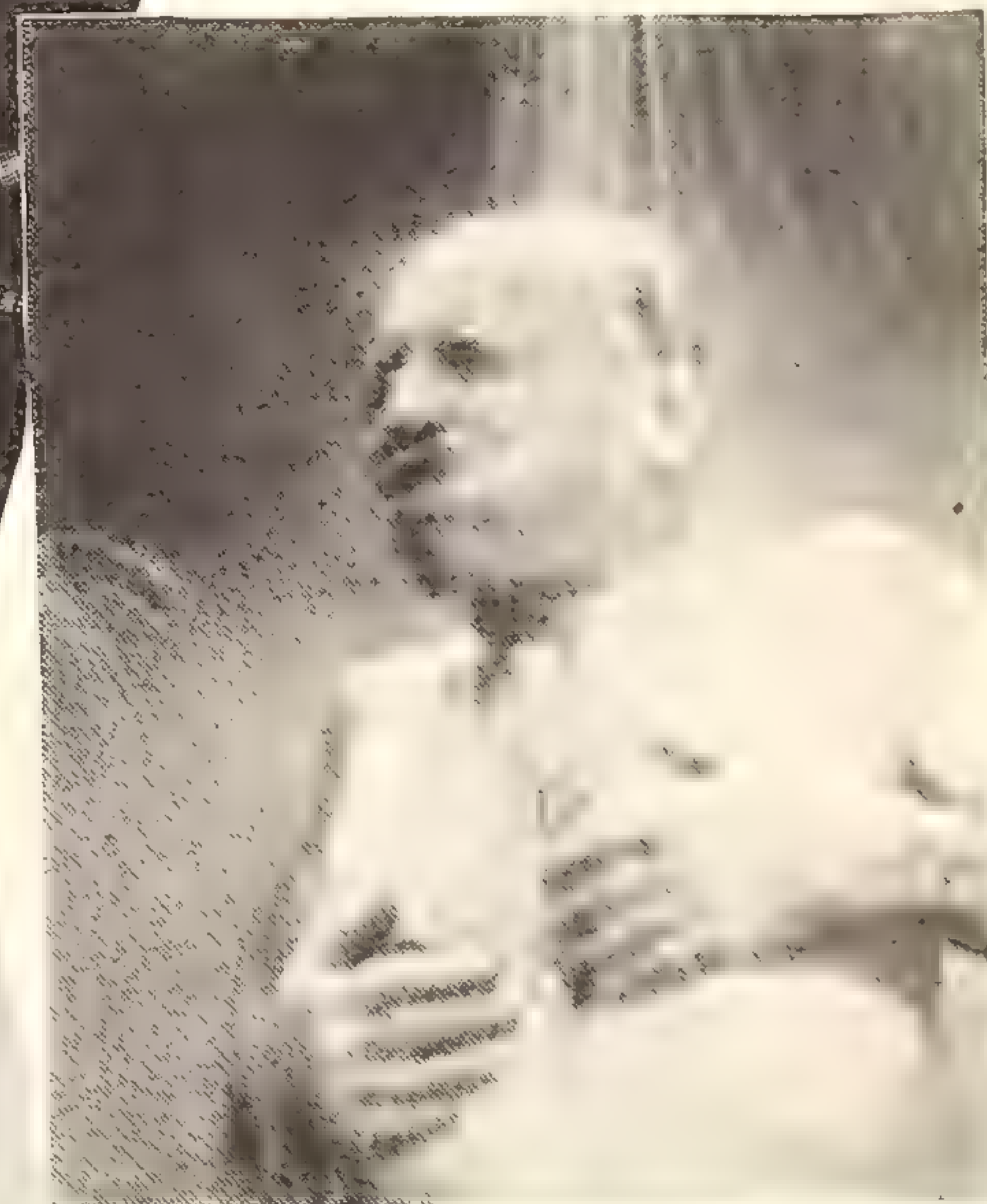
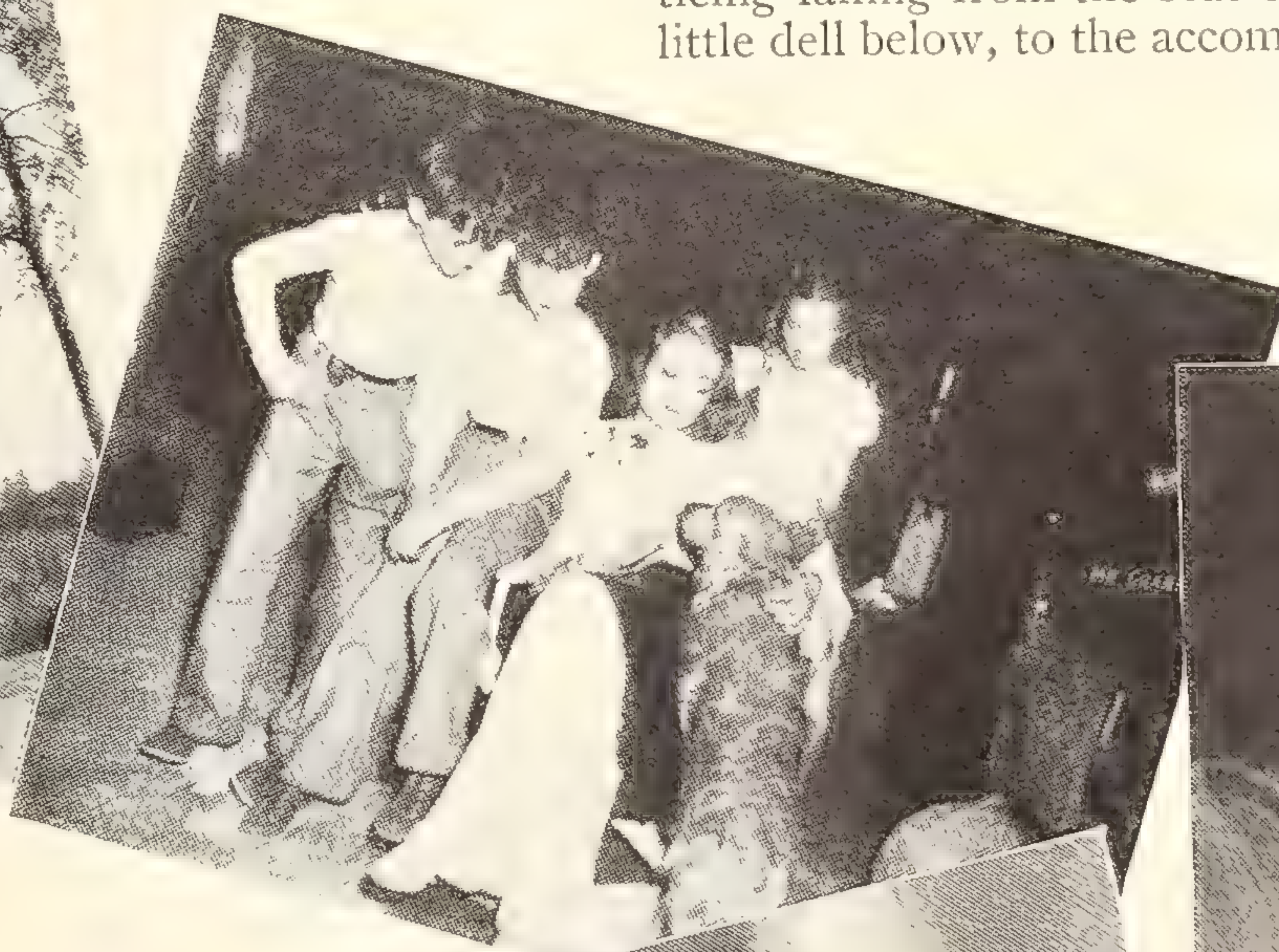
"It was nothing wonderful," he scoffed, when I mentioned this. "It was just a device for dimming lights to get a certain effect the scene needed. Yes, maybe they still use it. But it wasn't remarkable.

"I'm still interested in lighting—in my candid shots. These clouds on a stormy evening—and this shot at Yosemite—it was the light that made them appeal to me."

"I often look for shadows, because they make a picture interesting."

As if this were a cue, a stuntman who had been practicing falling from the seat of the overturned car into the little dell below, to the accompaniment of a wind-machine-

blown cloud of dust and leaves, gave up and Roland Young took his place amid
(Please turn to page 84)



Across at upper left, scene at Yosemite. Next, Richard, John, and Patience Abbe interview Constance Bennett and Connie's pet dog listens in. Lower left, Billie Burke and Roland Young blow up in their lines, and laugh. Left, Roland Young takes a cold shower; and, above, a colder shower.



L ondon

Merle Oberon, below, at the Hampshire home of Lady Morvyth Benson; upper left, Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss at home; upper right, Anna Neagle and Jessie Matthews at the studio; above, Henry Wilcoxon and his wife outside Buckingham Palace.

The star parade in Europe's Hollywood, from party dates in Piccadilly to studio calls at Pinewood

By Hettie Grimstead

PLANE trees are flowering down Piccadilly and the sun-awnings are put in Park Lane and the grey old Tower of London is the coolest place in town. Mrs. Henry Wilcoxon says so and she should know, because the tall good-looking "Biff" has conscientiously taken his Hollywood bride out to see the sights every day since they arrived on their belated honeymoon. She's bought a grey chiffon dance frock to set off her auburn curls, old china and books for her California home, and an amusing red lacquer coffee-jug as a present for her great friend Claudette Colbert.

In addition to acting as tourist guide, Biff has also found time to act in a film, Capitol's new production called "Jericho." It's a dramatic story about the negro soldiers who came from America to fight in the European War, with Paul Robeson as a trooper who earns disgrace but manages to escape to the North African deserts. Interior scenes are being made at Pinewood and the lovely woods surrounding the studio buildings present a curious spectacle when hundreds of swarthy Arab extras are strolling around at lunch-time. Sitting under an ancient English oak I saw a strange-looking desert sheik wrapped in long white robes but with an outsize cigar in the corner of his mouth. "Hello, Toots!" he called. "How are you?" Salute the inimitable Wallace Ford who is adding complications and comedy to the film as an American salt-smuggler in the heart of the Sahara.

Two more big productions are under way at Pinewood, Anna Neagle's spectacular film of the life of Queen Victoria and Jessie Matthews' new musical, "Gangway." Beautiful blonde Anna and vivacious dark-haired Jessie have been friends ever since the days when they danced together in a revue chorus at the London Pavilion, so they often foregather for tea at four o'clock. Jessie usually knits as she chats. She makes all the gay sweaters worn on the set by her director-husband Sonnie (*Please turn to page 74*)





Candid close-ups of famous French picture personalities, now captured by Hollywood

Above, Annabella, princess of European motion pictures, who by the time you read this will be in Hollywood. Upper right, Annabella in India, charming the snake-charmers. At left, from top to bottom of page, Fernand Gravet, who has already won American audiences; Bernard Lancrer, Danielle Darrieux, and Jean-Pierre Aumont, Hollywood prospects.

By Stiles Dickenson

P aris

TWO of France's fairest flowers have been plucked for that greater garden of roses in Hollywood. All of this poetic outburst is about the departure of Annabella and Danielle Darrieux for America to make films in English.

Annabella, that's the only name she is known by, first came into prominence when she played the lead in those Rene Clair French masterpieces before he made "The Ghost Goes West." About two years ago she went to Hollywood to do one film in French. It was "Caravan" opposite Charles Boyer. She didn't speak a word of English and it seemed a long, long way from her beloved Paris. Now, she has made two films in London and speaks our language with an enchanting accent. After she had made one film they dreaded for her to come to Paris for fear she would forget her English. She solved the problem by taking a trip to India on an English boat. It was an excellent idea, for anyone who has ever been on one of those boats could not even have a French thought—so smugly English is the atmosphere of them. Well, with that atmosphere and the services of an English guide in India, our Annabella returned with her English in better form than ever and lots of pleasant memories of the trip. Before sailing for America she came to Paris to make her last film in French for a long time, for her contract with 20th Century-Fox is to spend half the year in Hollywood and the other half in London.

So with this in mind I got out to the studio as often as possible to see her. This French film is called "The Citadel of Silence." The scene is laid in Poland at the time of the revolt in 1913. Her leading man is Bernard Lancrer, a youngster who I feel will soon be snapped up by the Hollywood scouts. He has great charm and talent and speaks *sees Eenglish* language with a delightful accent. His first film was "Kermesse Heroique," called in English, I believe, "Carnival in Flanders." This film has been such a success in England and America—running in one theatre in London for over eight months. Lancrer and Annabella make an ideal pair.

One day I was sitting with Annabella when she suddenly asked me, "How long does it take to go to thees Atlanta?" She had to repeat the question a couple of times and then explain a bit before I gathered the (*Please turn to page 95*)

Tell-Tale Desires

Veritable dynamos of emotional power, stars reveal their characters in the strength of their likes and dislikes

By Helen Louise Walker

TIRELESSLY the search for new talent proceeds in Hollywood. Feverishly the talent scouts throughout the country haunt amateur theatricals, church entertainments, department stores, football games, advertising agencies where living models are used for photographs. Thousands of eager youngsters are tested every year . . . every month . . . in search for the new personalities upon which the success of pictures must depend.

"How do you know it when you see it?" I asked a famous casting director. "How can you tell?"

"We can't be infallible," he smiled. "We *do* know that beauty and talent and brains are not enough. There is the Unknown Quantity—or call it character, if you like. I think of it rather as a sort of dynamo inside a person which strikes a response from other people."

"And how in the world do you spot *that*?" I wanted to know.

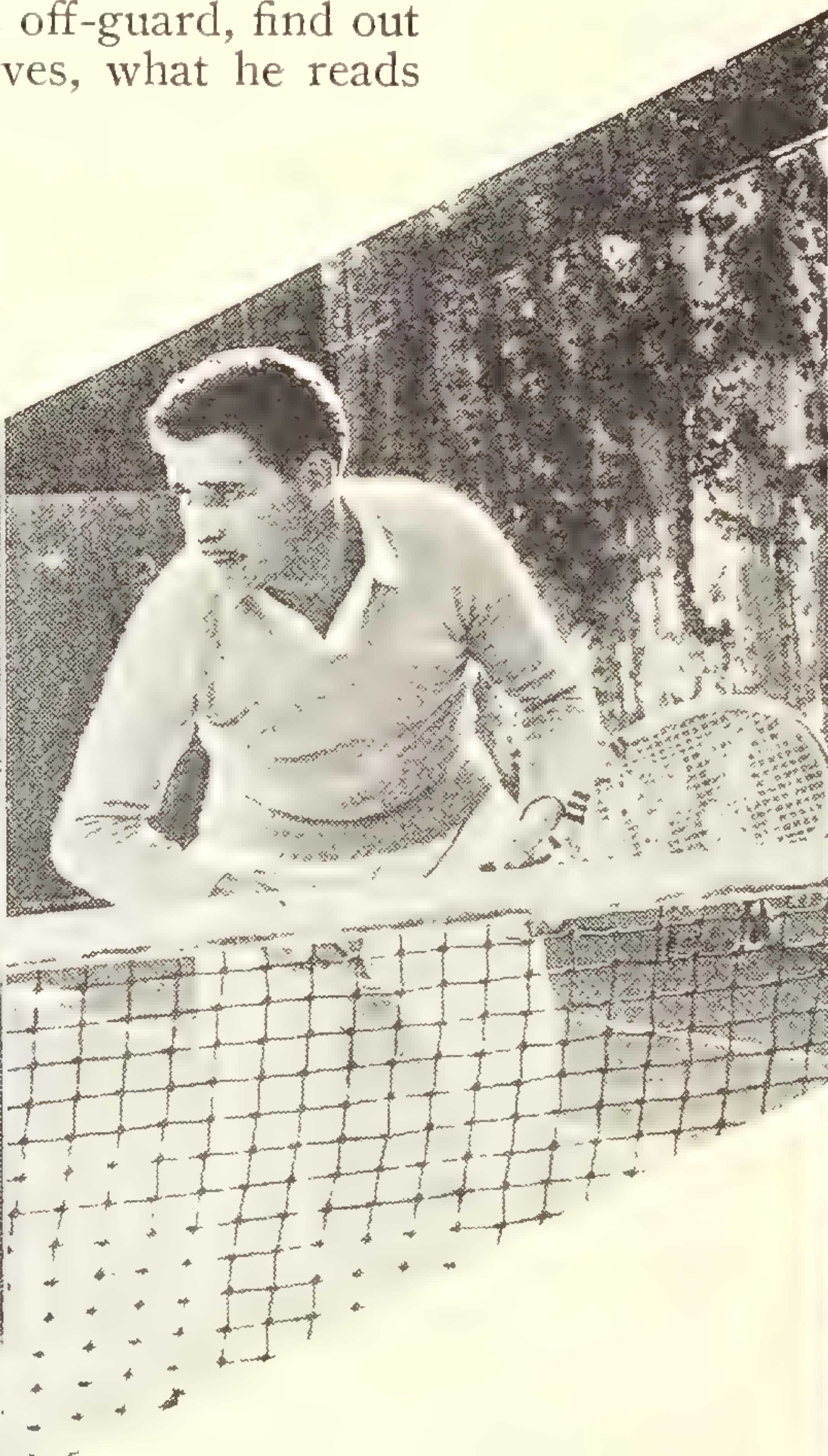
He grinned. "It isn't too easy! The best way that I know is to study a person when he is off-guard, find out his tastes in small things, how he lives, what he reads and eats and thinks."

Suddenly I recalled what that shrewd showman, Sam Goldwyn, had told me of Merle Oberon. "I knew that she could act," he said. "I knew that she was beautiful. But I didn't

know *the woman*. I arranged to meet her at a small, informal dinner, where she would be at ease, where she would not realize that she was being observed. I wanted to learn something of her tastes in *small things*. That's how you really judge a person." He wagged his head. "The day after that dinner, I invited her to the studio to discuss a contract."

"What were her tastes in small things? What gave you your cue?"

Mr. Goldwyn twinkled. "You must talk to her yourself and then you will see. I'll tell you a little of what I learned that evening. There was an eager and spontaneous interest in everything that had to do with show business. She was interested in books and plays but, what was much more important, she was deeply interested in *people*. I learned that she liked to be near the ocean." He paused and then added, gently, "I learned



Hollywood's shrewdest producers say they can judge the stars' capacity to play certain rôles by study of their likes and dislikes. Here are three screen greats whose personal preferences and aversions give you a new understanding of their individuality. Joan Crawford, left, Ronald Colman, above, and Ginger Rogers. Study them off-guard.



Claudette Colbert's versatility is more understandable when you investigate her own real-life habits. Merle Oberon, below, became a different screen type when Samuel Goldwyn discovered warm human qualities revealed by her personal traits. Gary Cooper's innate naturalness and dislike of the artificial are valuable screen assets.



are, will tell you a lot about the woman, and something of why she is the success she is today.

Years ago a despairing press agent told me, "We can never get pictures of Joan's house because some part of it is always in the process of being done over." It is true! Joan is always having a wall knocked out, a wing added, or the drapes changed in the guest room. It's quite exciting to go to Joan's house. You can never be sure that you won't find that the swimming pool has been moved to where, if memory serves you, the rose garden was six weeks ago. It's all a part of Joan's shifting moods, her changing ideas of what should constitute a proper background for the sort of person she thinks she is at the moment.

Joan shops in the "junior sections" of department stores for the simplest of cotton lingerie, which she wears. Periodically she sorts and gives away the piles of imported, hand-made satin nightgowns and cobwebby wisps of underwear which have been gifts to her. A down-town store keeps on hand bolts of the blue cotton pique from which her house-and-play frocks are made. She employs a by-the-day dressmaker for this sort of thing.

Mostly Joan does not notice what she has to eat. But she can, on occasion, plan and help to prepare a meal which might delight an epicure. Always she must have music—in her dressing-room, in her bedroom, by the swimming pool. The money which she has invested in the gadgets which supply her with constantly changing melody, wherever she may be, would make a satisfactory down payment on a home.

Then there is Gary Cooper, who loves the smell of saddle leather and sage brush. Gary spends contented hours polishing spurs, oiling guns. He treasures etchings of cowboys, hunting trophies, and the friendship of quaint western characters. I'm afraid that the smell of grease-paint and the sound of the director's voice crying "Cut!" leave him cold.

Gary likes gay parties if no one urges him to cavort. He prefers to sit on the sidelines and grin amiably while other people indulge in noisy romps. He hates to be hurried, cannot bear to make decisions, must be bullied into taking any sort of "stand." (Please turn to page 89)

that she liked to cook—sometimes. She had never played any parts which were not exotic and artificial. I saw in her a wholesome young woman with an elemental simplicity about her. *You talk with her!*"

I investigated Merle's likes and dislikes a little further, trying to see what Sam had seen.

She does like to cook, but she likes to do it out-of-doors, on the sands where she can hear the surf and where people are helping and laughing when she broils a steak. I can't imagine her toiling in a hot kitchen to achieve the perfect angel's food cake! Her tastes in clothes are simple and she cheerfully encases her slim form in a \$14.95 frock from one of the Boulevard's inexpensive shops. But she likes to don a luxurious and extremely expensive fur coat over this simple number, and she will embellish the whole with priceless star sapphires and top it off with a hat, the cost of which would have bought at least one of the stars in one of the sapphires! As often as not, however, she wears no hat at all. I began to see what Sam had meant.

Consider Joan Crawford: the restless, searching, unpredictable Joan. At first glance, Joan's tastes would seem a welter of inconsistencies. But if you think about it a bit and sort them out, those tastes, evanescent as they

LET'S hear no more rumors about the Gary Coopers rifting, as we've been doing ever since they were married. Both Sandra and Gary are thrilled to death over the new baby who's to arrive in the family within a few months and they only hope it will convince people they're really married for keeps.

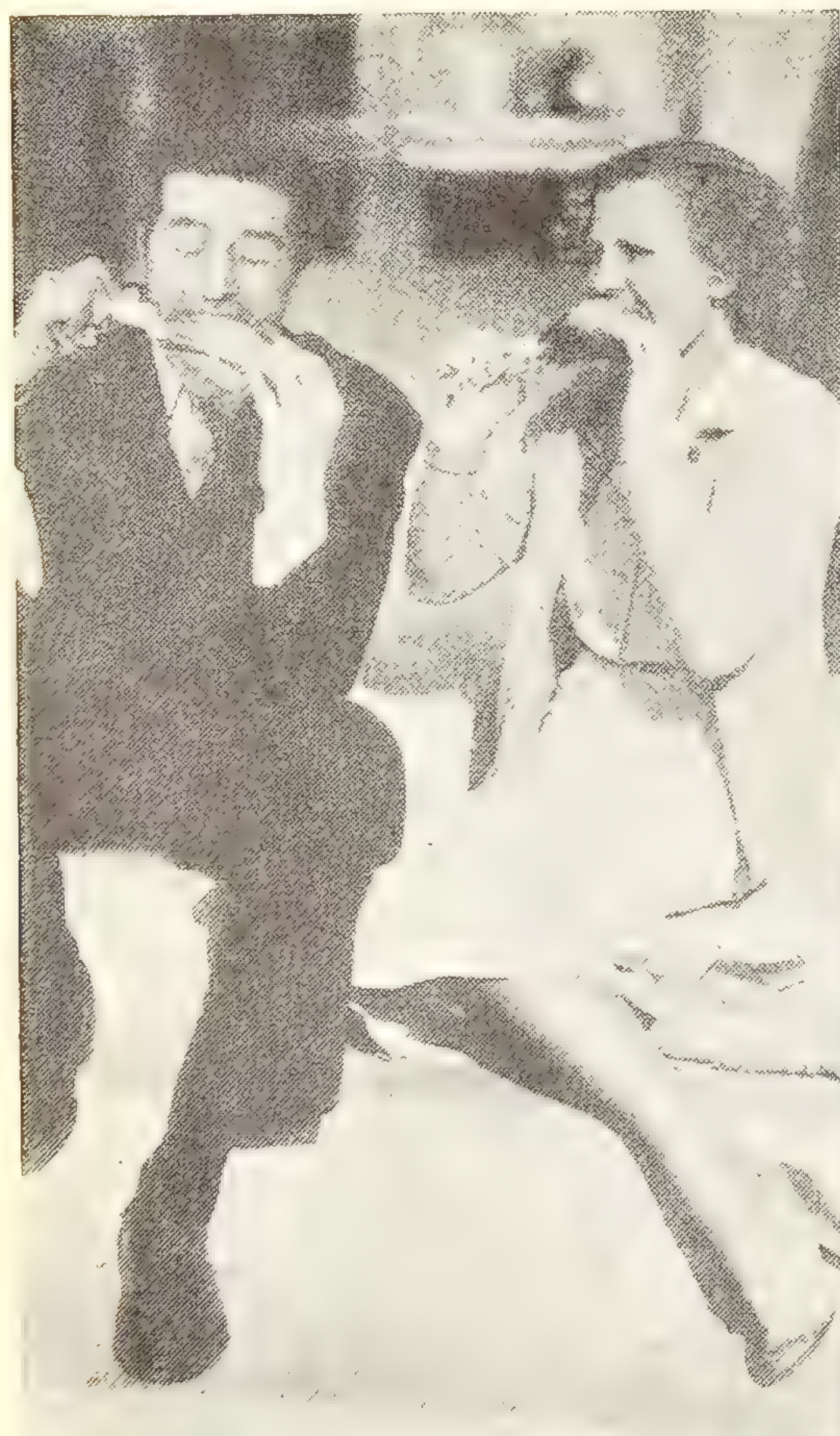
IT'S a deep, dark secret and don't tell a soul, but there's a room in the Bing Crosby menage that's unoccupied at the moment, but it's all done up in baby blue and pink for a little girl!

MARLENE DIETRICH'S chauffeur approached Dick Arlen the other day and reminded him they had met in England while Dick was making a picture for Gaumont British. When Dick looked a little vague, the chauffeur admitted his name wasn't really "Bridges," by which he'd introduced himself, but Miss Dietrich preferred it to his real moniker of "Murphy"!

GOSH, we do have the darndest time trying to keep track of that Ann Sothorn-Roger Pryor marriage. And now it's going to be even harder than ever, because Roger is travelling around the country with his band and heaven only knows where he'll light next. He did manage to stop off in Hollywood for a few days, however, which is the first time he's been able to get back to town since they've been married.

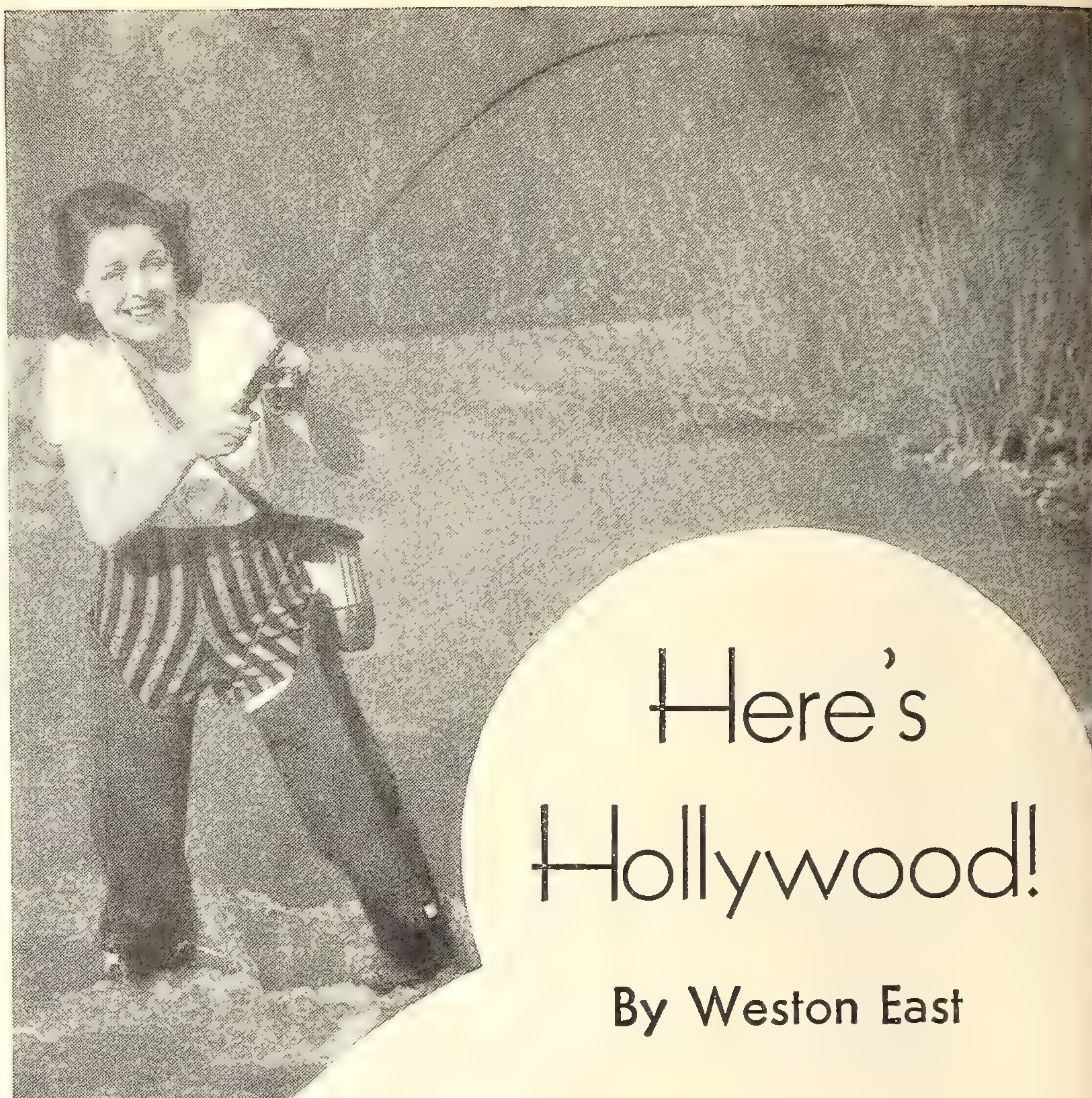
SHIRLEY TEMPLE went for a ride the other day on her bicycle. As she passed a nearby garden, she saw some beautiful flowers which she didn't recognize. So she rang the lady's doorbell and asked about them. Needless to say, the lady was terribly pleased to receive such an important

With mutual tastes for turkey right off the drumsticks, Ray Milland and Jean Arthur, new screen duo, indulge—let Emily Post say what she will.



Wide World

Sally Eilers, Clark Gable, and Carole Lombard—those latter two you see so frequently together—make three grand company at a recent boxing match.



Here's Hollywood!

By Weston East

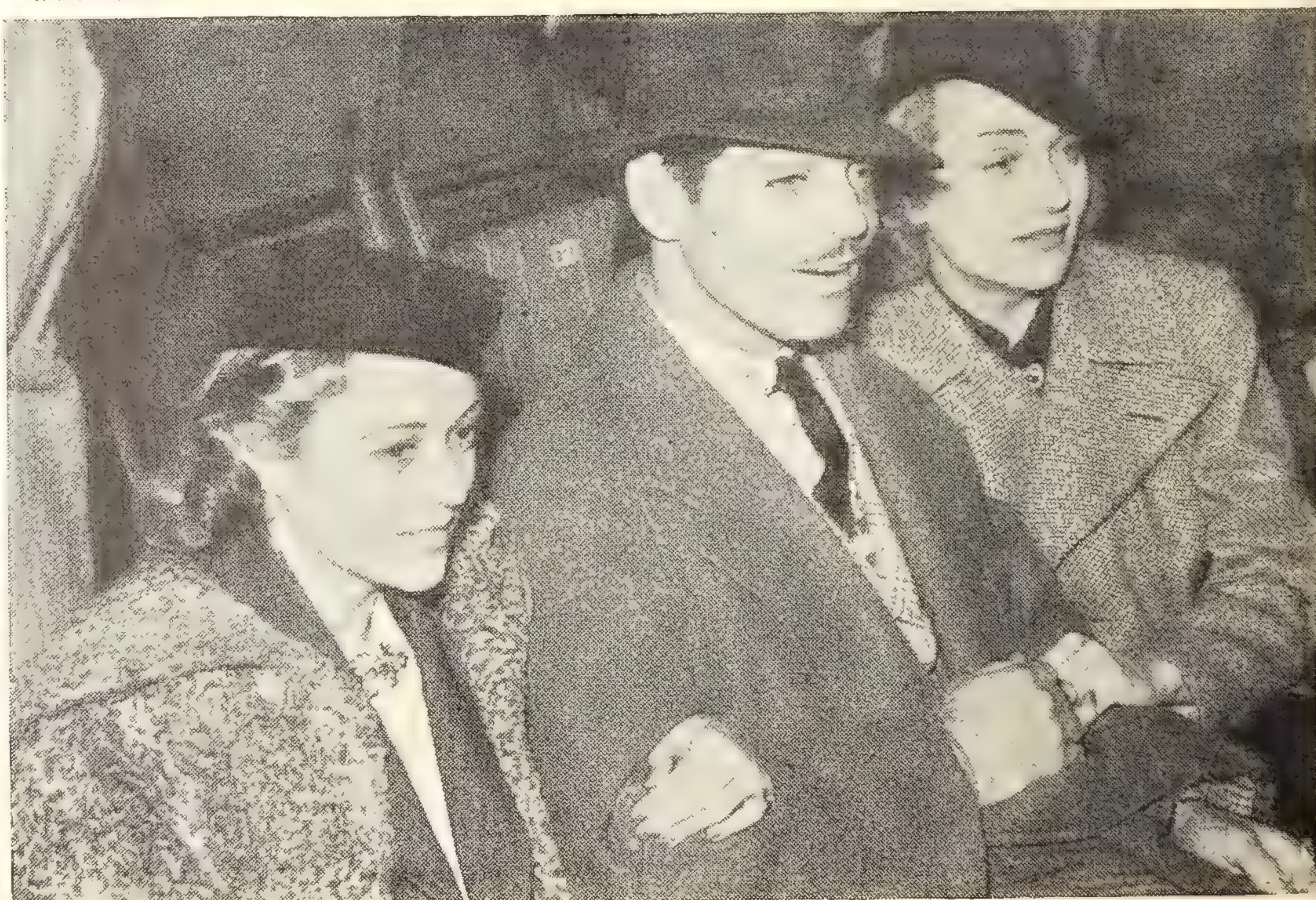
call and promptly gave her permission for Shirley to pick a bouquet. However—Shirley's bike had been standing all this time in the hot sun and when she started to get on it, it was so hot she scorched her tiny panties something terrific!

BELIEVE it or not, Constance Bennett has two cocker spaniels who are so smart she has to spell out certain words so they won't understand what she's saying. If either of them so much as hear the words "car" or "ride," they make a mad dash for the door and an anticipated motor trip. So, when it isn't convenient to take them, Connie simply spells the words out to avoid a scene!

Wide World

CLARA BOW and her husband, Rex Bell, and the baby, Toni, are touring the country by motor, because Clara decided it was about time she saw America. They've lived such a quiet life since Clara quit pictures, they've done no traveling at all, and Clara finally came to the conclusion something should be done about it.

WE'VE finally found out what makes Andy Devine's voice "that way." When Andy was a little boy, he fell down with a slat from a window-shade in his hand. The wood penetrated some cord in



Bringing you a prize catch of gossip, news, and romance notes about the cinema notables



Wading woodland streams to trap the wary trout, pretty Anne Nagle proved irresistible bait for cameramen, so along they went—with the blessing of studio press agents—and caught the shots that capture your eye here at the head of the page.

Andy's throat, producing that "gravel" effect which was later to make him famous. We also learned today that Andy's first job in pictures was as a stunt man in "Divine Lady" in which Corinne Griffith was featured!

LOOKS as though Dick Foran can put away those Western chaps any day now. Ever since the Warner executives have been hearing Dick on the radio, they've been sitting up and taking notice. But they definitely made up their minds to do something about bigger and better parts for Dick when he turned up at the recent Warner party wearing tails and looking like ten million dollars! And it

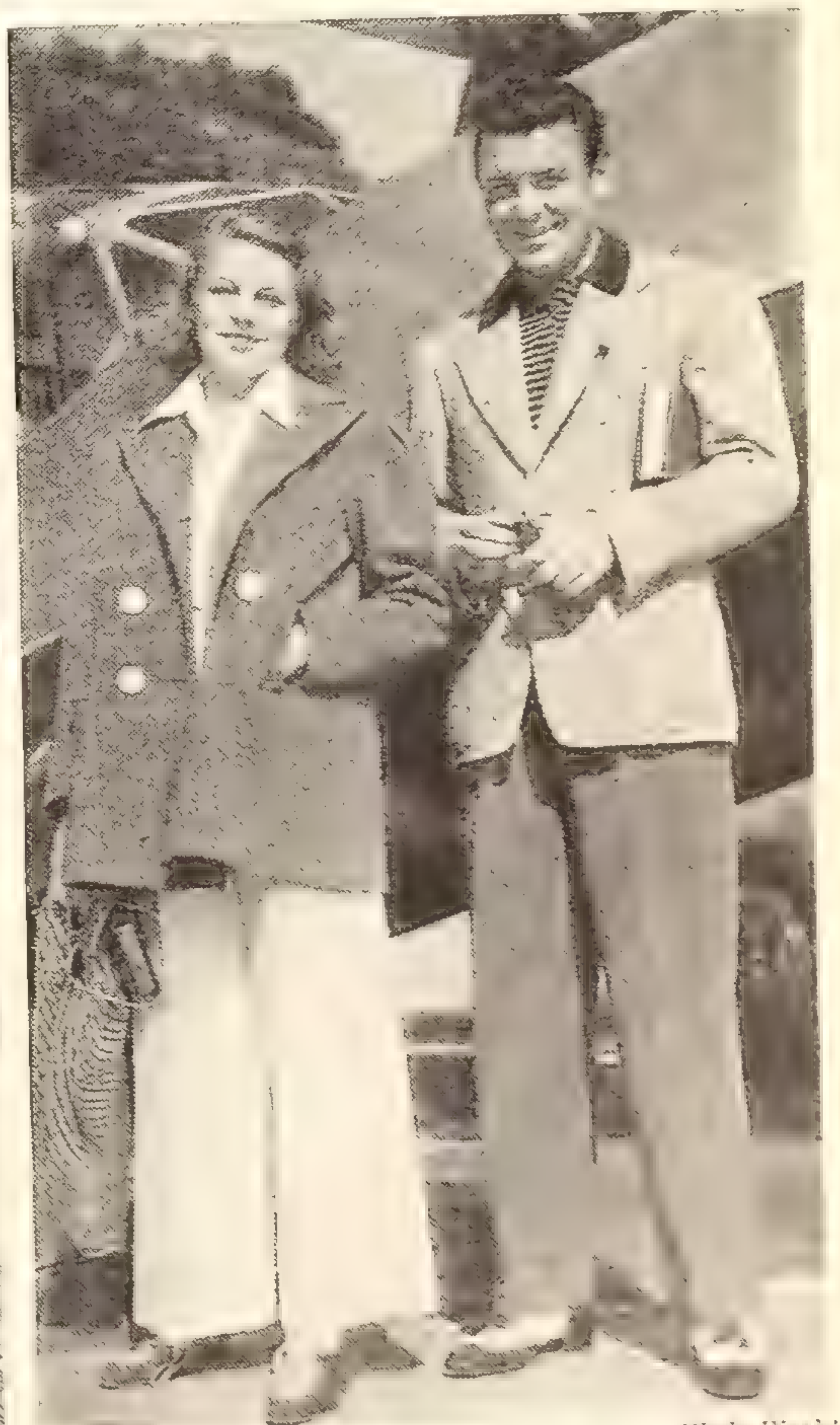
wouldn't surprise me a bit if Dick landed that coveted rôle as *The Red Shadow* in the studio's forthcoming "Desert Song."

DIRECTOR MITCHELL LEISEN is up to his old tricks. In the many years he worked as assistant to Cecil DeMille, one of his favorite stunts was to rearrange the coiffure of various and sundry young leading women. On the set of "Easy Living" the other day, Jean Arthur's hairdress didn't quite please him. So they went off to her dressing room, where he originated an entirely new hair-do, which pleased Jean immensely. And now he's sorry he started it at all, because he has to dress it every morning!

wonderful a small world!

PAUL MUNI is sick and tired of looking like three other people. For almost the past two years, Paul has had to wear a beard, a Chinese mask, or some other disguise for his picture rôles. Even I, who have seen him quite frequently during the past months, was somewhat startled the other evening when he appeared, smooth-shaven, at a friend's house. And I can't say that I blame him for wanting to be himself in his next rôle.

Romance that led to the altar. Below, George Brent and his bride, Constance Worth, Australian actress, after their marriage in Mexico.



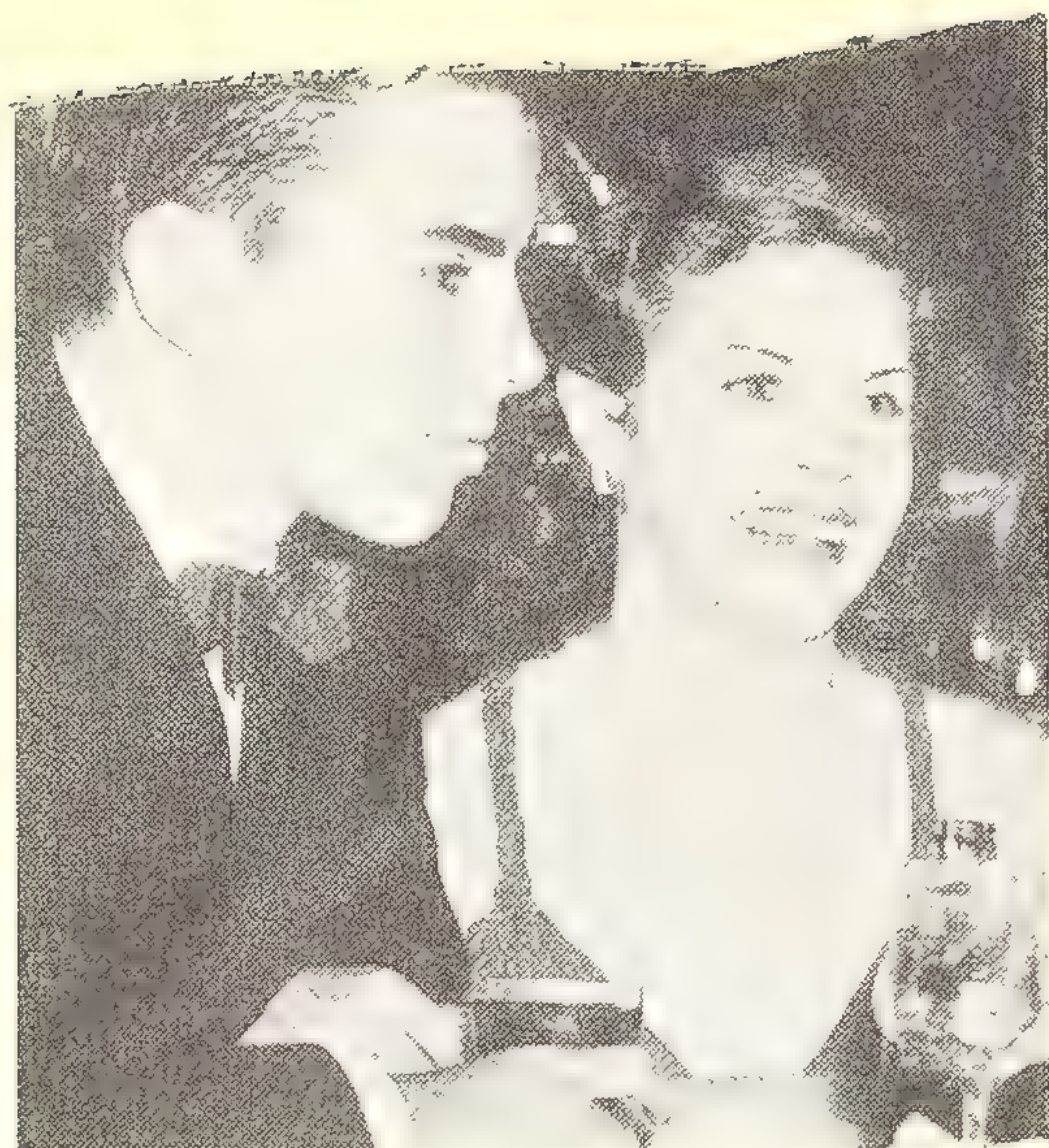
Hollywood at the theatre! Marlene Dietrich, escorted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as usual; Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio, attend a stage play.





aving large runways
ard to accommodate
n-hunting dogs he's
his trip abroad. He's
them and start a new
wood.

She who has charms to silence those
rarin' Ritz Brothers—which is some charm,
you'll admit—is Louise Hovick. (Louise
is the former Gypsy Rose Lee).



Wide World

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Westmore!
Martha Raye is the bride, and her groom
is the youngest member of that famous
clan of beauty experts.

THE whole M-G-M commissary was agog
the other noon when the luscious Carole
Lombard dropped over for lunch with
Clark Gable. And we understand that it
was none other than little Missy Lombard
who's responsible for those twenty pounds
Clark dropped after completing work in
"Parnell." Seems the studio had been
after him to lose weight for months, but
it took the iron-hand of Carole to get
him to be serious about the situation. And
as Gracie Allen would say, he certainly
looks beautiful!

HERE'S a touching little tale of two
brothers who really feel that way
about one another. Years ago, when Gil-
bert Roland was well up at the top of
the star list in Hollywood, he also found
jobs for his brother, Chico Alonzo. But
now the tables are somewhat changed.
Gilbert's career has been pretty hazy but
Chico has been quite successful, having
worked his way up to assistant director-
ship. So—when Paramount was looking
around for someone to play in "Last Train
for Madrid," Chico talked his brother
up in a big way. And Gilbert got the part!



Honeymoon smiles are radiated by Wil-
liam Brisbane, stand-out in "Shall We
Dance," and his bride, the former Jane
Griswold, of Milwaukee.

WARREN WILLIAM'S newest con-
traption is the envy of every actor on
the lot. Not only has Warren a specially-
built truck that serves as his dressing
room, but he's blossomed out now with a
wardrobe on wheels with closet space for
his clothes and a folding make-up table
and mirror which can be rolled right on
to the set. He designed it himself, too.

MARLENE DIETRICH burned up all
the telephone wires the other day
on the set of "Angel" when she discov-
ered a small-pox epidemic had been
reported at Palm Springs. Reason was
Marlene had sent her daughter, Maria, to
the desert to recuperate from a bad cold.
The chauffeur was dispatched to bring her
home immediately, but Marlene was
frantic the whole afternoon. By the way,
Marlene and Maria have leased the lovely
Beverly Hills home formerly occupied by
Stephen and Adrienne Ames.

ERROL FLYNN and David Niven have
moved into Rosalind Russell's old home
in Beverly Hills. That is, temporarily.
David will probably move out when Lili
Damita comes back to town upon the
completion of her picture work in London.



Stuart Erwin meets an old friend of his—
and yours. Surely you'll recognize the
lady with Stu above, as the Sue Carroll
you saw in many films!

OVERHEARD a most amusing bit of
conversation between Gary Cooper
and his namesake, Gary Evan Crosby,
when his mother brought him round to
visit on the set of "Souls at Sea."

"What's your name?" asked big Gary.

"Gary," replied little Gary.

"Who're you named for?" Cooper asked.

"You," answered the little fellow.

"What does papa Bing call you?"
Cooper pursued.

"Bucket-breeches!" came the astounding
reply.

And Gary the 1st swore he hadn't been
put up to it!

SAW Harriet Hilliard looking too lovely
for words over on the RKO lot,
dressed in a white chiffon gown with a
hem of sequins. And Harriet was having
to be helped down a short ramp from the
stage to the studio street, because her
dress was literally carrying her along, the
sequins were so heavy.

ROCHELLE HUDSON'S newest heart-
throb is Lee Bowman, the attractive
young leading man at Paramount. They've
been practically inseparable these last
weeks.

Does this glimpse of Judith Barrett at a garden party make you think of a long, iced drink on a blistering day? Judith knows how to look cool no matter if the thermometer is on the up-and-up. That's a beauty secret well worth learning!

Lovely ladies of Hollywood don't wilt in hot weather. They keep their beauty crisp and fresh in the face of mid-day sun



Summer

By Elin Neil

Beauty Keeps Cool

COOL as a Summer breeze is the impression Judith Barrett creates even when the sun is shooting burning rays down on us below or we're sweltering under a dark blanket of pre-thunderstorm clouds.

The art of looking cool on blistering days is one of the greatest beauty assets any girl could have. So tuck this picture of Judith Barrett away in your mind and try to look as fresh and dainty as she does through these Summer months. You'll find it pays!

I'm going to tell you some secrets of looking cool that I'm sure Judith practises to her own advantage.

Keep busy enough so you won't think too much about the heat. But *don't* rush. Summer is the time above all others when you should make haste slowly. Hustle and bustle will make you look hot. And you won't get your day's work done a bit sooner because you'll have to take time out to cool off and recuperate after you've used up energy too quickly.

You don't have to be too fussy about your Summer fun. Good brisk tennis, badminton or other games that work up a rosy glow are good for you. Only be sure to follow strenuous sport with a shower or plunge and enough rest to give your vitality a chance to come back before you go on to the next round of entertainment.

Take the time to put on your make-up so it will stay with you, and you won't have to patch it up every few minutes with repairs. A good foundation cream or lotion is the basis of lasting make-up. It's our good fortune that we can now get the kind of foundation that protects complexions against sunburn and is waterproof as well. That's a big help to those of us who want to keep our skin fashionably fair without hiding under broad-brimmed

hats or parasols when we stroll, or loll, out of doors.

When you select your lipstick and mascara for hot weather wear, be sure its the kind that can stand moisture without smearing.

My foremost rule for applying Summer make-up is "go light." You need less artificial color in your face because sunlight and outdoor activity give you some of your own. Lips should not be brilliant. If you've used a vivid shade of lipstick in Winter to brighten up your dark clothes, change to a lighter color or one with brownish tones that take the glare out of red.

Be careful not to use too much eyeshadow in the daytime. Eyeshadow should do things for your eyes without proclaiming its presence, and sunlight will show it up if you don't watch out. The best Summer day-time shade is green, as it has a cooling effect on your whole face. It's especially good with white clothes.

Don't trust a mirror under electric light to tell you whether you've put your make-up on right for sunny days. Get a good look at your face by daylight before you venture out.

Make the most of your hot weather baths. They can contribute much to your beauty. A pleasantly perfumed, tepid bath will do wonders to cool you off and give you a grand relaxed feeling that brings your wilted spirit back to life. I don't advise cold plunges or icy showers for cooling purposes because they have exactly the opposite effect. They stimulate the circulation so you actually feel warmer after your ablutions than you did before.

Bathe as often as you can in hot weather and don't be afraid of drying effects on your skin. A mild soap and a good water softener will be your insurance that every

bath you take is really a treatment for body beauty. Among the most refreshing perfumed water softeners are those with a fragrance of pine.

After you step out of the tub and dry yourself thoroughly, treat your skin to a rub-down with eau de Cologne or a dusting with talcum powder. Either one will help to keep you cool for hours afterwards.

You mustn't think of eau de Cologne as merely diluted perfume. It is much more than that. It contains ingredients distilled from citrus fruits which are definitely beneficial to your skin as well as your general feeling of well-being. Eau de Cologne keeps you cool because it makes perspiration evaporate more quickly. It lifts up your spirits because it actually relaxes nerves, relieves fatigue and helps to take the soreness out of muscles. The fragrance of true eau de Cologne makes it pleasant to use but is not lasting. However, you can now get perfumed eau de Cologne with an added fragrance that lingers just as long as toilet water and the other lighter forms of perfume.

There's a new type that goes even further, combining eau de Cologne, perfume and dusting powder. It dries immediately after you use it and leaves a fine powdery film that doesn't rub off. This powder-cologne performs three important beauty rites. It keeps you cool, deodorizes mildly and imparts a delicate fragrance.

Your choice of perfume can have a lot to do with producing that cool-as-a-cucumber effect. Wear a fragrance that makes you think of cool things—fresh flowers, ferns or damp moss. Avoid the overpowering, heavy Oriental odors or use them so sparingly that they give just the slightest hint of mystery.

One of the loveliest hot weather perfumes is lavender, and its popularity is coming back in a great big way. It's the younger women who have re-discovered lavender as an appealing, fresh fragrance to add to their own feminine charms instead of the ideal gift for Grandmother.

In the interests of Summer daintiness, you must be especially careful about your under-arm area. A deodorant or talcum powder may be all you need to prevent unpleasant odor and protect your clothes. But for many of us a definite perspiration check is essential.

Among the many efficient cream or liquid anti-perspirants on the market, you can be sure to find one that is just right for you. Stopping the perspiration in that limited area is not harmful. It simply diverts it to other parts of your body where it evaporates quickly and doesn't leave an odor.

Be sure to keep your under-arms free from hair, even if you're not preparing to get into a bathing suit or evening dress.

And that brings us to the subject of legs. Whether they're out in the open or clad in sheer stockings, legs that show a growth of dark hair handicap any girl's beauty. Don't put up with them. You can make the growth less conspicuous by bleaching it out. Or keep your legs smooth and hair-free by using a depilatory.

Hot pavements put an extra burden on those two feet of yours. Treat them accordingly. You can't afford to let tired or painful feet put a frown in your forehead or take the buoyancy out of your walk. Foot powder dusted over your feet before you put on stockings and sprinkled into your shoes will help a lot to keep you light on your feet.

And if they've had a hard day, give your feet a few minutes of massage before you ask them to see you through an evening of dancing. Foot cream or creamed rubbing alcohol are excellent for massage. Or the very same eau de Cologne I consider a Summer beauty essential will put new life into overworked feet.



Include a well-kept dog in your fashion ensemble!

WHEN you've decked yourself out in your smartest togs and made up your face to please the most critical eye, give a thought to the dog that trots along beside you. He knows he can be one of your best beauty assets, and he hopes you realize it, too. Just put yourself in Doggie's place. He's proud of his smart mistress. But there'll be more spirited capers and more wags to his tail if he looks just as well-groomed as you do. Give him a chance to add to your charm by taking the best of care of him these "dog days." Feed him scientifically prepared dog foods to keep up his "pep" and put a healthy lustre in his hair. If his coat's too heavy for hot weather comfort, thin it out with clippers. Shampoo it to beauty with a good dog soap and give it plenty of brushing. Dog "dressers," specially constructed combs, help a lot to keep his hair as neat and becoming as your own.

HERE'S a solution to Summer's most distressing beauty problem. It's called "Arrid," and it lives up to its name because it keeps that under-arm area as dry as the Sahara desert! It's a greaseless, stainless, cream deodorant that actually stops perspiration for from one to three days. It's mild and pleasant to use, and you'll find it soothing even if you have a delicate skin. Arrid saves time because you don't have to wait for it to dry before you get into your dress or "nightie." It can't harm clothes, and it can be used even after shaving without fear of irritation.

YOU'LL revel in the refreshing joy of a Summer bath that wafts the fresh fragrance of pine up to your nostrils. Bathasweet Forest Pine is the brand new twin to Bathasweet Garden Bouquet, the perfumed water softener that's won its way straight

Femi-nifties

Dog Days and Beauty!



The ideal bath for Summer beauty—new Bathasweet Forest Pine.



Beauty tip from Hollywood—wear Max Factor's Sum'r Tan Make-up.



Mildly scented or fully perfumed talcum—Mavis offers a choice.

into the hearts of women who like to make each bath a beauty treatment. Even more important than the "lift" it gives to your spirits is the beautifying effect Bathasweet has on your skin. It makes your beauty soap lather luxuriously and helps it cleanse the pores more thoroughly. And it neutralizes the withering effects of hard water so you can take as many baths as you want without fear of too much drying. Bathasweet's a grand aid to shampoos and manicures, too.

FINISH off your Summer ablutions with a needle spray shower of Mavis talcum powder, and that after-the-bath freshness will stay with you for hours! Mavis, whose original fully scented talcum powder has been a favorite for years, have just brought out a new type that's a veritable honey. It's mildly scented to fill the needs of women who like a delicate talcum that can be used liberally without stealing the show from their carefully chosen perfume. Mildly Scented Talcum Powder is the same fine quality and texture that made Mavis famous and it has the same delightful fragrance, only much lighter. Its smart new oval can has 33 little holes in the top so the powder sprinkles down like a needle spray, spreading evenly in a thin film over your body. It helps keep your skin cool and dry by absorbing perspiration, preserving the freshness of both your clothes and you.

SMART faces in Hollywood and the rest of the world are wearing Max Factor's Sum'r Tan Make-up this time of the year! Rouge, lipstick, powder and eye cosmetics

are all keyed to bring out the best tones in complexions shown up by the mid-day sun. And they're equally flattering for evening. If you want to protect your face from sunburn and freckles, use Max Factor's Powder Foundation in the Natural shade. It's both sun-repellant and waterproof, and it holds that make-up in place with a bulldog grip. It's just the right shade to be a perfect background for Sum'r Tan Make-up. To protect your arms, neck, back and shoulders and bring them into color harmony with your face, smooth on Max Factor's Make-up Blender, Natural shade. It's sunproof and waterproof, too.

Ruby Keeler, dancing screen star, is sincerely domestic at home, as Mrs. Al Jolson.



Inside the Stars' Homes

Let Ruby Keeler, your lovely hostess this month, divulge her favorite dishes—and Al Jolson's!

By Betty Boone

WHEN you go to see Ruby Keeler, you drive a dozen miles out through San Fernando Valley. Where a great live oak tree spreads its branches in the middle of the road, you turn off the main boulevard, and presently come upon a colorful brick wall in which are set white painted gates. Beside the gates, a copper screen that looks like the enlarged mouth of a microphone awaits your call. You tell the copper screen who you are and what you want and like magic the white gates swing gently open. You drive up a circular roadway, through a young forest of neatly trimmed trees and shrubs, gay with flowers. They are not woodland flowers, but clumps of ranunculus, African daisies, violas, huge columbine and deep blue and red anemones.

At the crest of the gradual slope, is the Keeler-Jolson home, a rambling white house in English farmhouse style of stucco, brick and frame, with a dark roof. The style of the house is matched by that of the lodge at the left of the white gates, after the manner of English country places.

The house is a gracious one, beautifully decorated by a woman artist, but the Jolson family spends most of its time outdoors by the pool.

"If we are ever inside, we seem to gravitate to the sunroom," observed my pretty hostess. "We can't seem to get too much sun. Al has a marvelous tan and I'm working on mine. The baby, God love him, is almost as brown as I am. My poor Sonny, do you know what happened? Sunday, a friend came out with her little girl and the children played together all afternoon. Next day, the little girl came down with chickenpox! Was I worried? I rushed Sonny to a doctor and had him inoculated . . .

"What was I showing you? Oh yes, the sunroom."

We paused in a long narrow room that looked out on green lawns, shadowed by young trees. Small glass tables, set at either end of the room; stood ready for informal meals. Growing ferns set under the table tops added a woodsy touch. The

softly gleaming dishes are California pottery.

"The pool is where we really do our living," said Ruby. The pool is tiled in turquoise blue, with patio furniture of a darker blue. Al Jolson, burned Indian-dark, lay full length in one of the long chairs; the baby, with his nurse and bodyguard, romped nearby.

"Shake hands with Betty Boone, Sonny," urged Ruby, pausing beside him.

Sonny wasn't in the mood. He did, however, vouchsafe me a "Lo-lo-lo!" as greeting, and showed me his smile, before going on with his romp. Inoculation hadn't slowed him down.

The turquoise blue of the pool is reflected in the painted paneling of the recreation hall beyond the shining waters. The decorator did this building, too, excelling herself in copper Venetian blinds, copper window frames, lamps and table-tops. The light wood furniture has cushions of glazed chintz in yellows and blues. There are card tables, sofas, easy chairs, an open fireplace just now guarded by two of Sonny's rag dogs.

"I let the decorator have her own way," observed Ruby, lighting a cigarette as we lounged on yellow cushions. "I don't pretend to know how to decorate a house, but I know whether I like it or not when I see the sketches.

"That's the way I am about food. I began work in the chorus when I was thirteen, so I never tried my hand at cooking, but I insist on having a good cook. Helma is really quite marvelous. But you'd never find a Keeler who wouldn't think my mother the best cook who ever stepped into a kitchen!

"Mother's dressing is the only dressing I ever eat. I don't know what it is about her brand, but it's not too dry nor too soggy.

"Oh, let me tell you! Mother has a special dish that she used to give us when we were little, perhaps because it was inexpensive and nourishing, but we're all still crazy about it. We call it: Tomatoes, crackers, and milk—and that's *all* it is. You take Heinz's canned tomatoes, heat them, add a quart of milk, and when ready to set on the table, break crisp crackers into it. Sometimes I have it for luncheon. Just that, nothing else.

"Lots of people serve peas and string beans together now, but my mother used to serve them together with the milk. It makes a sort of soup, only quite thick, just as the tomatoes do.

(Please turn to page 96)



Ruby Keeler picks an orange from the crop grown on her own estate.

Great Lover

Continued from page 21

to actors. 'That guy's got sex appeal,' I said. 'He's no Clark Gable, but he's got sex appeal just the same in a refined way,' I said. 'He's the great lover indoor type, where Gable's more outdoors, and you might as well nab him before Myron Selznick or one of those big shots ties him up.' I said. Joe may not be—"

Joe cut her short. "We'd better go tend to the luggage, Toots. See you in the movies, Schony."

Mrs. Fuller held out her hand, and as the actor touched his lips to it, tried unsuccessfully to look like a lady whose hand has been kissed from the cradle.

"Adios, Herr Baron. Spanish for good-bye," she explained kindly. "Now don't forget. I expect you to give me a ring. You'll find me in the Beverly book—"

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Gladly I would give you, but a ring—"

"Oh, you sweet thing." Fluttering past him, she tapped his thin cheek, as she'd seen Constance Collier do it in the movies. "That means on the phone. Goodbye."

* * *

Ferdinand sat in the train, watching mile after mile of desert slip by. "Tomorrow I will be in Hollywood," he thought. Magic, terrifying word. He remembered some of his fellow-actors, who had made fortunes and returned to Vienna, their pockets full and their heads aureoled in success. And the others, coming back from Hollywood with empty pockets and bitterness on their tongues. "There is no art in Hollywood—only the prostitution of art." But these had been the defeated.

He had sat through enough American films to know that there was a place for him in Hollywood. "I am the romantic type," he thought. "The Fuller has said it. The Fuller is a little crude, perhaps, but goodhearted. Also she is an American. And a woman. And an expert in movie actors. She knows what American women like in romantic types. She knows it so well that she convinced her husband to send a cable to Hollywood about me."

He recalled the agony of suspense through which he and his mother and Annamarie had lived before the answer came. They had kept the secret from his father, saving his tired heart that strain as they had saved it many another. Then had come the good news. On the strength of Herr Fuller's enthusiasm, the Artfilm Studios would give him a test and a six weeks' contract. Usually such a test would have been made in Vienna. For reasons not quite clear to him, he was going to Hollywood, his traveling expenses paid. "I fixed it," the Fuller had whispered to him, starry-eyed.

Herr Fuller had taken calmly what to Ferdinand was a blinding miracle of fortune. He had seized the agent's hand solemnly, his beautiful, nearsighted eyes cloudy with emotion. "I cannot say to you what is in my heart—"

"Save it, Schony. This is a test. They're not sticking you into Bob Taylor's shoes yet awhile."

Though he had studied English at the *Theresianum*—the school which his father and his father's father had attended before him—he found some of Herr Fuller's meanings hard to grasp. And if he felt a curbing coolness in the other's attitude, that was only natural. To the agent, he was one of many. Besides, he knew that business men—and particularly, American business men—considered it good form to hide their feelings. He himself was over-emotional. "Herr Fuller must have faith in me," he assured himself. "Else why should he have

advanced the two thousand dollars for my entry into America? To be sure, he lost nothing. I returned the money before the ship docked." But what in God's name was he fretting about? If Herr Fuller had not believed in him, would he have risked his reputation as an agent, which meant more to him than money? Herr Fuller was his discoverer, his sponsor, the herald of his triumph. And he, Ferdinand, was a fool.

He looked out at the desert. He should be making the acquaintance of this new land instead of tearing himself apart with senseless hopes and dreads. But the summer sun glared down on a dust-brown waste, and his eyes turned inward again.

His mother's last embrace. His father's handclasp. Sixteen-year-old Annamarie dancing round in excited pride over the big brother who was going to a faroff wonderland. Annamarie was a buoyant spirit,

he had stepped into the shoes of the leading man, home in bed with the mumps. Surely it was a good omen that Herr Fuller and his bride had chosen to visit the theatre that week. He had thought at first it was a joke when they came to the dressing room with their fantastic proposal—a joke not in the best of taste. But the joke had landed him here in this train, an ocean between himself and those he loved.

It was all right, though. He had left them money which, in his mother's hands, would last six months. He would send them more. And when the Fuller's prediction came true, as come true it must, he would send for them. His father would find peace in this country where the sun, they said, was a benediction. Annamarie would live the normal youth denied to him. And his mother, bless her, should sit in a garden, bask in her family's happiness, and em-



Curves are kind to the eye—artists say, and we echo the idea, especially upon contemplating Mary Carlisle above, revealing a novel swim suit—and such curves!

thank heaven, like his mother. He had inherited his father's melancholy. Or perhaps it had been a heritage to both from the war. Annamarie had been a postwar child. She had never watched in terror while the safe, lovely background of her childhood crumbled away. She had never seen their mother, bred to the delicacies of life, turn pinched and haggard, go begging for food that her son might eat. Annamarie had not been born when their father returned from war, a one-armed, shellshocked ghost of his former self.

How his mother had managed on her husband's meager pension and the little she could earn by fine sewing, Ferdinand didn't know. He caught her weeping for the first time when he got a job as callboy at the theatre. But he had been happy for the first time, sharing her burden. There had been enough food in the house, and sheets for the beds, instead of the paper on which Annamarie had been born. On the day he became an actor, his father had smiled one of his difficult smiles.

"Strange occupation for a Schoenbauer," he had said. But Ferdinand's tales of the theatre had drawn laughter from him for the first time in years.

The Viennese audiences had liked Ferdinand. From footman rôles he had been graduated to juveniles. And for one week

broider initials on a never-ending supply of towels and tablecloths.

* * *

"That man called again, Mr. Fuller."

"What man?" Fuller mumbled, thumbing hurriedly through the papers on his desk.

"The one whose name I can't pronounce," his secretary told him crisply. "With an accent. He kept calling all day yesterday while you were out. Some longwinded tale about Mrs. Fuller and Vienna. I told you about it when you phoned in. You said to have him call back today."

Fuller flapped an irritable hand. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, I know all about it. What have I got today?"

She rattled it off from a memorandum. "Paramount at 10:30 on the Eastman contract. Lunch with Margot March. She wants to know why you can't get her top billing over Freddie Bartholomew, because Freddie's only a little boy. Conference on Dawson's life story for the Post at 2:30. Cocktail party at 4 for that new English star. Chamberlain's coming at 5:30 for the radio dope. Preview of *Firefly* at Grauman's tonight."

"Tell the accent to be here at 6. Phone my wife I'll meet her at the cocktail party. Get me the latest figures on March and Eastman. Find out from Kessler what he'd

want for ghosting the Dawson story. That's all. Oh—and Hilda. Call Willis at Artfilms. Ask him when I can bring this great lover round for a test—guy I signed in Vienna. Do that before you phone What's-his-name."

"I won't be phoning What's-his-name," she replied, her hand on the door-knob. "He hasn't gone Hollywood yet. Has no phone. But don't worry," she soothed him. "The lad'll be phoning me," and drew the door carefully shut behind her.

A half hour later she recognized the accent on the phone. "Here Ferdinand von Schoenbauer," it said.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Shaybar. Mr. Fuller will see you at six. Well—where will you be coming from? Why don't you hop a taxi? Taxi. Oh. I see. Wait a minute now. Take the crosstown bus at Vine. Vine—V-I-N-E—change at Wilshire, going west—." She spelled Wilshire out for him. "Get off at Beverly Drive. Yes, I guess everyone knows Beverly—even in Europe. No, not Beverly Hills. Beverly Drive. It's the name of a street. We're in the tall building at the corner—on the tenth floor. Ask for Miss Drake. You're very welcome—not at all—that's what I'm here for. Yes—yes—that's right. Six o'clock. You're welcome. Good-bye."

She ran her fingers through a crop of chestnut brown curls. "Funny fish," she mused. "I've met 'em before when they hadn't enough for phones and taxis. But they'd lie and stall. This one comes right out with it." She shrugged a slim shoulder and returned to her work, almost too decorative a figure to be sitting over a desk.

"Y'oughta be in the movies, kid." She had heard it so often that she no longer felt even flattered. She had been at first, of course. Any girl would be. Flattered but, strangely enough, never tempted. Her father had died in her infancy. Her mother had earned a precarious living for them both. Hilda had gone to work at eighteen. Now, on the sixty dollars a week she was earning at twenty-three, she and her mother reveled in what was to them luxury. She'd be earning more before long. Fuller was no piker, and he realized her value to him. Some day she would fall in love, marry, have a home and children of her own. Realistic, level-headed, her instinct for normal, healthy living had been fortified by what she had seen of the fever and heart-break of the studios, and was much too strong to be shaken by any illusions of glamor. But the cynical habitués of the office remained unconvinced.

"What's the gag?" they'd inquire, taking in the trim figure, the dark-fringed gray eyes set wide in the perfect oval of her face, the mouth that laughed like a child's, and in repose became a woman's. "Why dontcha give the movies a break?"

"Can't act," she'd reply.

"What's that gotta do with it? I'll fix you up a nice little contract just to show your face."

"Fuller's fixed me up a better one not to show it. This is an all-year job. Two weeks vacation with pay. And my vacation hasn't started yet," she would add pointedly, turning back to her desk.

* * *

At five minutes to six, the phone in Hilda's office rang.

"Mr. Von—Von—" Dot at the switchboard gave the struggle up. "To see Mr. Fuller."

"Be right out."

A tall, thin figure—too thin for his height—rose to greet her. Something helpless about the slightly stooped shoulders, something forlorn in the eyes, smote her compassionate heart.

"So you made it all right," she said brightly.

Not knowing what he had made, Ferdinand stuck to what he did know. "Ferdi-

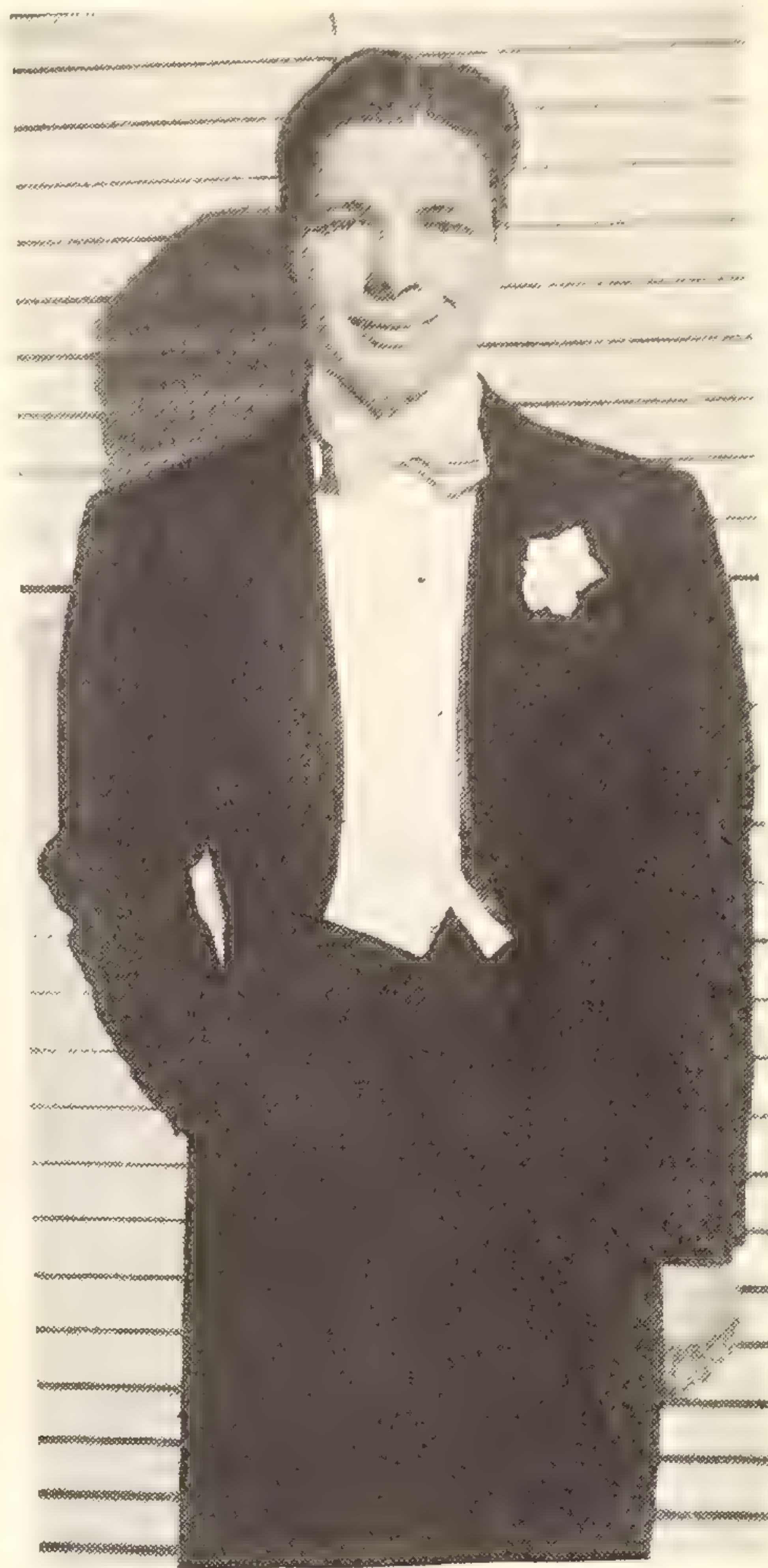
nand von Schoenbauer," he said and bowed formally.

"Oh." She was taken aback for a moment. "Well, I'm Hilda Drake, Mr. Fuller's secretary. Will you come with me? Mr. Fuller will see you in a moment."

She led the way to her office, sat down and motioned the visitor to a chair.

"Would you mind pronouncing your name for me again?" she said, for the sake of saying something. "I'm pretty dumb about foreign names."

"Ferdinand von Schoenbauer. I am the romantic type. Madame Fuller said it. She said I will do well in Hollywood."



Career skyrockets. Kenny Baker, who stars both in radio and films.

"I see." Though it sounded like arrogance, she had wit enough to realize that it wasn't. "I wish you luck."

He got up and bowed. "Thank you, miss. You are very kind. Also, if I may say so, very pretty." He sat down again.

Accustomed to turning off compliments with a flipcrack, she found herself at a loss in the face of this grave and sincere tribute.

"Are you—have you found a place to stay?"

"A room, quite small and ugly, but for the time it serves. Three dollars a week. And the bathroom outside," he concluded simply.

Upon which revelation Mr. Fuller emerged from his office, a hand on his visitor's arm. "O.K., old chap. We'll have the details ironed out by Monday. Glad you came in." His eye fell on Ferdinand. "Oh, there you are, Schony.—So long, Al. See you on Monday.—Come in, come in, nice to see you. How was the trip and so on?" His hand guided Ferdinand toward the inner office, his head jerked Hilda a summons to follow them.

Seated at his big desk, he seemed somehow, despite his surface affability, touched by frost from within.

"Now, Schony, let's get down to brass tacks. Maybe I oversold you a little. You

know how it is—honeymoon, rose-colored glasses, little woman all over me, that kind of thing. Anyway, I cabled Artfilms a guarantee—told 'em I'd be responsible for your passage if they'd give you a test. Talked 'em into fifty a week for six weeks, because the wife thought, once you were here, you'd find something, even if the test fails. Took a chance that maybe I shouldn't have, but now we'll have to make the best of it. 'S' all right, Schony. Nothing to look green about yet. You may still go over. Test's set for next Tuesday. Miss Drake here'll give you the dope—time, place, etcetera. I'll try to be there. If not, just go in and give 'em all you've got. How about the name? What name did you give 'em, Hilda?"

"Said I'd phone in tomorrow."

His fingers drummed on the desk. "*Schonbauer—Schonbauer—what's it mean?*"

"Mean?" From the sea of foreboding in which he felt himself drowning, Ferdinand grasped at this concrete problem.

"Sure—in English. How d'you translate it? *Schon* means pretty, don't it. What's *bauer*?"

"Farmer," he replied stiffly.

Fuller groaned. "Ferdinand Prettyfarmer—skip it. What was that you called him, Hilda? Shaybar? Graybar—Maybar—Ferdinand Maybar—how's that sound?"

"Like a Tootsie roll," said Hilda.

"Paybar—Waybar—hell! It's gotta be tasty and easy to say—like Charles Boyer—Francis Lederer—Maurice Chevalier—"

"Nobody could ever pronounce Chevalier," Hilda pointed out, "and look where he got."

Ferdinand broke in with dignity on this exchange. "My mother was born Gruenwald—which means green wood. Does it help you?"

"Greenwood—Ferdinand Greenwood—not bad. Ferdinand's kind of sissy, but we'll let that go for the moment. Greenwood it is. O.K., Mr. Greenwood" He rose, suddenly jovial, and held out his hand. "Be seein' ya. Anything you want, ask Hilda. She knows more about the whole damn business than I do."

"And Madame Fuller?" said Ferdinand, too proud to voice any of the doubts, ask any of the questions that surged within him. "She is well?"

"Elaine? Oh, fine—swell. Busy packing. Off to Honolulu next week. Recover from the honeymoon." His laugh was tinged with wryness. "Give her a ring when she gets back. She'll be glad to see you.—Get Maxie on the phone before you go, Hilda. See if he can give me a rubdown."

* * *

Ferdinand placed the directions Hilda had written out for him in his wallet. He hesitated, then said: "If Herr Fuller will not be present—"

"Don't worry. He'll make it if he can. If not, they'll take care of you at the studio. You're a good actor, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. Or so they told me in Vienna," he added with his first shy smile.

"Well, then. Just go in and act.—Look here." She picked up from her desk a small paperweight in the shape of a four-leaved clover. "This means good luck in America. Stick it in your pocket. Maybe it's silly, but maybe it'll help to know someone's rooting for you."

"You are—rooting—for me?"

"Yes," she laughed. "That means I hope you'll go over big.—Like this." She applauded. "Lots of money, lots of jobs."

"I will remember it. I will root also for you, Miss Hilda Drake." He bowed over her fingers, and was gone.

"Oo-la-la," said Miss Hilda Drake to herself, flirting the hand he had kissed. "Moving right into high life with Shaybar. Wonder what's going to happen to him next Tuesday."

To Be Continued

London

Continued from page 62

Hale and most of her own sports jerseys too.

Nat Pendleton has come over to play one of his typical tough guy parts in "Gangway"—though however such a mild-mannered man took up crime characterization is beyond me. He never drinks anything stronger than orange juice and cocoa. He is passionately fond of music and knows a great deal about the classic composers. His favorite recreation is playing squash-rackets and he isn't even interested in girls, let alone married. "Guess I'm comfortable as I am," is his laconic comment. His ambition is to work in Hollywood until he has saved sufficient money to buy himself a fruit-farm in Southern California and then he'll retire from the studios and devote his life to raising oranges and lemons.

Palatial Pinewood is naturally a show-

he thought about that when I went to his Denham studios but he was visiting his latest production, and when Alex appears on the set, with white gloves, silver-headed walking stick, and yellow spectacles, it becomes a Royal Occasion not to be regarded with levity. So I just sat reverently behind the lamps and watched bearded and grimy Edmund Lowe heroically rescuing pretty Ann Todd, tense scene from "The Squeaker" which is a detective film based on the late Edgar Wallace's novel.

Edmund's charming wife sat with me—they're a happy devoted couple who share a tremendous sense of humor. I also met Oliver Garrett, the Hollywood writer. Korda has brought him over specially to adapt "The Four Feathers," the historical adventure film which has Robert Donat as the soldier star. Robert assists with the script himself too. He's a temperamental, highly determined young man behind that rather wistful exterior!

In the fall Robert is due for a new romance partner, co-starring with Merle Oberon in Korda's scintillating film of

Merle has now recovered from her car accident and the subsequent shock of her mother's death and has been staying in the country with her friend Lady Morvyth Benson. Smart London restaurants have missed her very much, the only startling fashion item of late being provided by Gloria Swanson, dining at the Ritz in purple satin with a green and orange striped net jacket. During her stay here Gloria attended many gatherings squired by Paul Soskin, the young producer who has just built an enormous new studio at Elstree. He's tall and dark, very wealthy, and a bachelor, and accompanied the Gorgeous Gloria most assiduously. "Yes, we're good friends," she announces sweetly.

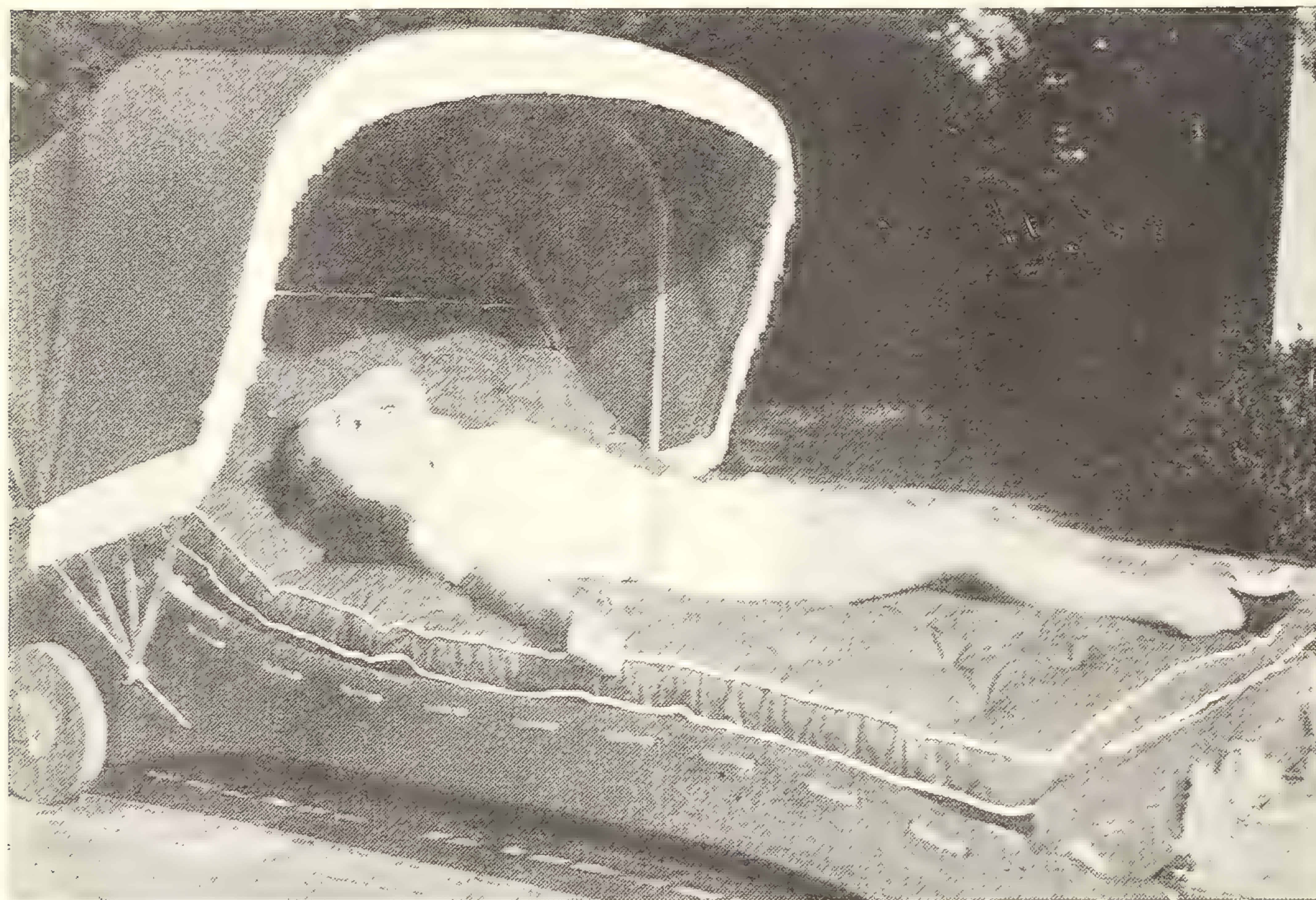
This summer sunshine has brought George Arliss back to the studios again. His doctors forbade him to work during the cold damp winter months as he is subject to asthma which is apt to lead to serious complications in a man who's nearing seventy. He is playing the title part in "Doctor Syn," story of smuggling exploits in a little Kentish fishing-village over a hundred years ago. As a kindly old clergyman by day and a wily brandy "bootlegger" after dark, his rôle is in complete contrast to anything he has previously essayed.

Love interest is supplied by John Loder and blonde Anna Lee as the clergyman's daughter *Imogen*. Between scenes George has been giving them both lessons in chess, a hobby he takes almost as seriously as his celebrated collection of old books. He owns a valuable set of hand-carved ivory chessmen that came from France two hundred years ago and he and sweet-faced Mrs. Arliss play with them in their old-fashioned flat. It's furnished just in the manner you would suppose, a pleasant homey place with Victorian mahogany and flower-patterned chintzes and scores of silver-framed photographs of George in his numerous rôles.

Talking of furnishings, the latest London fashion is to have an evening frock in vividly-patterned cotton that looks as though you had made it from your window drapery. Demure little Elizabeth Allan went to a theatrical premiere in a full-skirted affair of white pique printed with pink roses and yellow daisies, while Mary Ellis shows off an exotic scarlet poppy design all over her green dance cambric. A fanciful cream muslin spotted and checked is even being made up into a party dress for Grace Moore who's giving her annual concert here very soon and regretting she can't spare time to appear in that long-promised Korda musical.

Elsa Lanchester was wearing a coat and skirt of purple gingham when I saw her at the preview of Flora Robson's new film "Farewell Again." Flora herself was absent—she hates to see herself on the screen and can't even be persuaded to watch the studio rushes. Ruth Chatterton was there, wearing an unusual hat just like a black soup-plate; and Director Raoul Walsh had brought Valerie Hobson with him, while stalwart Leslie Banks, who plays the *Colonel* in the picture, escorted two of his daughters. (Yes, I know he only looks about thirty but actually he has been married over twenty years and possesses four pretty girls in their teens.)

After the performance there was an informal gathering for cocktails at the Trocadero. Charles Laughton and Erich Pommer talked long and earnestly with H. B. Warner—can it be this brilliant character actor is now going to play for their newly-formed producing company? Vivien Leigh was gaily displaying the African lions-hair bangle which is her idea of a lucky mascot, and tall Conrad Veidt gave us the latest news of Elisabeth Bergner, still far away in the Swiss Alps and declaring she won't return to fulfill her screen contracts till the Fall.



Joan Crawford basks in her garden like this to acquire the sun tan for which she's famous, and which out-ones (no pun—fact) that of her sister stars.

place, for the vacationing folks from Hollywood and its recent visitors have included Skeets Gallagher and scenarist Robert Riskin and the one and only Frank Capra—no, he isn't planning to make a film here. It was just professional curiosity to see how we work this side.

Stocky and olive-skinned, his black hair blowing about, Frank was busily shooting everything and everybody within sight with his little movie camera when I met him outside St. James's Palace. Between answering his staccato questions about the colorful military ceremony of Changing the Guard, I managed to get some information for myself.

"Why do you always introduce this whimsical philosophical slant into your pictures?" I demanded.

Most famous producers would have taken the opportunity to deliver a high-brow oration about Art but Frank is a realist.

"Because it's good box-office," he replied unhesitatingly. "You see, this gentle poking fun at the accepted customs, giving a few good-tempered digs at the more solemn conventions, championing the 'Little Man' who is really Everyman—those things appeal to everybody all over the world. So a film which is made according to that formula is naturally successful."

I meant to ask Alexander Korda what

London Society life, called "The Divorce of Lady X" at the moment. "How will I enjoy playing with Merle?" Robert echoed, "I shall be delighted to because my own part is so rich and quite different from anything I've attempted before. I don't care twopence whether I'm starred or sharing the lights with somebody else or just supporting a star. All I want is the opportunity of playing a character I enjoy."

He means it, too. Money and fame quite honestly don't matter much to him. He will only act when the part appeals to him, which is why he has refused so many lucrative offers from Hollywood. (He wouldn't even play in "Romeo and Juliet" because he considered *Romeo* "such a spineless fellow" and cabled M-G-M to that frank effect!)

It will be the third time that Robert and the glamorous Merle have played in British films together but the first time they have ever appeared on the screen together. They were both completely unknown when they made "Men of Tomorrow" and it didn't get either of them any further, but "Henry the Eighth" followed to establish both their reputations and send them off to Hollywood to work. How come? Oh, they were in different shots in both films and the scenarios never called for them to meet!

*"My Beauty Bath
leaves me
marvelously
refreshed—"*

MY COMPLEXION SOAP—
LUX TOILET SOAP—
MAKES A WONDERFUL
BEAUTY BATH

Carole Lombard
PARAMOUNT STAR

*Girls everywhere
follow Hollywood's lead—
protect daintiness the
Lux Toilet Soap way*

WHEN I STEP OUT
MY SKIN IS SOFT
AND SMOOTH—
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT. YOU'LL
LOVE **LUX TOILET**
SOAP'S PERFUME!

Hollywood's Beauty Bath protects daintiness . . .

EVERY GIRL knows how important it is to keep skin sweet. It's only then you can be sure you are attractive! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, frees them of stale perspiration, every hidden trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin *thoroughly* clean.

You'll find this quick beauty bath refreshing, too—a wonderful pick-me-up before your evening date. Why not try it?

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

SCREENLAND



—SHE'S A WILDCAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They're their own worst enemies!

Still, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted . . . popular, fresh-looking . . . *be sure that your bowels move regularly.* And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You'll feel *clean*. You'll feel more *alive*. And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S87, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

You Can't Keep a Good Menjou Down!

Continued from page 55

be typed again. Therefore I sign no term contracts with anyone." (I knew that he'd been offered a contract by Selznick which would have allowed him freedom to work for other studios. I knew that after mature consideration he'd refused even that.) "I have an agreement to do one a year with Goldwyn. I start in August on 'The Goldwyn Follies.' But that's all right. Mr. Goldwyn doesn't dominate my career.

"There's no value to me in signing a contract just to be paid a salary. I did that once. Look where it landed me. Now I pick my own parts. If they're not right, then *I'm* the fool. I have no squawks. I have no grievances. That's important. You can't do good work when you feel like a martyr.

"I'm offered from fifteen to eighteen parts a year. Some of them *have* to be right. By right, I mean well conceived, well written, suited to you, with sympathy and broad appeal. I read script. I talk it over with my wife. Then I decide. I never make a test till the contract's signed. It's unfair to actors. They throw four or five of us on the screen and start arguing: 'I like him better.' 'I like *him* better.' Might as well toss 'em in a hat and pick one blindfold! A test should be a scene out of the picture, played with the same characters, in the same costumes. They can't afford it. All right. A hundred tests, if you want 'em, when the part's mine. Not before!"

He eyed my plate in consternation. "What's wrong with you? You can't live on a sandwich all day.—Well, believe it or not, I'm going to eat this whole chicken. That's the difference between us. You work with your head. I'm a physical laborer." He attacked his food with the same zest he was giving to his theme.

"I just laid off for nine solid weeks. I was offered five parts and refused them, for this reason and that. One died in the middle of the story. By the end you'd forgotten all about him. After all, I've got some business sense. One played opposite a character who had all the good scenes. I'm not that noble. Another rôle I didn't play because he was the father of a man of thirty. I've nothing against fathers. Some of my best friends are fathers. Come to think of it, I'm one myself. But I think I'm miscast as the father of a man of thirty. Maybe I flatter myself. That's my privilege.

"Another thing: I wouldn't play in an unimportant picture. It's death to a player. I don't care what they offer, I wouldn't touch it, I wouldn't fool with it. And what I mean by an important picture isn't a question of money. Money doesn't make an important picture. What does? An unusual story, unusual characterization, and a feeling on the part of the producer that he's *got* something unusual. That, most of all. Producers are always enthusiastic about their stories—they have to be, poor devils. But I've been in the business long enough to tell the fake from the real.

"Understand, I'm not setting myself up as the Lord-High-Everything. I'm telling you my trade secrets because you asked me. And if the army and navy and marines came along and told me to do a part I didn't like, I'd tell 'em, get the guns out and shoot me against the wall, boys, I can't do it, I can't." His language was light, but his tone wasn't.

He pointed his fork at me. "I *can* be wrong, you know! It's happened. I was frightened to death of 'Sing, Baby, Sing.' Mr. Zanuck and Mr. Lanfield knew more

about it than I did. I'd never done anything like it before. I won't again. Once is fine. Twice, and you're typed. Though if Zanuck asked me to play *Elizabeth the Queen*, I'd probably say yes. The man's a wizard.

"I didn't think the part in 'A Star is Born' was so hot. A good part, but nothing to write home about. The fan reaction's been amazing. I was wrong again. I said a moment ago that a rôle, to appeal to me, had to have sympathy. I don't mean it's got to go round dripping virtue like a self-sacrificial goat. The manager of 'Café Metropole' was a scoundrel, but a scoundrel with wit and style. That sold him to me, and I hope to audiences.

"When Universal offered me this part, I grabbed it. For two reasons. The second Deanna Durbin picture must be important. We know that. The first was a sensation in Europe as well as here. Durbin has everything—freshness, charm, a voice. If



So you didn't know Dietrich plays a musical saw? She does. Look!

she's lucky in her stories, she'll be one of the biggest stars in the world. Then the part's unlike anything I've done. I play a trombonist, unemployed for two years. Deanna's my daughter. I wear this one poor, miserable, shabby suit till the end of the picture. Then I get my old dress suit out of hock—it's a honey. I'm getting square on that fashionplate, that fellow who wore dress clothes for five years and went sliding down to oblivion on the seat of his stylish pants. I'll tell you a funny thing about this part. I always let my hair grow between pictures. You never know when you're going to fall into a part that needs long hair. When the director saw me, he said: 'Thank God! How did you know?' 'Know what?' 'The little girl has to cut your hair in the picture.' I *didn't* know! All I know is, this business is 90% bullheaded luck. You have to be ready for your luck when it comes."

He broke off to exchange a Russian pleasantries with Mischa Auer. An expert was engaged for Tyrone Power's accent in "Café Metropole." Menjou spent more time with the expert than Power did. Bill Robinson appeared on the set one day. When they needed Menjou, they found him off in a corner, trying to get his feet to follow Robinson's. A publicity man went down to ask him a few questions. He spent an hour instead answering Menjou's questions about how the publicity business was run. This is no conscious effort on Menjou's part to prepare himself for remote emergencies. It is rather that his inquiring mind instinctively seeks knowledge wher-

THIS *Freshening Up*



DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

- The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."



Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."



Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 7S-CH, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Cold Cream Company



**YOU'RE
GORGEOUS
HOW CAN I
GAIN 10
POUNDS?**



SKINNY? Thousands Gain Normal Attractive Curves With New IRONIZED YEAST

WHY should thousands of people today remain skinny and friendless when this new discovery is giving other thousands solid, normally attractive flesh—gains of 10 to 25 pounds—in just a few weeks!

People who never could gain an ounce before have not only put on all the weight they wanted, but also report naturally clear skin and good-looking color, wonderful new pep and energy that bring loads of new friends, new popularity and good times.

Why it builds so quick

Doctors now know that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is English ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported English ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast, and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color come. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't let anyone sell you some substitute. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each genuine Ironized Yeast tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 268, Atlanta, Ga.



Ruefully, Adolphe Menjou ponders the wisdom of letting Deanna Durbin snip his hair. Our story tells an amusing back-stage incident connected with this scene.

ever it may be found. The world will never bore him. It is too full of curious and interesting phenomena. Conversely, he will never bore the world. What he learns he assimilates, and gives it back with the color of his personal viewpoint added.

He was talking again. "Maybe another reason I've gone ahead is this: I don't know when I'm licked. If you're licked in this business, it's because you let yourself be. If they don't like you now, they'll like you later. If they don't like you here, they'll like you some place else. Grace Moore was kicked out, and look at her now. Fred Astaire had a funny face, they said, and people didn't give a hoot about watching him dance. Not much they don't! His first three pictures only made millions. But write this on the wall in letters of fire. You can't go on endlessly playing the same part. They get sick of you. You get sick of yourself. How many times I've heard people say: 'He's slipping, he's slipping,' like the fellow in 'Star is Born.' Along comes Gable and hits 'It Happened One Night.' Along comes Montgomery and plays in 'Night Must Fall.' One of the best performances ever done on stage or screen. Amazing performance. There's nothing he can't do now.

"You've got to know what you want and fight for it. Not temperament. That's rot. I don't believe in it. I've never had trouble with a player or director. You hear all kinds of stories. This one's a devil and that one's a bug. You work with them and you find they're all lies. Katharine Hepburn's a charming girl and a terrific worker. She used to wear overalls, you know, famous for things like that. One day they stole her overalls, framed them in a big silver frame, and hung them on the wall of a beautiful living room set. In she came and there hung her pants. Get sore? She laughed herself sick.

"All this talk about Garbo, mystery woman and so forth. All nonsense! She's a woman of reserve, dignity—and to my mind, the greatest actress on the screen. I never saw her do a bad piece of work. Even in the silent days I remember scenes that were amazing in their simplicity. And she's better now than she ever was. An honest artist, an honest woman. If that's mysterious, then Garbo's a mystery!

"I don't mean, fight just to assert yourself. But don't let people talk you into things when you're sure they're wrong. I'm muleheaded. Maybe it's my Irish mother. Somebody says: 'This is the greatest part you've ever played.' I can't swallow that. How do you know it is? Maybe it isn't. Wait and see.

"Take my own wife. Miss Teasdale was

on the verge of fame in New York—a comedienne pure and simple. She comes out here and they give her mother rôles, sweetness and light. The pictures were poor. What happens? Oh, it was awful—must be her fault. Then she was ill for a year. Couldn't work at all. She's fine now," and he knocked the table. "She was offered two or three rôles. I wouldn't let her take them. They'll forget all about me, she said. 'I'll never get a part.' 'Yes, you will. Wait till a part comes along.' We went to see 'First Lady' with Jane Cowl. 'There's a part for you—the other woman.' 'I'll never get it.' 'How do you know you won't?' Now she's got it! Opposite Kay Francis. A whale of a part—a honey.

"If you've got something to sell, your chance will come. One of the greatest advantages of being in this glorious business is to make money. You can sell anything—it doesn't have to be acting—trained horses, seals, fleas, showmanship, personalities. If I can't make money acting, I'll make it directing, writing, but I'll make it. I won't be overawed by anyone in this business, I don't give a damn who he is. A producer once said to me: 'Why should I give you all that money?' 'You give it to the other fellow,' I told him. 'Why not to me? You pour it out in shovelfuls. All I want is a little corner of the shovel. That's modest, isn't it?' He broke into a sudden chuckle. 'I've got a baby to look after. He needs—milk and things.' An airy gesture filled the gaps.

There was a time when Menjou wouldn't talk about the baby. "All the proud papas I'd kidded were itching for a chance to kick back." He's over that now. He's frankly another proud papa and doesn't care who knows it. Peter Adolphe is seven months old. He can't walk or talk yet, his father admits with a faint trace of astonishment. "But he knows me and Mrs. Menjou. Cutest baby I ever saw in my life. Like the babies Leyendecker draws for the *Saturday Evening Post*—exactly like them."

He's more anxious to impress you with that fact than anything that's gone before. "He has a little swing. Sits there and keeps us company at breakfast. We take him to see other babies. He looks at them grins, and looks at his mother, sort of asking her if it's all right. We didn't go away during my nine weeks off, couldn't bear to leave him. Marvelous baby!"

He caught my glance. One quizzical eyebrow tilted. "Yes, I know. But I never had a baby before." And his smile was twin to the one he'd given Deanna an hour earlier.

"This was the snapshot that brought us together"



"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

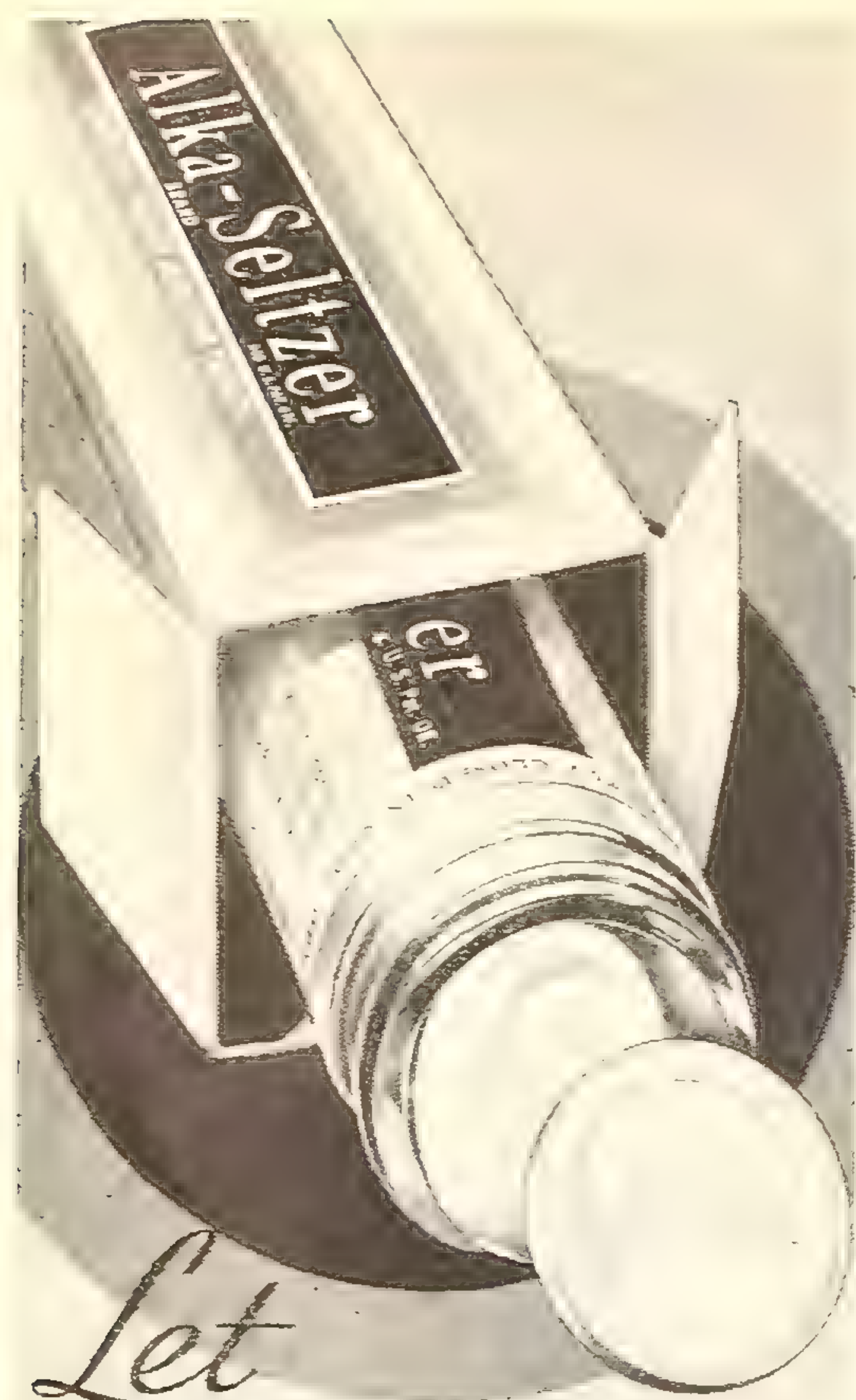
"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

*The snapshots you'll
want Tomorrow
—you must take
Today*

• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

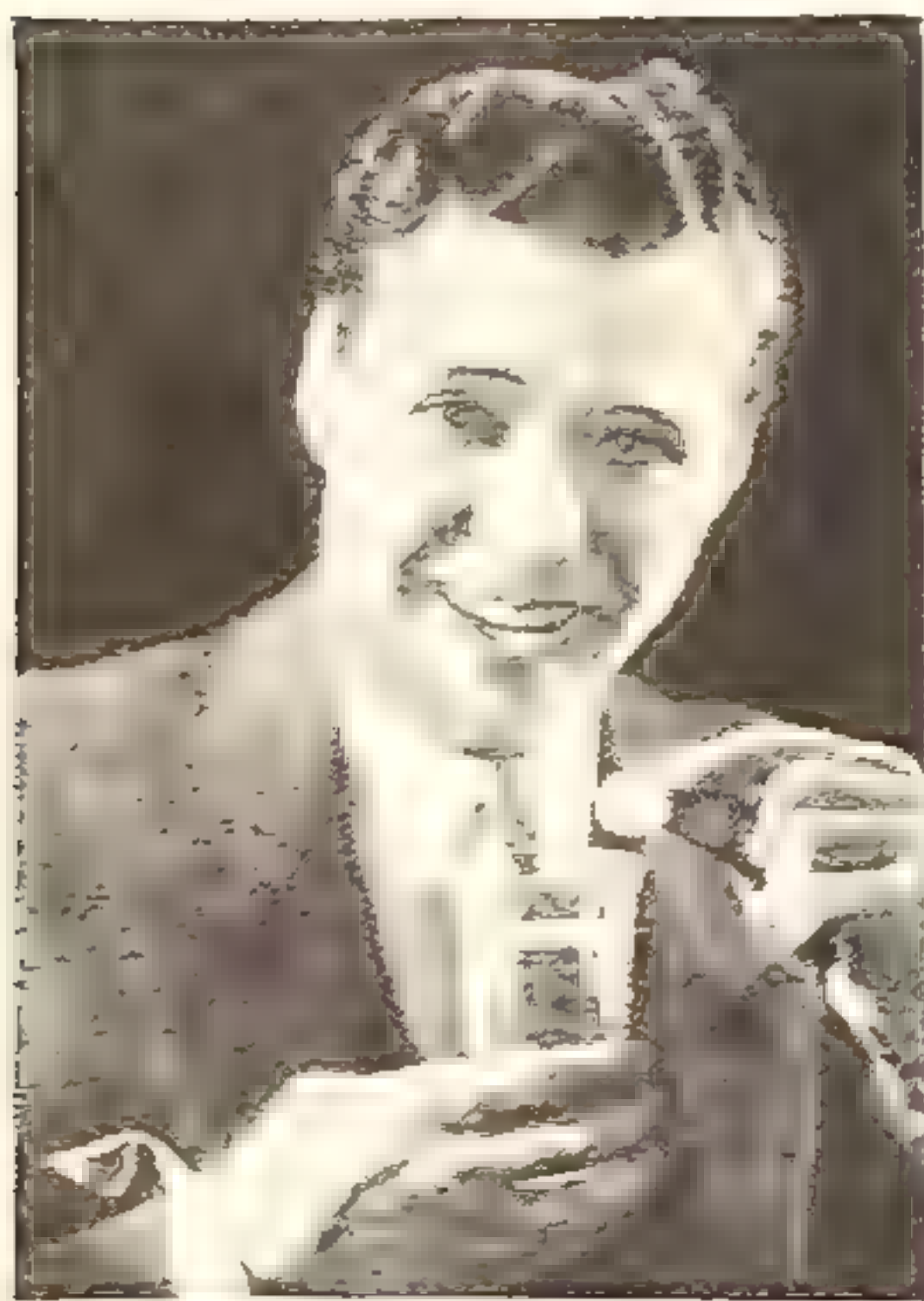
Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.





Let Alka-Seltzer help you keep Feeling Your Best

WHEN you suffer with a Headache, Acid Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, an Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water will usually bring prompt relief and also help correct the cause of your trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.



You'll like Alka-Seltzer because of its pleasant taste and because it is so effective. Don't let common ailments keep you from feeling your best—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer.

All Drug Stores
30¢ and 60¢ Pkgs.
(Slightly Higher in Canada)

Listen to Alka Seltzer Nat'l Born Dance, Sat. Night NBC Network

THIS IS THE FRIEND YOU SEEK!



The famous European astrologer, Professor SAHIBOL LAKAJAT. He will state who are your friends, who your enemies, if success and happiness await you in marriage and speculation; also information regarding travels, illness, happy and unhappy times, and a great deal more interesting details.

Royal personalities have been astonished at the wonder of his great knowledge.

Write him today, your proper name and address, the day, month and year of your birth, sex, if married or not, enclosing also a small lock of your hair for palping purposes.

YOU WILL THEN RECEIVE A HOROSCOPE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Postage to Holland is 5 c. Kindly enclose 20 c. in stamps (no coins) for postage and handling. His address is:

PROFESSOR SAHIBOL LAKAJAT
Dept. 855, Postbox 72, Den Haag, Holland

Fatal Masquerade

Continued from page 34

gasping sobs as Antone made a small bundle of the jewelry and thrust it in his small bag.

"I'll take this and go ahead," he said putting on his hat. "And in a few minutes you take that basket with the candlesticks and follow me. And remember, we don't know each other. Get on the train and I'll meet you in the last car, and stop sniveling!"

But Mitzi was still trembling when she walked through the lobby of the hotel and saw the police stopping Antone at the doorway.

Stefan hurried toward the girl as she faltered and almost fell.

"Are you ill?" he asked. But she only looked at him wide-eyed and shook her head and ran out of the hotel.

Stefan shrugged as he walked to the desk and asked an audience with the Countess and then his heart almost failed him for this woman walking into the hotel office was the woman he had seen walking up the Prince's stairs the afternoon before. But even now, knowing her as his enemy, he was glad of that quick look of recognition that flickered in her eyes for that small moment.

"Permit me to introduce myself." He bowed. "My name is Wolensky."

In spite of herself she almost betrayed her agitation.

"Not Stefan Wolensky?" Her hand steadied itself on the back of a chair and there was something in the gesture to give her courage again, and laughter closed over her nervousness. "So you are Stefan Wolensky." Her words came almost gaily.

"And you the Countess Mironova!" His smile answered hers. "It is strange that we've never met. I happened to read of your loss on the poster at the station and I thought perhaps I could be of service to you." He disregarded her quick protest. "You had, I think, a pair of candlesticks?"

Her eyes widened remembering the papers she had hidden in one of them, the papers that might mean this man's life if they were found in Russia and her own if they were found here in Poland.

"All my beautiful jewelry is gone," she said in a low voice ignoring his question, and she fluttered her hands as she had seen other women do. Helpless women, who did not have her resources of wit and courage. "It was entirely the fault of my maid. I discharged her on the spot and now I wish I hadn't. I have no one to do my hair."

"I would be honored if you would permit me to," Stefan began, and then as she raised her eyebrows in consternation, he laughed and went on easily, "I mean, do allow me to look after your belongings for you. For instance, those candlesticks are more precious than you think—"

He stopped as a police official was ushered into the office and he saw the color come back again in Mironova's cheeks as he told her the thief was being held at headquarters and everything seemed to have been recovered.

"Do permit me to undertake this errand for you," Stefan offered. "You must be tired. I'll take care of everything."

"Oh, thank you very much, but I can't dream of it!" she protested.

But Stefan was not to be so easily thwarted.

"Then at least you'll permit me to escort you," he insisted. "I really can't permit you to go to a police station by yourself."

There was nothing for Mironova to do but allow him to accompany her, and so it was they faced Antone together.

"Everything's there but your old candlesticks." He said defiantly. "You're not going to cry about them, are you?"

He was silent at first as they questioned him, then he crossed his arms belligerently.

"I couldn't go carting them all over the place," he shouted. "I gave them to a lady. And I won't tell you who she is. You see, I am a gentleman, and gentlemen do not give away ladies. At least the sort of gentleman I am!"

Stefan remembered then, the girl and the basket and her white frightened face as the boy was arrested. But it wasn't until Mironova had gone to her own rooms that he could seek the hotel porter and question him. The man was vague at first but at the sight of the bank note Stefan held out to him he remembered not only her name but her address that had been written on her ticket for Warsaw.

There were a few hours before the next train was leaving and when Stefan saw Mironova descending the stairs in evening clothes he knew suddenly how he was going to spend those hours. It was easier than he had thought it would be, persuading her to have dinner with him, and for a little time it was almost as if they forgot they were enemies. He had never been so aware of a woman before. It was as if the whole room had quickened into life just because she had walked into it.

But when the waiter offered to draw the curtain across the little alcove where they were sitting he was almost gauche in his quick refusal. She laughed then and he laughed with her, and it was almost as if they had always been warm and close like this, laughing together.

"What it is to be a beautiful lady." He shook his head teasingly.

"You forget." A dimple darted at the corner of her mouth when she smiled. "Waiters form their judgment exclusively from the male."

"You flatter me." Stefan bowed.

"Scarcely. She clasped her hands under her chin as she looked at him. "Philandering as a fine art does not necessarily improve the personal appearance."

"I plead, not guilty," he said softly.

"I read my newspaper." Her eyes met his fully.

"I never do," he said flatly.

"Perhaps you are wise," she parried.

"I wish I were." He was looking at her

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

CAST

<i>Baron Stefan Wolensky</i>	William Powell
<i>Countess Olga Mironova</i>	Luise Rainer
<i>Grand Duke Peter</i>	Robert Young
<i>Maria</i>	Maureen O'Sullivan
<i>Colonel Baron Suroff</i>	Frank Morgan
<i>Prince Johann</i>	Henry Stephenson
<i>Mitzi</i>	Bernadene Hayes
<i>Anton</i>	Donald Kirke
<i>Korum</i>	Douglas Dumbrille
<i>Dr. Malchor</i>	Charles Waldron
<i>Leen</i>	Ien Wulf
<i>Albert</i>	Barnett Parker
<i>Pasloff</i>	Frank Reicher
<i>Porter</i>	Bert Roach
<i>Santuzzi</i>	Paul Porcasi
<i>Auctioneer</i>	E. E. Clive
<i>Housekeeper</i>	Emma Dunn
<i>Colonel Radoff</i>	Frank Conroy

Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. Screen play by Monckton Hoffe and Harold Goldman from the book by Baroness Orczy.

now as if he could never stop looking at her again. "The wise are never lonely."

For a moment she was silent, then her voice came almost shyly.

"Are you lonely?"

"Yes." He leaned toward her across the table. "And so are you, aren't you?" Then he laughed. "Perhaps I'm wrong. That was a stupid thing to say."

"No, it wasn't." Her voice came so low that he could hardly hear it. "I am lonely."

There was that little space that comes sometimes between two people, that forgetting of everything that made only the moment real and this miracle of being together.

Then, "I'm glad," Stefan said slowly. "It's nice to have something in common. I wish we had met before."

"Thank you, Baron Wolensky," she said, and he felt her withdrawing from him again.

"My friends call me Stefan." His voice came almost imploringly, but her eyes did not soften as she listened. It was over, that little moment of forgetting and she was remembering again.

"But I am not your friend." She was still smiling but it was different now, with all the tenderness and sweetness gone.

It was hard to think he might never see her again, even though seeing her might mean his death. But even here on the train on the way to Warsaw he kept thinking of her and the way her eyes had softened and the way she had smiled.

She seemed nearer somehow in this rushing night, nearer than she had been earlier in the evening when she had sat across the table from him; for then her eyes that had been so glowing had suddenly become remote, and here in his memory she was all tenderness and warmth.

The train stopped at a station and he walked out on the platform and bought a



Taking time out from romance, Luise Rainer and William Powell temporarily desert the camera to play hosts to Mme. Lotte Lehmann, famed Metropolitan Opera star.

basket of food from a vendor, and he was lighting a cigarette as the conductor came up to him.

"They seem to have got busy on that robbery," the man began conversationally. "They've just picked up one of our passengers, orders came through to arrest any woman who might have gotten on at Czakova. I thought there seemed something funny about this one. She might have been the criminal at that, she's got such a pleasant face. But she said she was the Coun-

ness Mironova and the way she was dressed I'd have believed it myself."

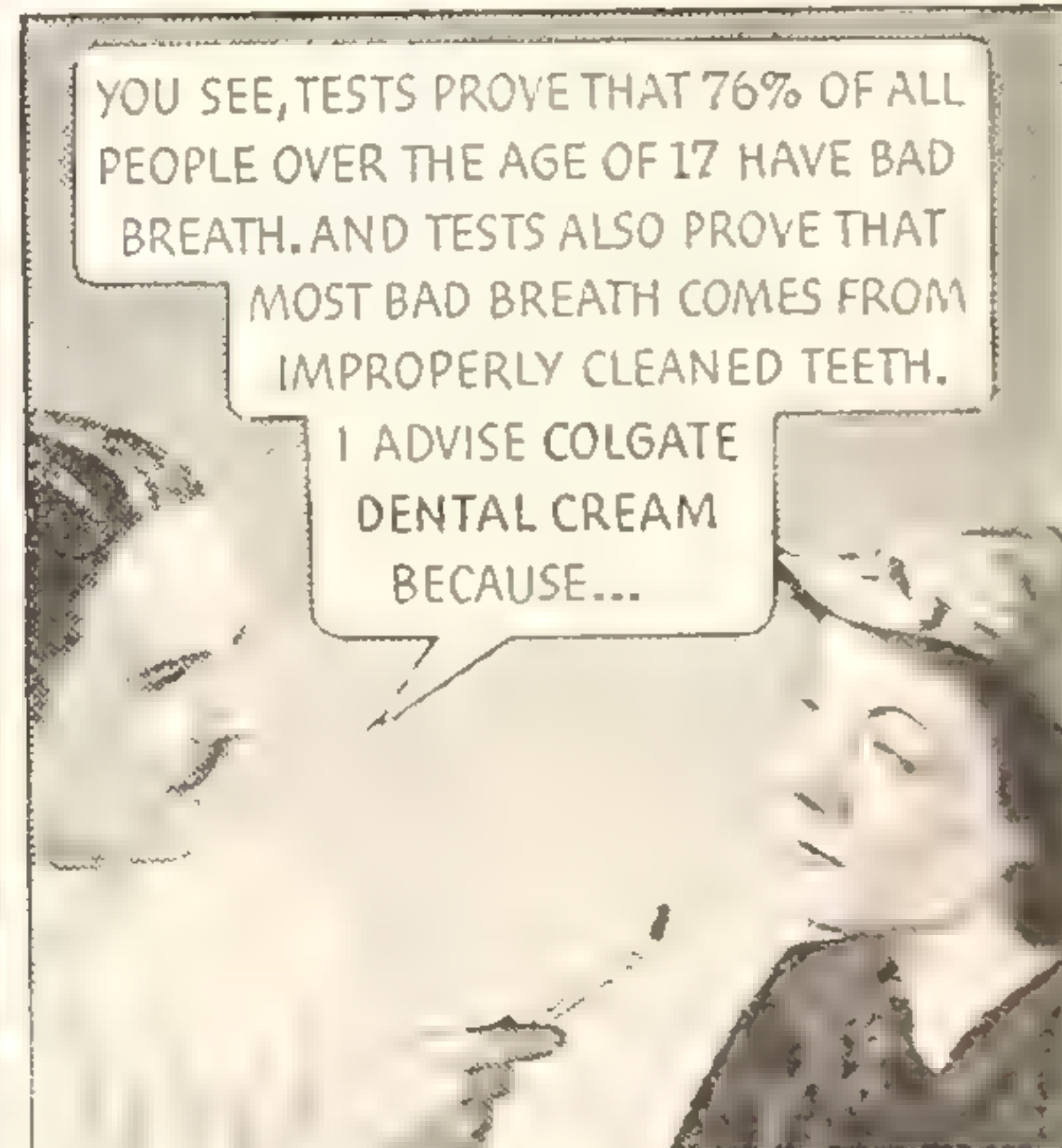
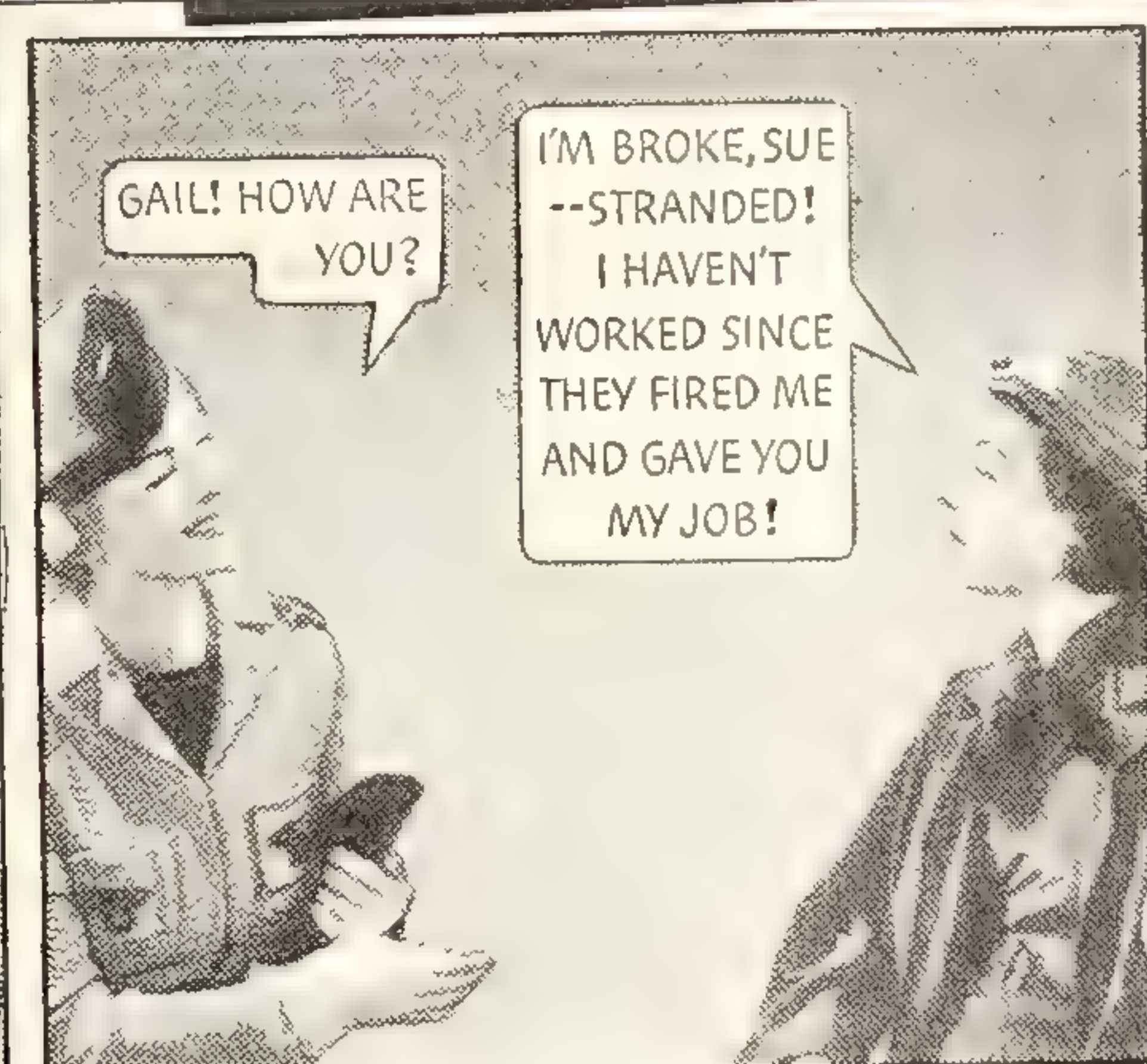
Stefan had listened idly in the beginning but now he was all attention.

"Where did they take her?" he demanded, and then as the conductor pointed to the jail across the square, he pretended a casualness he was far from feeling. "This train stops here for twenty minutes, doesn't it? I think I'll take a stroll."

He tried to tell himself it was for his best interests that Mironova had been ar-



STRANDED UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

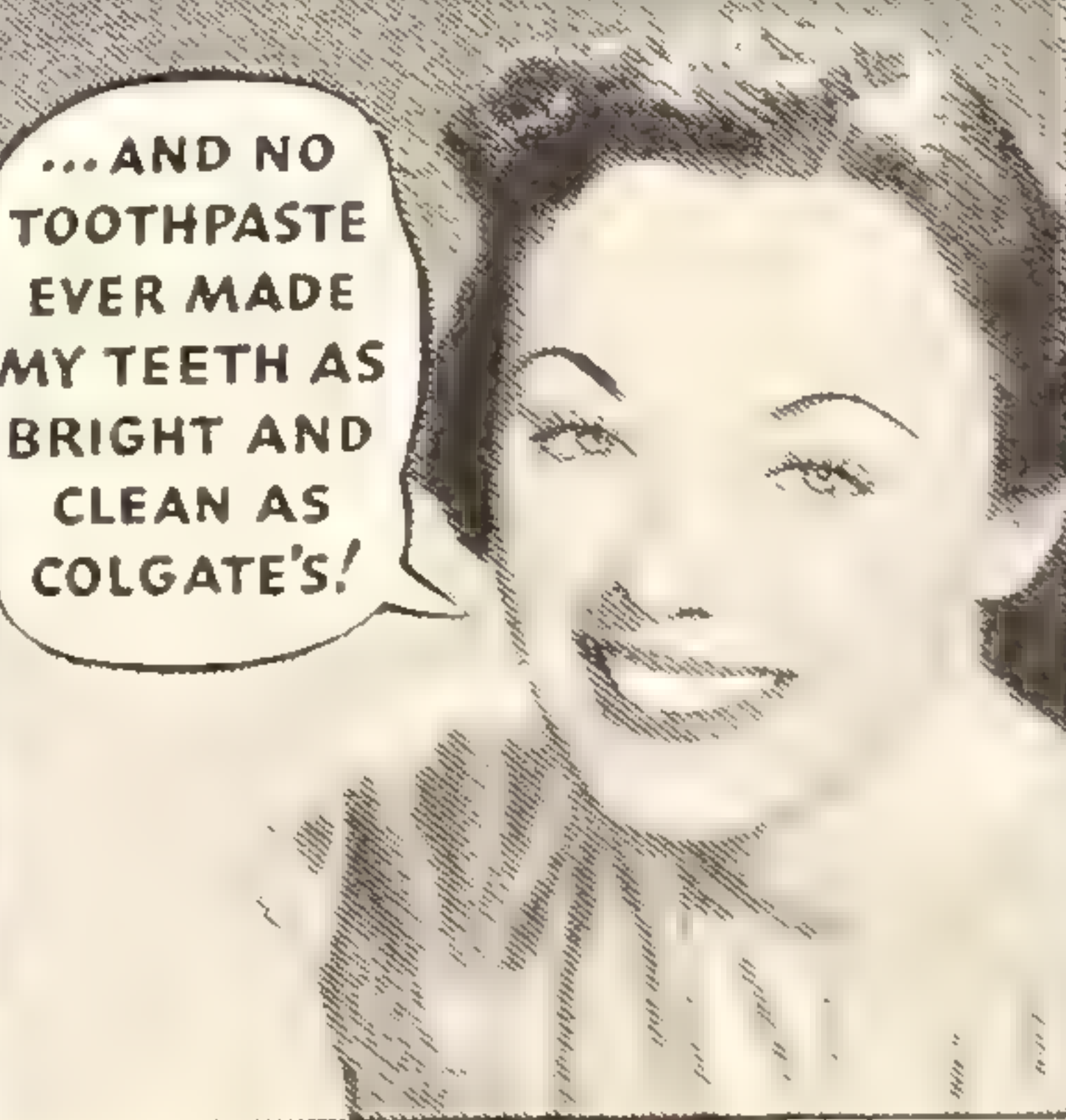
ONE MONTH LATER -- THANKS TO COLGATE'S

YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE PERFECT SECRETARY, MISS DRAKE--IN EVERY WAY! I'M AFRAID YOU DESERVE A RAISE!

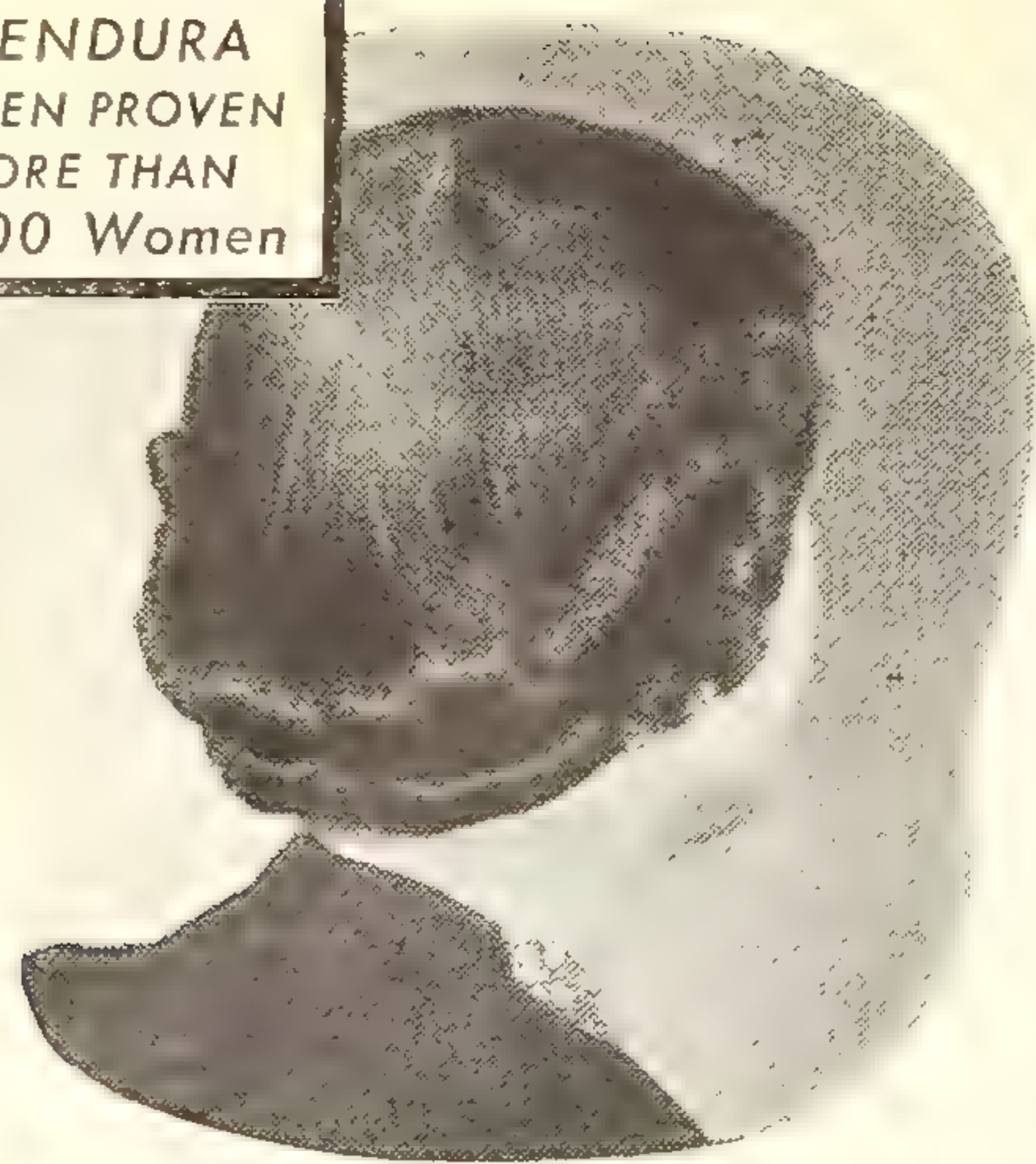


NOW--NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



Only ENDURA
HAS BEEN PROVEN
BY MORE THAN
150,000 Women



★ PERMANENT WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME...A COMPLETE PERMANENT \$1.00

Pleasantly and inexpensively, Endura gives you the best permanent you have ever had. Endura banishes, once and for all, the hours of discomfort of old-fashioned methods. Without machines, heat, or electricity, Endura permanent waves your hair at home while you work or read or even sleep. It's so easy to use, and so inexpensive. More than 150,000 women have changed to Endura permanents.

Endura is sold in two sizes; the \$1.00 complete permanent wave and the 25c Endura 10-Curl. Endura 10-Curl gives you 10 winsome curls, permanent waves those straggly end and side curls. Endura is featured at drug, department and 5 and 10c stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, ask him to order it from THE ENDURA CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.



STOP Scratching

RELIEVE Itching of Insect Bites

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scales, eczema, and other externally caused skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.



MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

In the searching glare of summer sun—on golf links, tennis court, hikes—and in the moonlit evening that follows—more than ever is your skin on parade. Keep it looking flawless with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply to face, neck, arms, legs. How smooth, how lovely Miner's makes them! Stays on all day, won't rub off or streak. 50¢ at drug & dep't stores. Trial size at 10¢ counters, or mail coupon with 10¢.

SHADES
Suntan
Peach
Rachal
Brunette

MINER'S 40-A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Shade _____

rested, that fate couldn't have sent him a better break. But he couldn't go on leaving her in this predicament.

For a moment, seeing him, she was too amazed to speak, and then she found it rather pleasant having a man looking out for her and arguing for her freedom. It was so ridiculous.

"What's this lady got to do with you, anyway?" The jailer became almost offensive.

"She has everything to do with me," Stefan said quickly. "She happens to be my wife."

Mironova made a quick gesture of protest but Stefan pretended not to see her.

"How do I know you're not working together, then?" the jailer demanded truculently. "Husbands and wives often do. Well, it's lucky you *are* husband and wife, because this is a one-room jail!" he shouted, and the door banged behind him as he went out.

Stefan pounded on the door as the key grated in the lock and Mironova laughed at his dismay.

"If I may say so, you seem to have made rather a mess of it."

"On the contrary." He swept her a little bow that was not as mocking as he had intended it. "My plans are assisted enormously by the present development. You may not be aware of it, but I am a man of resource. Are you hungry perhaps?"

"I'm starved," she said bitterly, and he laughed as he produced his basket.

"I foresaw that." His voice held a certain pride and in spite of herself she gave him a sudden grudging respect as he spread a loaf of bread and some sausage and cheese on the table in front of them.

"If you mingle the sausage and cheese together it will not be quite so unbearable." He grinned as he poured wine into a glass and offered it to her.

"If I may ask, how long is this position to continue?" She tried to be withering as she gulped down the wine but didn't quite succeed.

"I wish I knew." Stefan sighed. "I find it most embarrassing. Here I am an unmarried man—"

"There are times when I find you rather insufferable." Her voice broke in exasperation and the whistle of the train at the station across the square sounded almost like a mocking echo.

"Listen!" Stefan held up a cautioning finger. "I think that's my train."

"You're not going to leave me here!" she protested. "You can't leave an unprotected woman in a prison cell."

He looked at her and again felt that strange tenderness for her. She looked so young and so helpless somehow with her dark hair curling out from under the silk scarf she had knotted peasant-fashion under her chin.

"If I take you with me, you'll have to do what you're told." Funny the glow that came giving her orders like that and seeing her meek before them. Seeing her take off her necklace as docile as a child and putting it beside his wallet on the table and even taking off her shoes without a murmur, when he told her to.

He took off his own shoes then and taking hers placed them under the end of the blanket and arranged the pillows so that it looked as if two people were sleeping there on the cot. Then throwing his coat around her he led her behind the door. As they stood there he made a noise as if he were snoring.

It was as he expected it would be, the jailer creeping to the door and looking in through the grilled opening and seeing the necklace and the wallet and wanting them. They waited breathlessly as he cautiously took off his shoes and unlocked the door and tiptoed in. There was that quick flurry as they ran out of the door and Stefan

turned the key and stopped only long enough to put on the heavy working shoes he had left outside the door.

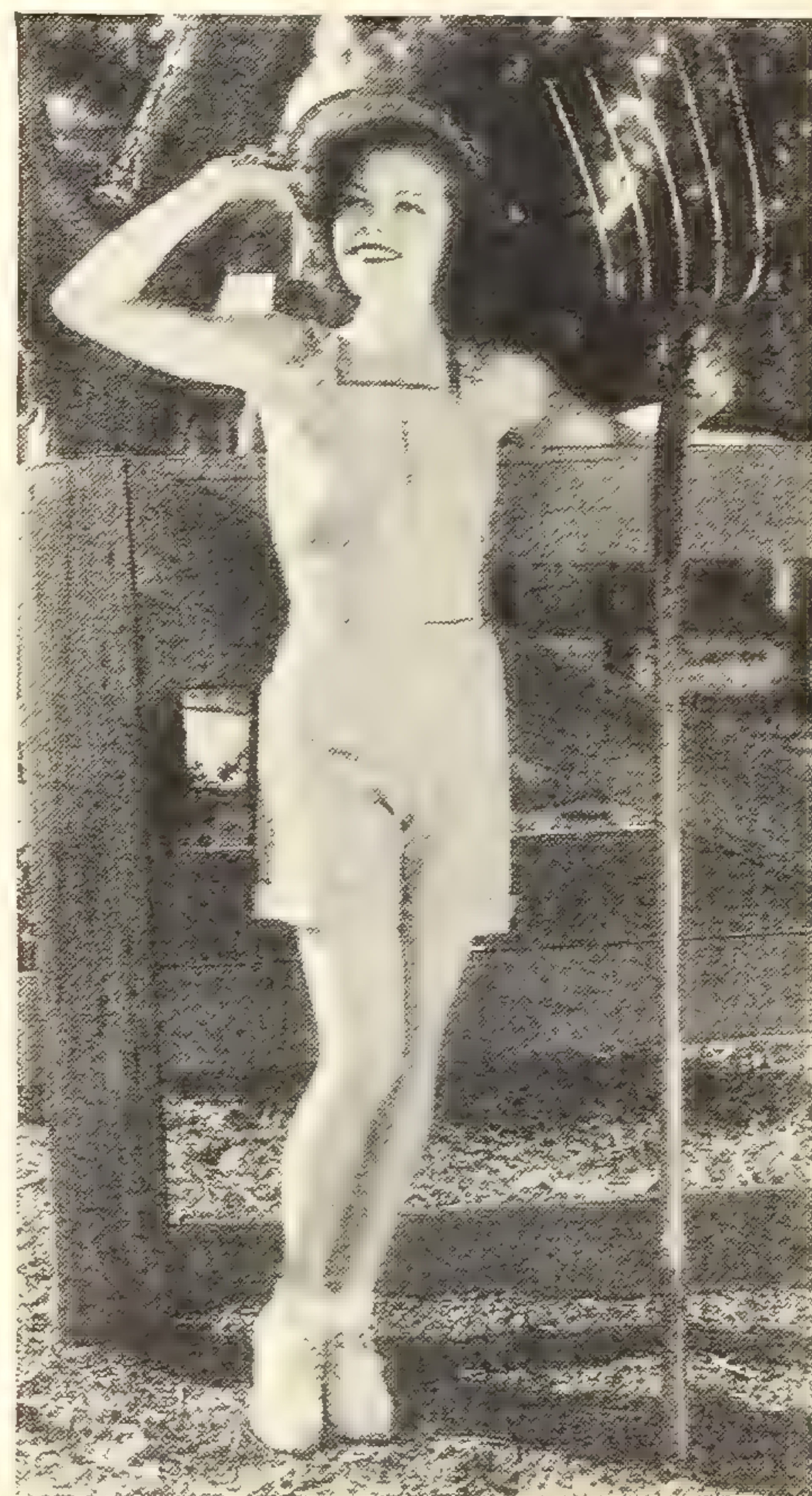
The snow lay in crisp drifts outside and Stefan picked Mironova up in his arms and carried her, and the walk across the square was all too short with her arms clinging to him and her breath soft on his cheek.

There was only time to board the train waiting at the station, and lift her onto the seat in a compartment when the train started moving. Then Stefan grinned and slammed the door of the compartment shut as he jumped off the moving train that was going back to Czakova. And seeing her white face staring reproachfully at him through the glass the old regret that they might not be friends came to him again.

"Well, sir, we're on our way." The conductor grinned as he swung himself on the Warsaw train. "I'm afraid these waits are rather monotonous."

"Monotonous isn't the word!" said Stefan.

All that night he thought of the woman Mironova, the woman whose wit was as quick as his own. They had played at cross purposes that night, each trying to



Dixie Dunbar may start a back-to-the-farm rush with this picture.

conceal from the other that they knew the identity of the girl who had stolen the candlesticks, and it brought him little solace to think that he had outwitted her in the end.

But they were still to play at cross purposes, for in the morning when he drove to Mitzi's address it was only to discover that she had already pawned the candlesticks. A mad chase began then for he discovered they had been bought by a foreign dealer, and so he went on their trail. First to Paris, and there was that fleeting moment when he saw Mironova dashing into the hotel he had just left when he discovered the purchaser of the candlesticks had already gone; and then London and the fashionable auction room where they had been put up for sale.

In the beginning there were many bids against his but in the end it was only her voice he heard.

The auctioneer looked skeptical as the

bids mounted higher and higher. "Now that the bidding has reached this height, I feel that I ought to remind you that an immediate cash payment in full is required at the actual time of sale," he announced.

Stefan looked stricken for he had already gone beyond his limit.

"I've just about fifteen hundred pounds here," he said. "But I shall be glad to let you have my check for whatever is necessary."

Mironova's little flash of triumph was short-lived, for when she counted her money she did not have enough for her last bid. For a moment they looked at each other, then Stefan had an idea.

"I only want one candlestick," he said. "Why can't we pool our resources and each buy one?"

It was almost too easy, Stefan thought, as he picked the candlestick with the missing leg, and Mironova smiled triumphantly as she took the other one.

May I drive you to your hotel?" he asked. "I'm at the Castleford."

"No thank you, Baron Wolensky." Her smile came then. "We might find ourselves in a police station by mistake, don't you think?"

"Perhaps you are right," Stefan said gravely. "May I return this candlestick when we get to Petersburg? Remember, the Princess must have her present duly delivered."

Suddenly Mironova remembered the papers she had put in the candlestick.

"Must you go to Petersburg?" she asked tensely. "If—if I could fulfill your mission—"

"That's impossible," he said gravely. Then as her eyes deepened he went on: "You forget I have my duty. I expect we both have."

"That dreadful word," she shuddered. "It is with us always."

"Not quite always," he smiled. "Have you forgotten a somewhat humble little meal? Two people and no other thing in all the wild, wide world, or so it seemed to me."

For a moment she felt tears pressing against her eyes and then somehow she managed to smile.

"And so it seemed to me, dear Baron Wolensky."

She held out her hand to him and he took it and pressed a kiss on its upturned palm.

Tears pressed against her eyelids as she turned away and as she walked through the corridor she was conscious that she was carrying the candlestick. She stopped to put it in its case and then she saw for the first time that a leg was broken on her candlestick too.

She remembered then that Stefan had told her the hotel he was stopping at and she hurried out in the street and hailed a cab.

At that first sight of his drawn face she knew he had discovered her hidden documents and it was then she saw that both candlesticks had been mutilated in the same way.

"You'll see that yours is in order." He spoke dully as he opened the other candlestick and showed her the documents intact in it. Then he opened the other candlestick and took the letter from it. "Will you be good enough to read the contents of mine? You'll realize the life of the Grand Duke is in deadly peril. Our purposes are quite apart, Countess Mironova. Our duties call in different directions. But it appears we both desire the personal safety of His Imperial Highness."

He left her then with that stilted smile that no longer had meaning or life, and she would have called him back but she knew her words no longer had power to move him, even to save his life.

And so she followed him to St. Peters-

"and life is so much gayer now!"

Your lovelier way to avoid offending did the trick! I'm sure all girls would be more alluring, if they bathed with this exquisite perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap!
Sincerely,
Mary Moore



SO MUCH NICER, MODERN GIRLS FIND, to guard daintiness this lovelier way. For Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its deep-cleansing lather, removes every trace of unpleasant body odor... And besides, with its exquisite flower-like perfume, it keeps your skin alluringly fragrant! You're always completely safe from any fear of offending!

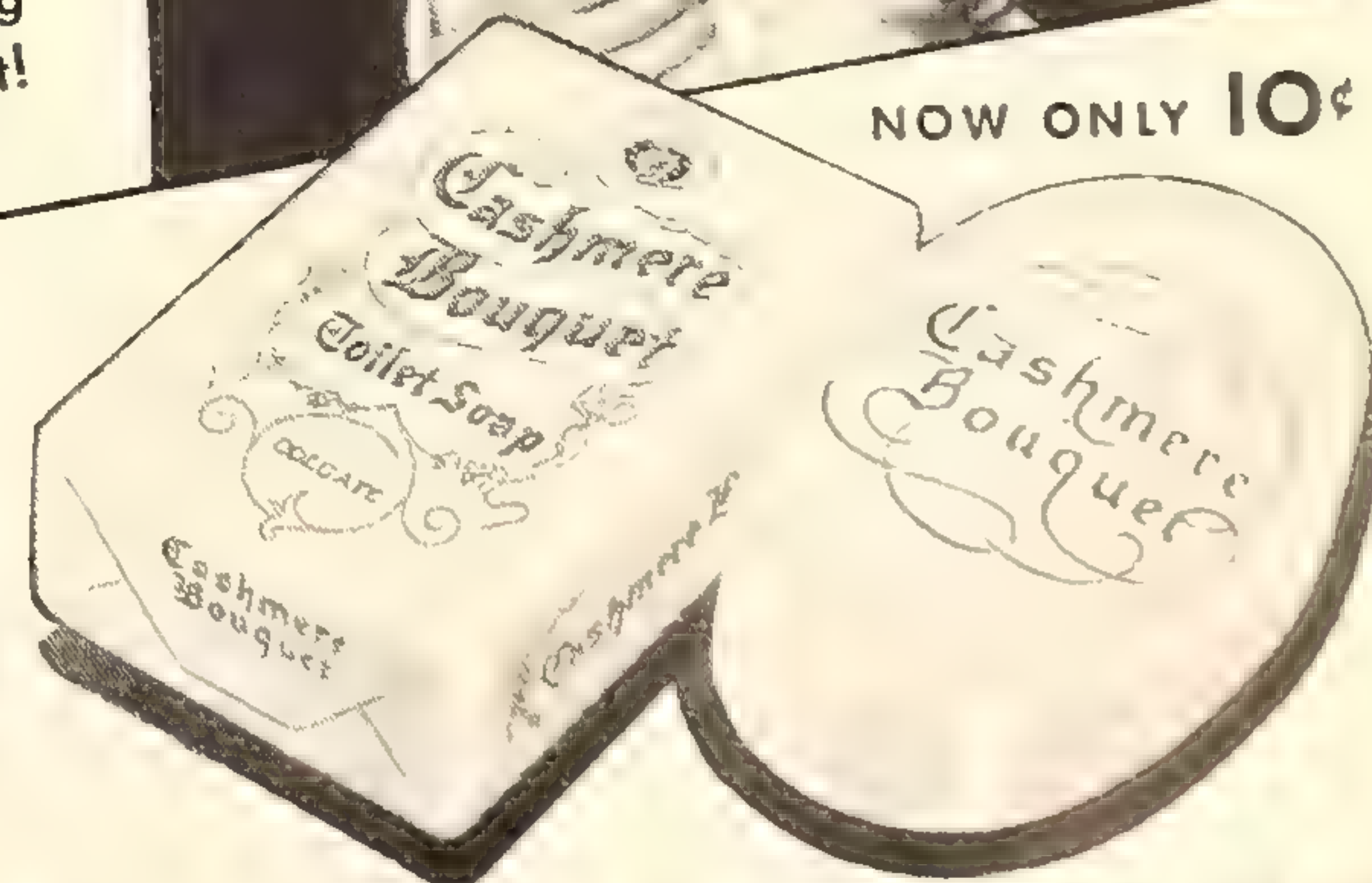


LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS FRAGRANCE LINGERS... surrounds you glamorously! It's no wonder that men prefer girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. But don't think that ordinary scented soaps will give you this same protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's rare perfume has this special lingering quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!



NOW ONLY 10¢

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!



TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



Remove Unsightly Hair the modern, feminine way

Are you letting unsightly hair-growth spoil your feminine charm? Here is the dainty, modern method of removing hair on arms and legs without a razor.

Use NEET—easy, sure, effective! Like a cold cream in texture, you simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how soft and delightfully smooth it leaves the skin!

That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Re-growth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.



CHANGE YOUR FACE!

...and change your future!

It may bring a different, happier life when you have new straight features that others admire! Faces reconstructed by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Dr. Stotter (Vienna University graduate) quickly corrects Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, Pouches under Eyes, Large Lips, etc. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet—“Facial Reconstruction.” Dr. Stotter, 50 E. 42nd St., Dept. 41-Y, New York.



SECRETS OF SONG WRITING

Do not pay the song sharks exorbitant prices for servicing your song! DO IT YOURSELF! Complete, easily understood course of SIX LESSONS reveals the PROFESSIONAL SECRETS of writing SALABLE words and music. ONE SONG SERVICED FREE. Write for free booklet on “Popular Songs and How to Write Them.”

ASSOCIATED SONG WRITERS
1154 N. Western Hollywood, Calif.

Help Your Hair



Dull, drab hair, or a scalp covered with unsightly dandruff, robs you of your attractiveness. Start today and make a regular practice of using this famous treatment—Glover's Mange Medicine with Massage. And shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. It makes the scalp seem to fairly glow with a feeling of cleanliness and well-being and imparts a lustrous beauty to the hair. Sold at all Druggists. Your Hairdresser can give you Glover's.

GLOVER'S

burg, and there came the day when the Czar found the letter on his dinner plate, and the order went out that Orlich be released and given safe passage to Vienna.

And there came the evening, too, when Colonel Radoff, the Chief of the Secret Police, called on her demanding the documents he knew had been given her in Vienna, and she told him they were lost and somehow it did not seem a lie, lying for Stefan.

But it was useless, for even as she was talking Stefan was announced and came in bringing the candlestick which he placed on the table before her.

“Here is your candlestick, Countess.” His smile twisted as he looked at her. “My work is done now. You are free to present your letter to the police.” He looked at her coldly. “You haven't wasted any time have you, Madame?”

Mironova's head lifted then.

“You are mistaken, Baron,” she said proudly. “Colonel Radoff came here at his own invitation and I am his prisoner. You see, I've had the misfortune to lose a certain document intended for him.” She turned to Radoff as an officer came to the door and stood at attention. “I am sorry to disappoint you, but the Baron and I have been summoned to the palace for a private audience with His Majesty, the Czar.”

They were silent as they drove to the Palace but once Stefan's hand sought hers asking forgiveness and for a moment her fingers clung to his.

Then they were walking slowly across

Cary Grant's Secret Album

Continued from page 61

the rockstrewn grass as lights blazed on. “Time to materialize, Cary!” said Director Norman McLeod.

“I'm a ghost, you know,” explained Cary. “So is Connie. Watch us materialize.”

Connie in a red fox cape of beautifully matched skins, smiled enigmatically as she took her place this side of the lights. But when Cary took his place beyond her, his shadow fell, appallingly clear, in the open space.

That wouldn't do. The experts put their heads together and Cary returned to his canvas-backed chair.

“We appear and disappear at the will of the technicians,” he smiled. “I took this shot of Connie when she had appeared on top of a bookshelf. Not too bad, is it?”

Cary doesn't go in for developing or printing his pictures.

“No dark room for me!” He waved the idea away. “Too many funny smells around the house. I'd rather take my film to a shop and talk the shots over with the expert there, explaining what I tried to get and how I'd like it treated. You know, sometimes—not often—you get a marvelous cloud effect or a desert sand shot and you think you can do a composite picture that ought to be good—well, then you tell him and he does the work.”

“I have an exposure meter and it tells you what to do about lighting, if you have any sense at all. Chance or good luck often helps you get a good shot, whether you know what you're doing or not. A lot of it is luck, anyway, and that suits me. I'm not working at it—I'm just having fun.”

“I don't bother much with filters and never use flash bulbs outdoors.”

“What I am specially keen about is home movie stuff. That can be really exciting.

a huge room in the Imperial Palace and they saw the man sitting at the far end of it, the man whose face was heavy with the weight of sorrow he carried in his heart.

“Your Majesty,” her voice came so low that the Czar could scarcely hear her, “Baron Wolensky saved your son's life. And here are the documents demanding his life. I have brought them to you, Your Majesty, instead of the police because, because—”

She faltered, and there were only the tears welling in her eyes to ask for his mercy.

“Baron Wolensky,” the Czar's voice came sternly. “It was not to save the life of my son that you acted as you did, but to save the life of a Polish traitor. The man Orlich is a revolutionary.”

“He is also my friend,” Stefan said quietly. “Your Majesty, you are the great man in Russia. I am a humble citizen of Poland. But we—we are both patriots!”

When the Czar smiled like that some of the sadness went from his face. “Baron Wolensky, you are not a Russian. But you are a man, and that is the next best thing.” The Czar held out his hand. “I will see that you are fully protected in Russia. You may go. You are safe.”

They moved slowly out of the room, then, walking backward and curtsying as they went, and the Czar was smiling broadly now as he saw their glances steal toward each other as if once again there were only the two of them in all the wide, wide world.

“Once I did a short film about my dog. I thought up a little plot and then I put him through it. He's smart and he knows how to take orders. Of course he couldn't actually do all the things it looks as if he did in my picture.

“I'd have him looking around the corner, menacingly, or hopefully, or whatever it was, and then I'd cut to a scene he was supposed to see. His actual expressions came from balls thrown to him, meat dangled at various heights, nice smells, the sight of friends or foes, and then they were all worked into the plot. It came out nicely, and I'm quite proud of it.”

If you use human actors for your home movie pictures, Cary thinks it's best to have them so thoroughly occupied that they can't be self-conscious.

“My best stuff in this line is usually done down at the beach, where everybody is dashing around in the water,” he said, “Then they have to keep their minds on what they're doing and can't worry about how they look.”

“I'm interested in color stuff on the home movie camera just now. I have some grand desert and spring flower pictures, and this beach action stuff I've been telling you of is great in color—the water, the sand, and the colorful beach costumes.”

“I understand there's some home movie sound equipment on the market now. The amateur can get talkies if he has the money, time and patience. I've never tried it, but I doubt if it's for me. I couldn't be bothered fiddling around with a mike and a soundbox and a camera. That would be WORK, and I do all this for fun.”

Director McLeod loomed up beside us. “Nobody,” he informed me, “is permitted to watch a ghost materialize.”

“Trick stuff, eh?” said Cary, “Magicians are always touchy about their magic. You know, I never bother with trick stuff on my cameras, still or magic. I suppose it's because these studio experts are too good. Anything I'd do wouldn't look like much.”

The director's glance grew grimmer. He addressed me once more.

“Kindly DE-materialize!” he suggested.

"Panther Woman" Into Patrician

Continued from page 27

the country's outstanding college girls. She lived at home, but that didn't spoil anything. It merely drew more and more undergraduates over to see the jolly Fitzpatricks.

"I had a passion for red," Gail muses in a reminiscent mood. "I had a red roadster and those were the days when it was considered the height of cleverness to go in for one-shade ensembles. I remember my pet outfit was a red dress, a red hat, and red shoes!"

During her junior year the depression bit into the Fitzpatrick bank account. Gail, majoring in law so she could go into politics (the governorship was her goal) went to work to pay for her tuition; she became assistant to the dean of women. Her plan to enter the University of Alabama's law school started to crystallize. But in the meanwhile she enjoyed every one of the proms that were thrown. "I was allowed to go out as much as I wanted so long as I brought home an A-average in my grades!" You can gather that here is no mental slouch.

"At home we were told that we could do anything we wanted if we wanted to badly enough. That bit of psychology kept us from feeling overly restrained, and, simultaneously, made us think. We might get away with something, but would the reward be worth it?"

"Then, there was that other method of wisely rearing us my mother and dad had. They encouraged, but never flattered us. 'No matter what you do,' they'd say, 'if you hadn't done it someone else would have. And probably better!' I haven't forgotten either statement."

The turning point in her life was completely unanticipated. The local theatre was cooperating with Paramount in a search for a "Panther Woman" for a spectacular film. It fell to Margaret Fitzpatrick to oversee the affair so far as the Howard College girls were concerned. On the Sunday afternoon when half-a-dozen who'd promised to vie got down to the theatre everyone backed down. "I'll have to step up because you all said you'd compete, and somebody has to do right by our alma mater's honor." Gail laughed as she took it upon herself to be the sacrificial goat. But the jolt came when she was chosen as the best bet for the "Panther Woman" in all that vicinity!

"You've read how unimpressed Hollywood is by contest winners," Gail confessed at noon at Lucey's, the quaint French restaurant on Melrose Avenue which the stars are patronizing. "When I arrived I wasn't besieged with offers. I didn't mind, because I'd just graduated and I was ready to go on with my law in the Fall and I'd never visualized myself as an actress. Much less a Panther Woman!"

"The publicity head at Paramount was too busy to waste time on me, so he sent his secretary, Bertha Jancke, to take me to lunch; it had been because of his studio's campaign that I'd stumbled into my trip West. My picture had been in the paper the day after I got here and Universal evidently believed I was somebody. On Saturday morning I phoned Paramount to say goodbye, and chanced to mention—with no malice aforethought, honestly—that I was going out to Universal before I left for home. At that Paramount expressed alarm. I wouldn't sign anything before they gave me a test! I promised to hold off. I stayed over at their expense, and the next week they tested me and signed me."

How could he tell her *why their Marriage had failed?*



How could he say—"You've been careless about feminine hygiene"? Husbands can't be expected to know about "Lysol".

IT WOULD be so much easier, she thought, if he'd burst into a *rage*, instead of this indifferent kindness that hurt her so.

Family doctors—and too many husbands—know that one of the causes of discord between husband and wife is neglect of the feminine hygiene that is so necessary for intimate cleanliness.

If you are in any doubt regarding a wholesome, cleanly method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many physicians and is used in many hospitals,

for many antiseptic needs. Here are good reasons why:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is an effective germicide, active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.) when other types of disinfectants may not work.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... Cleanly, disappears after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. S-S.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Lysol
Disinfectant



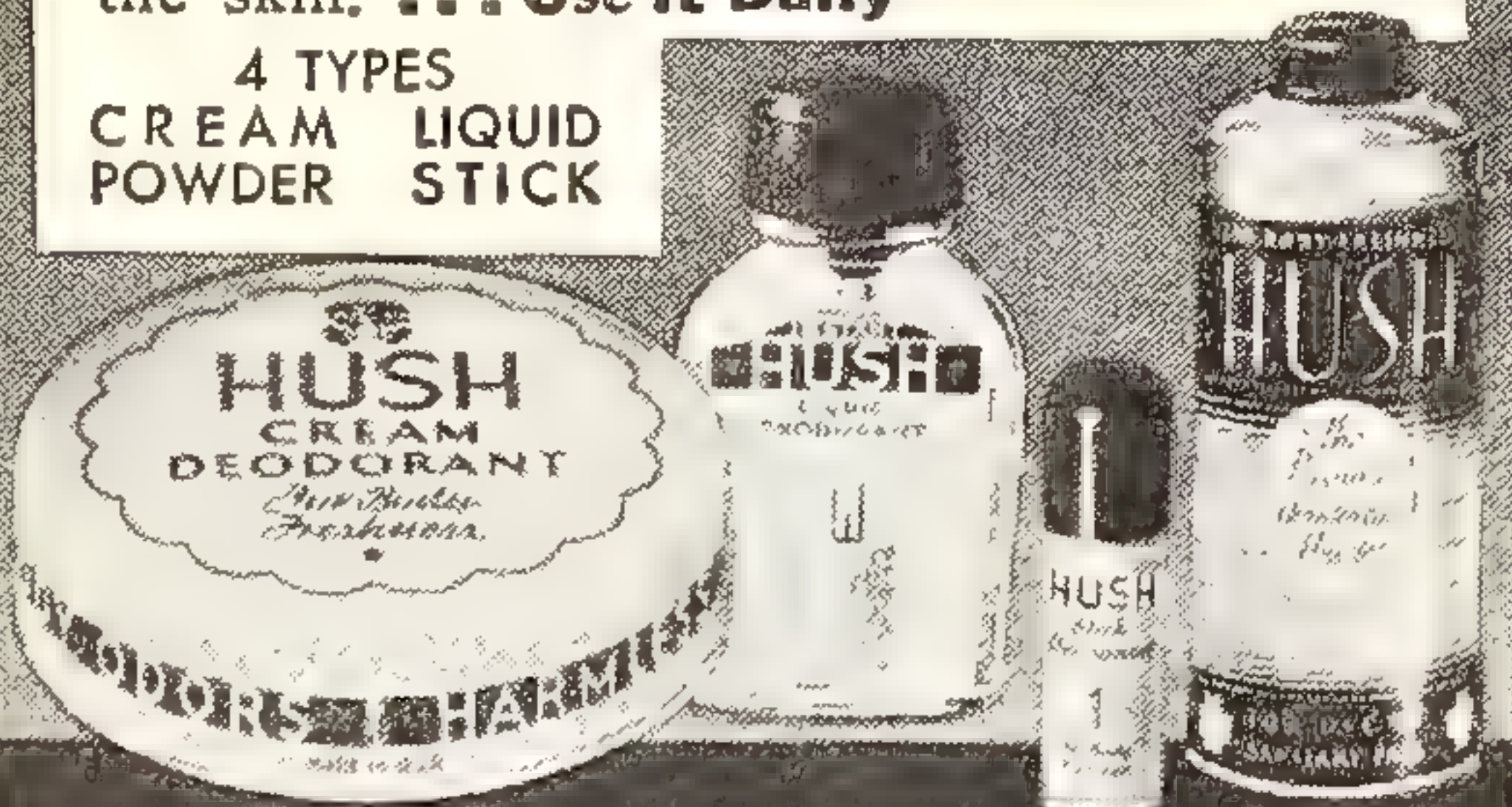
NOW LITTLE JOAN IS NEVER ALONE



use **Hush**
and be **Sure**

It's true, isn't it, that the popular person is the one who is always fresh and dainty, so play safe against Body Odors by daily use of HUSH! Instant protection from perspiration odors is yours with HUSH—use it any time, it is harmless to fabrics and imparts a soothing coolness to the skin. . . . Use it Daily

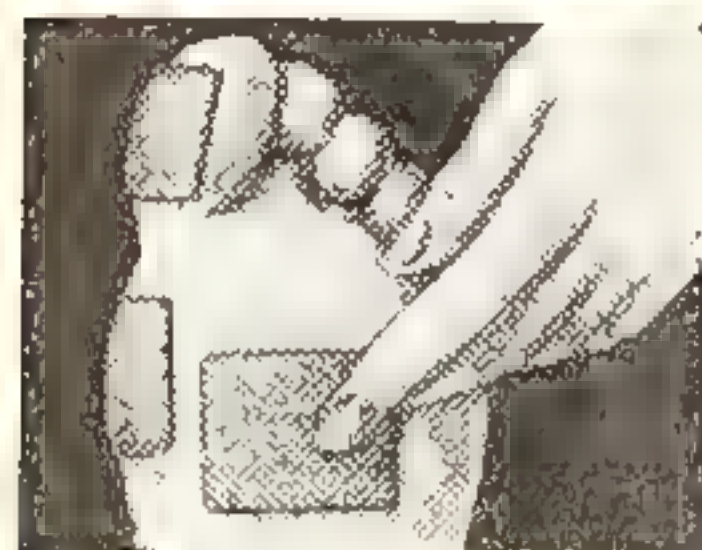
4 TYPES
CREAM LIQUID
POWDER STICK



10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite
toilet goods counter
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA



RELIEF FOR YOUR FEET!



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, soft, cushioning, medicated foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callosities, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes; flesh color. Cuts to any size or shape. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ stores.

**Dr. Scholl's
KUROTEX**



Amazing new LOTION
makes you
LOSE FAT
without one
single change
in your diet!



Just Rub It On!
The Inches Go Like Magic
or Your MONEY BACK

Avoid Dangerous Diets,
Irritating Exercises—Be-
ware of Harmful Drugs
and Laxatives—yet lose from
1 to 5 inches of ugly excess fat

(due to no glandular or other systemic cause) off hips, abdomen, bust, neck, arms, thighs, calves and ankles! Modern science at last has made an amazingly SAFE discovery, a remarkably delightful LOTION called KREMA. Nothing to take internally. You just rub KREMA on. Fat goes fast, full inches of it, yet leaves no wrinkles, no lines. Tightens flabby skin with perfect safety. Simple and Convenient. Send \$1 for full 10-day treatment. 40-DAY TREATMENT only \$3. KREMA LABS., 14 W. Washington St., Dept. 3-SC, Chicago, Ill.

Her last name was shortened and her first name became Gail. She was given six months to tone down her Southern accent before she was assigned to a rôle. But in less than two months she was so homesick that she didn't think she could stay any longer. On a week-end at Lake Arrowhead she was in tears. Cary Grant and Randy Scott were there on location and Bertha Jancke, the first representative of Paramount she met, had to go up to take publicity stills. Bertha asked Gail to come along and watch Cary and Randy work. Because Gail is so definite, the studio's strange, apparent indifference bewildered her. Why stay away from home, from all that was familiar, for this uncertainty?

"I recall how Bertha said to me, 'Either make up your mind that you will amount to something, or quit and go home where you have no fight. I've seen them come and go and I believe you have what it takes!'"

Bertha and Johnny Engstead, the man who poses all the Paramount stars' portraits, were about the only ones who'd given Gail a second thought. They discovered that she was intelligent and when they observed that she was regular they went out of their way to help her. She went to the coaching school on the lot, and directors couldn't overlook her eagerness to attempt whatever parts they'd give her. But she declares that it was Bertha and Johnny who aided her most in improving, in shaping a personality that is distinctly her own. Gail may be spending her Sunday mornings riding with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, now that she has "arrived," but she still is eternally grateful to those two comparative unknowns, and sees them often. Even though Bertha is working at Columbia, every time Paramount takes up another option on the Patrick contract there is a celebrating dinner with Bertha as the special guest.

"Johnny Engstead worked with me on that first test, the one that got me my contract. He then spent hours and hours counselling me. I had to try to acquire poise, first. Johnny slaved over his pictures of me. He taught me how to hold my head, my hands. How to walk gracefully. I learned that I needed different clothes, for in Hollywood styles are ahead of the rest of the world. I had long hair, that I wore in a knob. These two friends of mine told me about coiffures, kept after me continually. They begged the make-up men to show me exactly the most flattering use of cosmetics. They repeated and repeated that I shouldn't step out of my apartment unless I was precisely groomed.

"Today I am complimented on my appearance. Well, any woman can be beautiful, or give the effect, when experts tell her how to add to her better points and detract from others. When I reply that I am not beautiful some folk believe I am being coy. I hate coyness! I know how I look when I get up in the morning."

"But," I interrupted, "what about being nominated the college beauty queen by those fraternity boys back in Birmingham?"

"Oh," smiled Gail, "it took them two years to live that joke down!"

"I try to get Travis Banton and Edith Head to design my personal wardrobe as well as the clothes I wear in films. If other girls had this tremendous advantage they'd naturally profit by it as I do."

Her regal bearing is one of her most praised attributes.

"How I had to struggle to lose my self-consciousness about my height," she sighs. "I'm five feet seven. I always had worn flat-heeled shoes. Hopefully, you know. That was a mistake. After I'd learned more about how to stand and walk gracefully I stopped fussing about what wasn't a problem after all. Whenever they cry, in casting me for a picture, 'But you're so tall!' I

answer, 'The others are so short, you mean.' I remember that Garbo, Dietrich, and Kay Francis are the same height as I am.

"I never counted on remaining in Hollywood permanently until I married, last winter. When it was option time they'd say, 'We guess we won't take up your option. Perhaps—if you'd take a cut—' I always retorted, truthfully, 'That's all right with me. I'll be leaving you then.' 'But where will you go?' they'd query. 'Home! Back to Alabam!' They never could catalog me properly. But I wasn't fooling, you see.

"Hollywood is a vibrant world in itself, but I've found you can live as you really wish here. I bumped into all the traditional lines. There was the time someone stated, 'But you'll never be able to enact a character convincingly, be emotionally deep, until you have lived!' Well, the very first bit they gave me to play was the part of a corpse and I was told I had a very realistic manner. And I knew I'd never been dead!

"I don't drink. I've had two drinks in my whole life, once when I went to the dentist's and fainted and once when I was plain inquisitive. So, you can imagine, I was in for some joshing for my 'No' to all cocktails. I observed, however, that no one stopped drinking because I didn't drink; I wasn't cramping anyone in the least. So why drink? One shouldn't be called a prude for not doing something she doesn't enjoy, so long as she has no objections to others doing as they choose.

"I don't, as a matter of fact, smoke. I've nothing against it; but why should I if it doesn't appeal to me?"

"Why," she gasped, her ebony eyes dancing, "I didn't even know about double-talk before I got here. No, I'm not referring to pig-Latin, but to the Hollywood habit of saying one thing and meaning another. You do have to catch on!

"But Hollywood has been wonderful to me. I like pictures immensely. I'm not practicing what I'm going to say when they hand me the Academy Award; I doubt if I'll ever rate one. Because I'd had no stage background I didn't try to deliberately act, when I began to get good rôles. I knew if I did I'd seem hammy. I just attempted to be sincere.

"Every day brings something new here, and such perpetual variety is fascinating. You know, it's very amusing—I was so accustomed to saying hello to everyone on the campus at Howard that unconsciously I said hello to everyone on the lot at Paramount. It's become a habit there!

"On each picture I make new friends and make dates to see them again and then seldom do. In this way Hollywood is like college and being on a team. You're rushed back to your routine quicker than you expect. But here the routine is excitingly unpredictable.

"Entertainment in Hollywood is quite different from what I was used to. In the South everyone is so hospitable, so informally so. Every Sunday night we'd have a big chocolate cake or jello and boys and girls would drop in and be glad to eat whatever was served. In Hollywood people are too busy to be dropped in on; you make appointments a week or so ahead. And since most stars must be aware of their 'position,' they can't be informal or off-parade often. I don't care to entertain lavishly, myself. To me it's fun to have about six people over for the evening and then do whatever occurs to us impromptu.

"I'm just beginning to realize that I'm actually in the movies; I still gape at the stars. Our pay-checks are ready on Wednesdays—I used to dash over on the lot; now I frequently wait until Thursdays to collect because the check does seem to still be there."

This past winter Gail returned home for the second time. She had only eight hours

in Birmingham, because she was on an official personal appearance tour. But twenty-five-hundred home-townners tramped through the Fitzpatrick house to shake hands with her! She liked her airplane ride to Hollywood so well that she learned to be a pilot. But "I had to ride into Birmingham on the milk-can limited; all planes were grounded by a storm!"

On this same trip—she covered ten thousand miles in eight days—she saw New York City for the first time. "Jean Edwards, who is an executive secretary at Paramount and who doubles as my companion when I'm supposed to be elegant and have one, went with me. We arrived at 5:30 in the morning and by 6:30 we were doing the sights. I lay on the floor of a taxicab to peer up at the Empire State building; we gazed at Wall Street and Harlem and everything in one day!" She even looked up the girl who was her closest chum in college. "When I was dressing in all red she was forever doing herself up in all purple. We had such crazy times together then. When I looked her up I just had to chuckle at finding her married to a minister."

Gail also managed to meet a good many film exhibitors on this race around the country. "If some Hollywood people would go out and talk to those men they'd be deflated!" In Charleston she finished her public appearance and then relaxed by mastering the switchboard in the Paramount office. A long-distance call came through for her from the studio and it was a shock to find that she was right on deck like that!

But Gail has gone ahead because she's been so willing to learn. When she went to Honolulu she blandly admitted she'd never been to sea before. "When I remarked that I'd never even been on a boat I was shushed. I wouldn't be impressive!



Fiddling while the cameras wait is Rubinoff, and Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Director Norman Taurog seem perfectly willing to let the cameras wait, and wait.

But if I'd been blasé I couldn't have gone poking all over the ship, which was what I wanted to do. I blurted out the truth so I'd miss none of that adventure.

"You see me in my wedding dress," she commented over our dessert. "I'd just returned from the Eastern trip and it was the only clean dress I had when we decided to get married!"

She has found more than success and a glamorous halo. Gail has matured mentally by solving those problems which face a girl interested in a career, as well as developing on the surface. But in addition she has found the love which she knew would someday come to her. Six months ago she married Bob Cobb, the young and

handsome president of the Brown Derby cafés. He was long rated an outstanding catch, which makes him a fitting husband for a former Southern belle.

She wouldn't give me any rules for wedded happiness. "Whatever I'd say would be trite. I don't want to sound trite, or coy, or like a know-it-all. I am merely delightfully, and definitely in love!"

She did admit that she is reveling in the plans she and Bob are having drawn for the house they hope to build next year in Brentwood. "Our idea," she amplifies breezily, "is to scheme out a floor-plan that'll allow us to get from room to room without having to run outside and climb in through a window."



THE BOYS THINK IT'S A PANIC! ANN NEVER HAD HER POWDER PUFF OUT OF HER HAND AT THE DANCE

HER SKIN'S SO SCRATCHY THAT'S WHY... SHE OUGHT TO TRY POND'S VANISHING CREAM. IT MELTS SKIN SMOOTH



SKIN SMOOTH...
THEN POWDER CLINGS

IT DRIVES a girl nearly frantic when powder won't go on smooth—won't stay on! No worries like this if you use Pond's Vanishing Cream! "A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view—smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

This smooth, new skin takes make-up beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to

see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They always use it for perfect make-up before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it

For Powder Base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flakiness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth!

For Overnight—Use after cleansing. Not greasy. Mornings, your skin is soft.

For Protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!



Lady Milbanke

"First smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream... then powder will look 'just right' and stay."

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. 7S-VH, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

For Your Wife



CANTON PAJAMA SUIT SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE

福壽祥 These lovely new Oriental silk pongee Pajama Suits are the smartest of garments—for lounging, sleeping and Birthday Gifts. All hand embroidered in silk floral designs in 2 fascinating pastel shades, red or green. Collar, sleeves and cuffs richly trimmed in same colors. State size: large, medium or small. **\$2.95** Post Paid Sells regularly for . . . \$5.00

Send No Money . . . Shipped C. O. D., or send check, stamps or money order on my money-back guarantee.

DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
100 Minna Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

Write for catalogue of wonderful Kimonos and other Oriental Articles from \$2 to \$50.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 519, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

(43rd yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training. (Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.



U. S. Government Jobs

Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year!

MEN—WOMEN. Common Education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of many positions and particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. E-263, Rochester, N. Y.



SKIN
Beauty

WITH

Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Carnival Nights in Hollywood

Continued from page 19

in it for a change; she is sick to death of gingham and percale. "They actually let me wear a batch of aigrettes," Barbara says to Joan, "I felt like the best Marlene Dietrich in seven counties."

Betty Furness brings her knitting, she always does, day or night; and soon she is joined by Sandra Cooper (Mrs. Gary), Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer), Julie Murphy (Mrs. George), and later by hostess Joan herself who has become a most assiduous knitter and is at present knitting away like mad on an adorable pink baby blanket for the Cooper heir who is expected in the early fall. Well, knitting isn't exactly what I would expect to find at a Hollywood party but I long ago gave up being surprised. Luise Rainer arrives with husband Clifford Odets who immediately goes into a huddle with Franchot over the Group Theatre. Luise has never been to Joan's before, so right away Joan takes her on a tour of the house beginning with the huge kitchen and ending with the sleeping porch built around the gigantic four-poster where Joan sleeps. Luise cracks her shins on little Joan's new automobile in the guest room but doesn't mind because she is practically as insane over children as Joan is. If you are domestically inclined Joan will tell you how many sheets she sends to the laundry, how many hand towels she uses a week, and how many jars of strawberry preserves she has. Joan is as house-proud as a newly married suburban matron and a little praise from you will bring out as pretty a flush as you've ever seen. Luise is amazed. "Joan," she exclaims, "how can you run a house like this and a career too? Acting takes all my time. Do you think I could ever learn to knit?"

Out in the garden Jerry Asher has Sandra Cooper and Betty Furness in hysterics over his account of the queer carryings on in his Crescent Heights apartment where it seems strange things happen. Long, lean, lanky Gary has discovered the marble machine in the playhouse and has challenged Una Merkel and Charles Boyer to a game of marbles. The name of the machine is "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and you have to shoot the marbles through safe doors, and even an old slot machine die-hard like me has to admit that it's a lot of fun. "Pardon me for a moment," Una says to Gary and Charles, "I have to watch my husband." It seems that the last time Una and Ronnie were at Joan's Joan was greeted the next morning by a special delivery package in which she found one of her own silver monogrammed match boxes, accompanied by a letter from Una: "Dear Joan, I found this in Ronnie's pocket. If you miss anything else please let me know and I will search his pants."

Ronnie and Phil Huston are indulging in a hot ping pong game against Jimmy Stewart and Ginger Rogers—Ginger is the athletic type. George Murphy is always the life of the party because no matter what happens it invariably "reminds me of a story," and as it is usually a funny story nobody minds. He is now reminded of the gag that he and Buddy Ebsen played on Bob Taylor the first day of production on "Broadway Melody of 1938." He and Buddy arrived early on the set and found a beautifully appointed portable dressing-room with Taylor's name on the door. Quickly they take Taylor's name off the door and move in bag and baggage. When Bob comes on the set they call to him cheer-

fully, "Hey, Bob, look at the swell dressing-room they gave us. Isn't it something? Say, kid, haven't you got a dressing-room? And you the star of this picture! That's an outrage. Why don't you go to Mayer? Kid, you're the biggest box-office on this lot and they don't even bother to give you a dressing-room. I'd walk out of the picture if I were you." Poor Bob didn't want to complain because he was afraid the studio might think he was getting high hat, but finally, egged on by George and Buddy, he reluctantly went to the "front office" to register a complaint. When he returned, sadder but wiser, the Messieurs Murphy and Ebsen had moved out of his dressing-room and put his name back on the door.

Joan realizes suddenly that she has two of the shyest people in Hollywood at her party. Both Luise Rainer and Barbara Stanwyck are afflicted with decided inferiority phobias. The minute she sees three people she doesn't know very well Barbara closes up like a clam and suffers the tortures of the timid. But Barbara is perked up tonight over finishing "Stella Dallas" and removing the graying wig and middle-aged padding of poor teary Stella. She and Bob forget to go into their silences and actually take on the winners in the ping pong game. Luise watches the knitting in fascinated silence. Margo and Francis Lederer can always be counted on to be late. Margo usually has to go down to the Border to get a Mexican aunt across and Francis invariably loses all sight of time in a picture gallery. Her guests assembled at last, Joan yells "Food" and there is a mad scramble for the dining-room. To avoid formality and restrained conversation Joan has little tables with service for four grouped across the dining-room, which is quite the largest and most splendid in the colony.

The *piece de resistance* is a chafing dish of kidney beans into which melted cheese and green peppers have been poured. It is a recipe of Franchot's grandmother and Joan always mixes the concoction herself—and it is truly a poem. There are two roasted chickens which Franchot carves, aspic salad, and other goodies, and fairly drooling over plates piled high Joan's greedy guests swoop down on the little candle-lit tables. It is rather amusing to note that Joan never fails to serve big fat frankfurters with plenty of mustard—she adores them herself. The wine is poured by the butler who later serves the dessert and then the coffee and liqueurs.

It is over the coffee and liqueurs that many of Joan's friends claim that the peak of gaiety is reached at Joan's parties. They start playing games, mad, silly, games, that have everyone howling. One of the favorite games is called "Brainy, Brainy." The idea is to pass a candle in front of your eyes for a few minutes and you will distinctly see your brain. It really works. And you look so silly while you are doing it. Ginger Rogers was kidded unmercifully when after five minutes of swishing the candle in front of her peepers she casually announced that she still didn't see her brain so supposed the rumors were true that she didn't have a brain. Then Joan starts one of those psycho-analysis word games, which can be so funny, so naughty, so revealing. Joan will yell "Horror" and point at you and you must give out with the first word that comes to your mind. When Franchot yelled, "Lousy" and pointed at Joan she came right out with "Rain." You can see that the game has vast possibilities.

Joan announces then that she has a picture in the projection room but inasmuch as it is a warm night, and Brentwood, being near the Pacific, isn't blessed with many warm nights even in the middle of summer, perhaps some would rather go for a swim. It seems that some of them would—until it is discovered that the picture for

the evening is nothing less than twelve Mickey Mouses. Let it be said to the glory of Mickey Mouse that everyone piles into the projection room, including the dogs. But the swimmers are not going to be done out of their swim in Joan's glorious pool so while the knitters return to their knitting, and those who have early calls go home, a merry bunch of people plunge into the pool. Joan keeps her bath houses fully equipped, and you can easily find your size in trunks and caps and things without the least bit of trouble. Such jumping on and off of sea dragons and rubber floats as you have never seen. Gary, I notice, is not so venturesome in the water as he is in the saddle. George will jump on or off anything. The best swimmer of them all is Phil Huston, who used to be a swimming instructor and is really something to look at in bathing trunks. Phil, they tell me, lives down near the beach and gets up every morning before dawn and goes for a swim in the Pacific. (I shiver to think of it.) One morning his swim was interrupted by a bevy of rude policemen. It seems that a neighbor had reported him as a prospective suicide.

It must be well after one o'clock when someone suddenly remembers that Franchot has to work tomorrow—and a fine time to remember it—so back into their clothes and into their cars. The lights go out in the Tone garden. The party is over. What a merry romp it was. When better parties are made, I will make them—I hope.

Tell-Tale Desires

Continued from page 65

He is incurably absent-minded and has been known to set forth for someone's house for an important appointment—and to drive dreamily *past* the house, wandering aimlessly, pausing here to admire the view and there to make friends with a stray dog. An hour or two later he may telephone his home. "Now, where was I going?" he inquires.

He enjoys studying the scripts of his pictures and gives them his earnest attention. He detests learning lines and moans a good deal over this task. But once he has mastered them and has managed to get into his costume and to don his make-up and to arrive on the set, he enjoys assuming the identity of the character he is to portray. He becomes, on the set, the small boy who loves to play "let's pretend." That is probably what makes him valuable. Certain it is that all the extraneous details of an acting career bore him almost beyond bearing.

Then there is Claudette Colbert—and I am sure you will see, when I tell you something of her habits, what makes her so lovely, so versatile upon the screen. Claudette has long been known as one of the most *luxurious* women in pictures. She is one of the few actresses, for instance, who employs a personal maid at home as well as at the studio. Her lingerie is hand-tailored, hand-wrought for her in France. Her perfumes are especially blended for her. Her bedroom is a foamy affair, all satin and frothy lace.

She likes formality and her tastes in food are delicate. She invites a few friends to dinner (rarely more than four), and they always dress. Her imported chef provides, usually, a clear soup, a green salad (tossed in its dressing in the Continental manner), broiled fish, and roast fowl or lamb with accompanying vegetables. You never see red meat on Claudette's table.

When Claudette is working, her secretary-companion—arrives at the studio at noon with a hamper containing the daintiest of cream soups, squab-under-glass, puffed

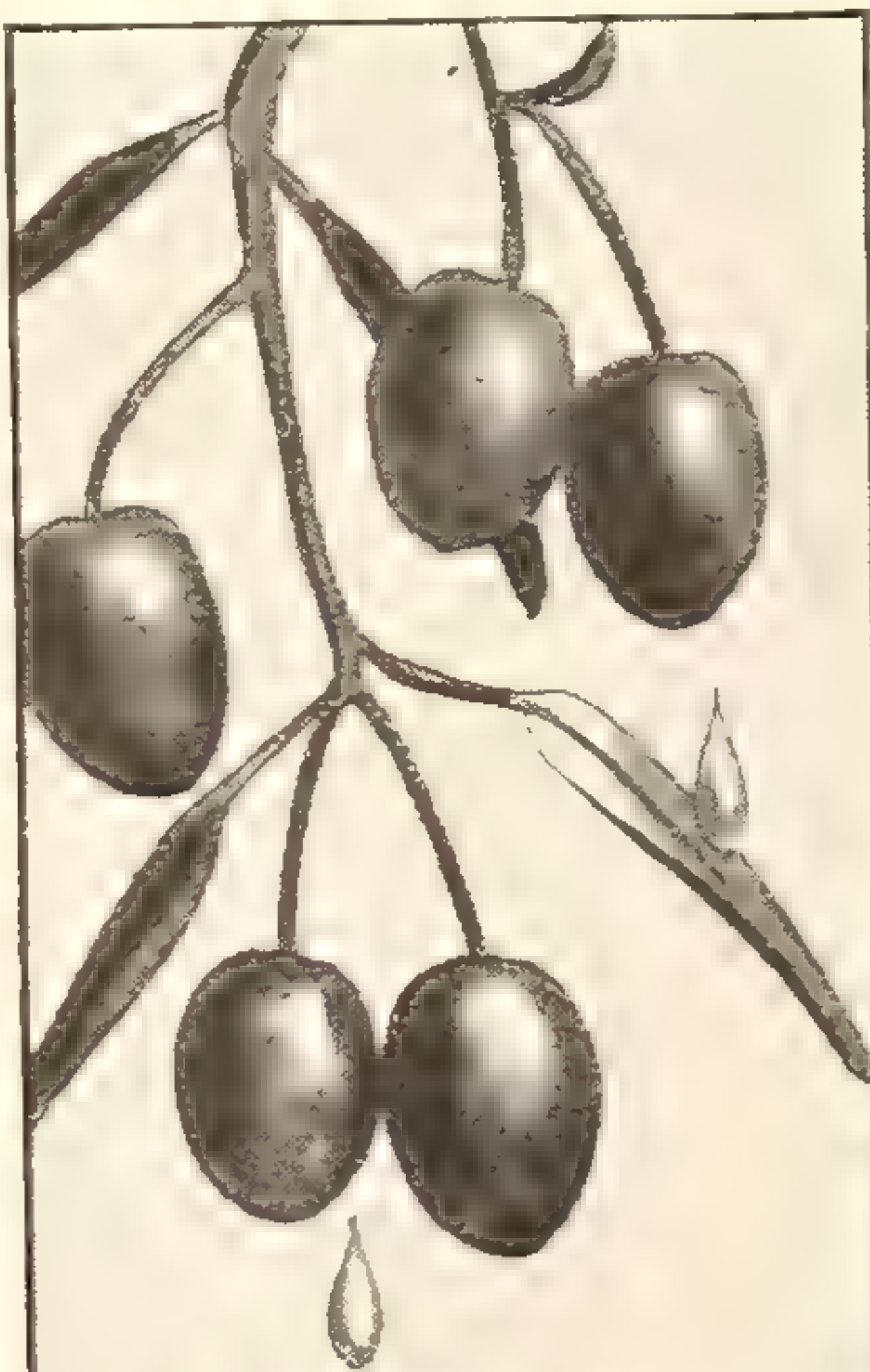


Don't let Summer-Drought get You!

Fields that were fresh and green in the springtime become parched and dry as summer sun burns up their life-giving moisture.

In this same way, the tender skin of your face, exposed to hot sun and drying wind, loses its fresh radiance and youthful attraction. Don't risk this tragedy! There's a way to guard this vital skin moisture.

Protect your allure this magic way—with Outdoor Girl Face Powder, which brings you the tried and true beauty aid—Olive Oil!

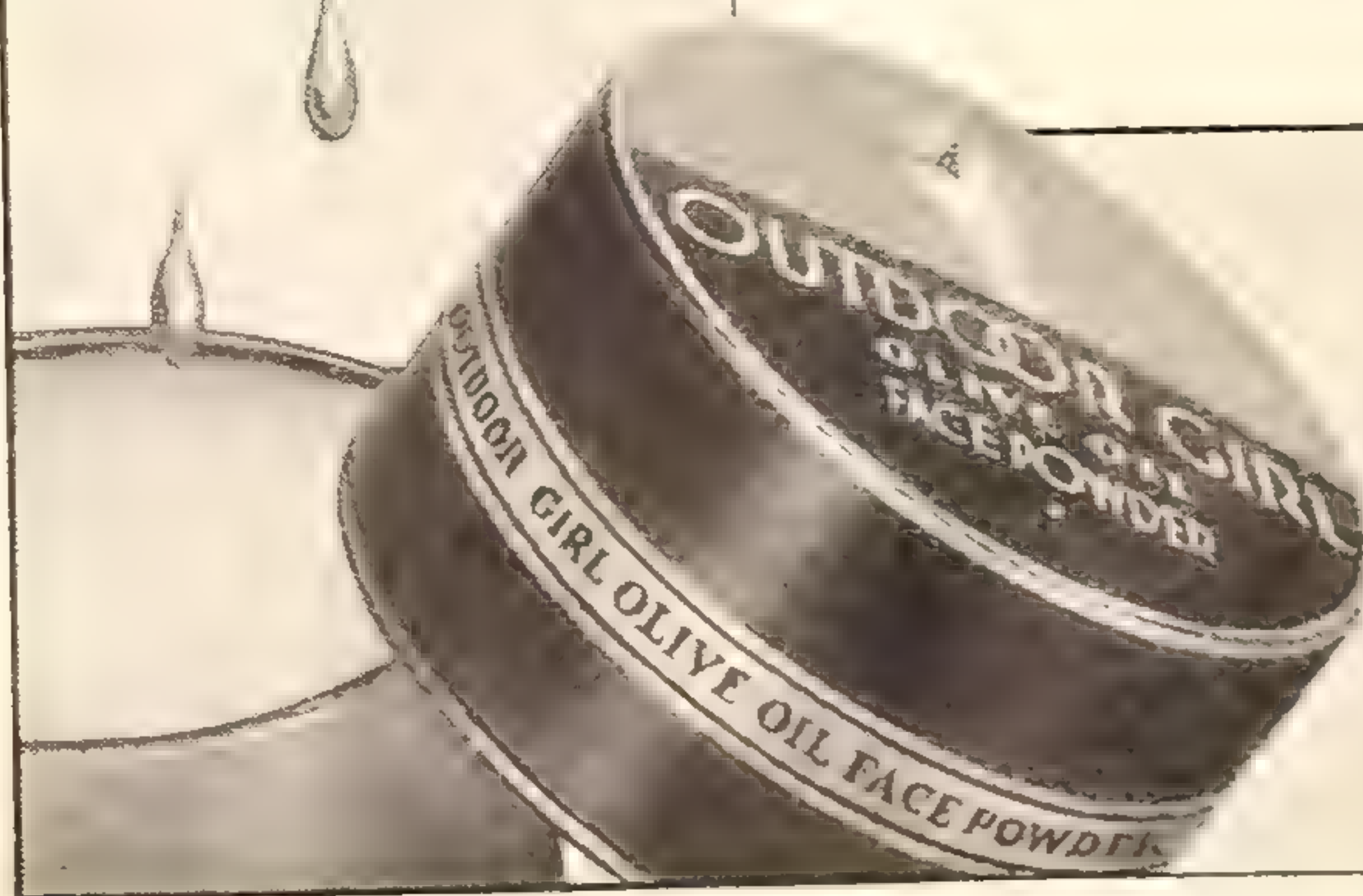


Olive Oil is a "Fountain of Youth" for your Skin . . .

Just as thirsty plants welcome drops of rain, your complexion craves the protecting touch of olive oil. Guard against destructive "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder — each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL



Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size . . . 50c

For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME..

BETTY BURGESS
Imperial Pictures

KEEP CURLS LOVELY with

HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS

Summertime! Outdoor time! Play in sun and wind and water. Wonderful days...but cruel to curls. Lucky, isn't it, that Hollywood Curlers can repair the damage so quickly. Roll your hair for a little while on Hollywood Curlers and there you have...*beauty restored!* At Malibu Beach and Palm Springs, where picture people play, a "first aid" supply of Hollywood Curlers is in every dressing room. Get your emergency supply for summer needs NOW.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER—BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNTONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

IMPORTED SIMULATED DIAMOND 15c

To introduce Hollywood's NEW-EST Orizaba Mexican Diamond reproductions, Dazzling, Brilliant, full of Blazing Fire—(worn by Movie Stars). We will send a 1 Kt. Simulated Brazilian Diamond, mounted in Solid Gold effect Ring as illustrated—(looks like \$150. Gem) for this ad and 15c. Address today **FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. SU-510** S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c)

CONCEALS BLEMISHES INSTANTLY!

Hide-it

DON'T let a sudden skin blemish spoil your Summer Fun. Be clever—use "Hide-it!" Instantly conceals pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, bruises and any discoloration. Waterproof. Won't crack or peel. Four flesh shades to match your skin. Use the Cream for large areas; Stick for touch-ups.

\$1 at Drug and Dept. Stores
10c Size at Ten Cent Stores

Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 19-H, Chicago
Enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it" ☐ Cream ☐ Stick.
Check Shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan.
Name _____
Address _____

custard. Yet I have seen Claudette, clad in corduroy slacks, suede jacket, perched on a high stool at the beach, having ever so good a time munching a hot dog.

Every director in the business knows that he can count upon Claudette, the pampered Colbert, to work all night under real or artificial rain, regardless of how cold the weather man says it is. She may complain a bit. But she won't collapse and hold up production. She won't send word to the studio next day that she is down with the flu or a bad case of sniffles. The industry knows now that Claudette can take it!

Ronald Colman likes a mild game of tennis. He likes a beach shack which is really, primitively a *shack*. He likes old corduroy pants, old sweaters, small, courageous terriers. He likes canned beans. He dislikes, intensely, to put on evening clothes. He refuses to make personal appearances. He dislikes large parties, fluffy women, and noisy men. He likes avocado trees, old books, a smooth lawn, and he enjoys watching other people swim. He *doesn't* like to gamble but he is interested in hearing about *your* adventures with the goddess of chance. He says, "Hmmm! And then what happened?"

He detests emotional "scenes" and is upset for days if he has to go through one on the screen. He is almost tongue-tied in an interview and he had much rather write you a letter than talk to you about himself. He can only squirm and say, "I'm a very dull fellow—really!"

Ginger Rogers likes clothes trimmed with sequins and ostrich feathers and rhinestones. She likes shoes with shiny buckles. She likes small parties and driving in the rain. When she has to attend a premiere she is torn between stage fright and the naive pleasure she gets from the recognition of the fans. When she says she is hungry, she means it—and she orders steak and French fried potatoes and grilled tomatoes. She loves to plan and help to perpetrate practical jokes. She is certain that she can handle dramatic rôles if only the public will forget her dancing. She studies seriously for these rôles—when she isn't too busy being young and gay.

What would *you* make of them? Would you, if you were a casting director, sign them for years and years, invest your company's money in them? How would you judge them? "Their tastes in small things. . ."

Are Movie Men Social Flops?

Continued from page 31

smile. He's also exactly the right height. Buddy Rogers has the kind of charm which would make him valuable in my service.

But these men, naturally, are unavailable, and the others in Hollywood who presented themselves to me just wouldn't do. For one thing, Hollywood men don't understand feminine psychology—as applied to the guide escort service.

There's such an overwhelming proportion of women to men in this town, (one reason why my service has already been engaged for several large parties), that the men have become spoiled. They think ladies can't get along without them. And I train my men to consider themselves no more than *escorts*—necessary for getting places—just like taxicabs.

If women want romance, they must go elsewhere. And Hollywood men are apt to think all women are romance-minded. I don't mind a few spiritual vibrations between the escort and the escortee, but physical vibrations are out.

My men, you see, must be absolutely reliable. They must have good character references, bank references, and I insist they have regular employment during the daytime. Lots of Hollywood men don't.

They mustn't drink too much. I insist on their sticking to one type of liquor during an evening, and I suggest that they drink either champagne or Scotch. Hollywood men mix their drinks too much.

Escorts must dress conservatively and in good taste. They can't wear, as Hollywood men do, berets, yellow suede shoes, yellow sweaters or Tony Sarg scarfs around their necks.

Escorts must have their hair cut regularly. Hollywood men wear their hair so long that half the time when you walk down the Boulevard you can't tell whether the person ahead of you is a man or a girl—especially since so many Hollywood girls wear slacks.

Escorts must be able to discuss topics of general interest—world affairs, new books, new songs, pictures, stage shows. Hollywood men are intensely provincial



Ted Peckham, escort expert, and author of the accompanying story.

and the fact that their conversation is limited to studio matters is notorious.

Naturally, my business attracts many worthless young men, and therefore I insist that they have regular daytime jobs and that their guide service form only a part of their regular income. They must have excellent character references. I want the women who go out with these men to be assured of every protection.

Escorts must know all the good restaurants and amusing places to go in the vicinity. The word "Guide" in my service really means something. And the men of Hollywood, in their ideas for amusing places to spend an evening, are bounded by one small area including the Troc and a few other night clubs.

Escorts must have slim figures and a certain elegance in their dinner jackets or tails. No woman is going to pay \$25 for an escort and then be satisfied with a fellow whose muscles make it look as if he had been juggling wheelbarrows full of cement all day. And Hollywood men, in general, are either over-developed from too much exercise or under-developed from lack of it.

And they don't dance well! At the Troc or at the Coconut Grove I've seen charming ladies with Hollywood male stars looking wistfully at the dance floor while their escorts maintained a sit-down strike.

Hollywood men are either tired, lazy, or just naturally can't dance well, with a very few exceptions.

It's no wonder that the fellows you read about taking feminine stars out of an evening are not the actors but are the writers, producers, and directors, who show a little more spirit on the dance floor. Louis B. Mayer, for instance, is known as one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic rhumba dancers. Incidentally, I insist on my men being proficient at new steps like the rhumba as they come along.

Turning the tables, I asked several of my men what type of Hollywood star they would prefer if they should be fortunate enough to have their choice.

Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich and Marion Davies are the stars they would prefer because they are not only attractive but they also have something to talk about. Mere beauty, you see, can't make an evening interesting—for an escort. And among the older women, May Robson, with her ready wit, perfect sense of the theatre and her marvelous stories, was elected.

Escorts are naturally chosen for their compatibility with all types of women but they do have preferences. They dislike to date the whining, complaining female, the lady who asks too many questions about their work, the one who drinks too much, or the "rah rah" whoopla type of young woman who insists on racing around the floor every time the orchestra strikes up.

Personally, I've never gone out on "dates," since managing the service and writing has kept me busy. But my own favorite among the Hollywood stars is Carole Lombard and any time she would care to accept an invitation, I'll cancel my price of \$5,000 for an evening and take her out for the fun of it.

Beauty on Her Own

Continued from page 51

Anita Louise has never felt a deep hurt. Her pastel exquisiteness may have lulled you, too. Because she has so far always had genteel rôles to play, because she seems more like a romantic princess than any real princess we have in the world today, you could have assumed that she is probably pastel in personality.

But let me put you right about her. She isn't! She isn't pastel in character, either. She simply hasn't dramatized her fight for what she wants. She can't—yet. Eventually she will; that's in her plans.

It isn't easy to gain her confidence. She's friendly. She enjoys entertaining and she has a hostess flair. As a guest, at parties, she's fun besides being a superb pictorial asset.

But I have never met anyone with such pride. I don't mean vanity. Anita has taken beauty as a task belonging naturally to women and so she isn't conceited about the impression she makes. Her pride, rather, is a fierce armor against failure. It is the one kind of protection she knows; she hasn't the hard crust of the cynic. Her hopes are away up in the clouds—and she cannot tear open her heart casually when there has been a disappointment.

There was that unpublicized period, I remember, when she couldn't get a picture job. She had spent nearly everything she'd earned, or her mother had, on Anita Louise improvement. For two solid years she'd slaved on the rudiments of acting under Samuel Kayser, the most expensive coach in the movie colony; the man Ann Harding and other veteran players credit for their training. Anita went to him *after* she had a contract. Which alone distinguishes her from the ordinary aspirant who is content



NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes
—checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

You've never known anything like the new Odorono Ice! It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on . . . and presto! It's gone! And both dampness and odor are gone, too!



*Trade Mark
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

In two seconds your clothes are safe, your mind at rest about perspiration embarrassment for 1 to 3 days. No ruined dresses, no extra cleaners' bills. Get some! Work this miracle for yourself.

Odorono Ice has no strange odor to turn musty after a while. There's only the clean, fresh smell of alcohol that evaporates completely the minute it's on. It's so pleasant, so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant.

Don't mess about with smelly, greasy, ineffective creams another day. Save your clothes, your time, your temper with this newest scientific advance in deodorants.

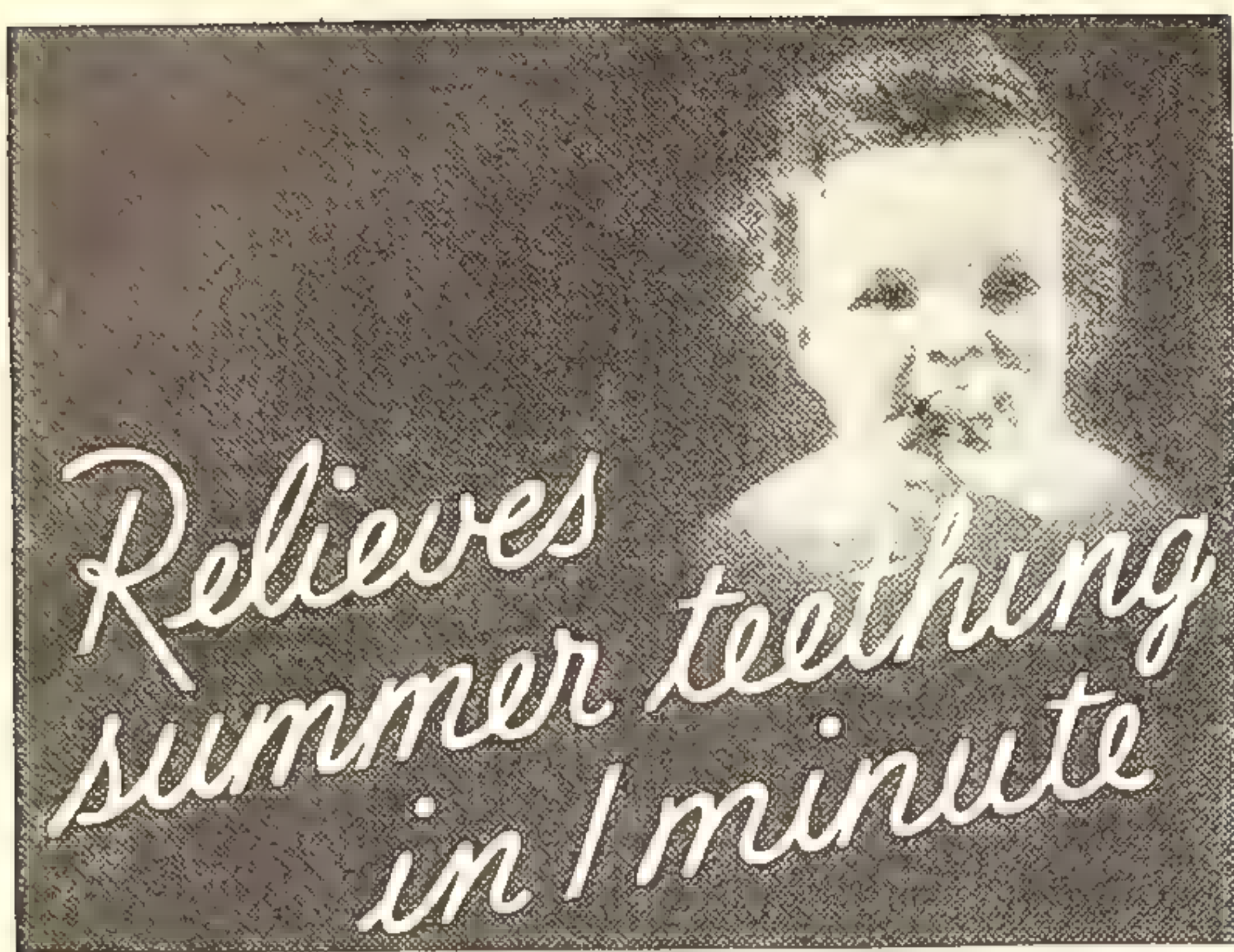
The wonderful new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Buy a jar tomorrow!

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-S-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".

—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

Goodbye
FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft, smooth and beautiful.

Free Write—The Stillman Co.
BOOKLET Aurora, Ill., U.S.A. Box 21

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 50¢

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
BACHELOR OF MUSIC
4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dpt. 20-A, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR

ZIP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY

Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Special offer with Zip Cream Deodorant both for the price of one. Ask your dealer or send 50c for this special to Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

with herself. And in addition to those lessons from Kayser, she managed to practice on her piano and her harp. She studied her French and German. She studied her dancing and fencing. Conscientiously she rode and swam. This complex campaign for specific technique in her profession, for musical skill, for culture and for gracefulness, went on as a complement to her work and to regular schooling from a tutor.

Yet, suddenly, there were no more calls from the studios. She had reached the verge of more serious rôles and the producers didn't think she was capable of drama.

The income stopped. All she'd struggled for threatened to melt away. I recall so clearly what followed. Her mother moved the two of them to a tiny apartment away off from the fashionable district. Her mother doled out their remaining money and somehow it was stretched over half a year. Of course the varied lessons had to be suspended.

Yet during that appalling chapter I never saw Anita give way to despair once. She never railed at being ignored. And it was her determination and her habit of holding her chin up gallantly that pulled her through.

Finally she found that a play was being cast in a Boulevard theatre. She went straight down to ask for a reading for the ingénue part. Inside she was trembling, but she had already started to steel herself, to achieve external composure. At that theatre they never guessed that she was scrimping in an obscure section of the city. They certainly never imagined that Anita had walked eight miles to apply for the chance. She'd not only walked, but she'd arrived looking as fresh and daintily feminine as though she'd been swept up in a limousine.

"I had to," she said when I reminded her of that episode.

Anita could never tell you that tale of how she defied defeat and wouldn't be licked. Tomorrow, someday, when she is thoroughly self-assured, she'll rattle on gaily about herself and drop a witticism in every other sentence. She'll be a full flame. "I'll be able to discuss myself as though I were Exhibit A," she smiles. "I'll speak with tremendous authority! But I can't do that until I've accomplished, until I've backed up my notions with more proof that they're correct."

She hasn't been allowed to run wild. There are no acting ancestors in her conservative family, so when Alsatian Ann Beresford was left with a baby daughter who was not only extremely pretty but unquestionably talented for the stage and screen the career had to fit in with careful rearing. At seven Anita was acting on Broadway. At ten her mother brought her to Hollywood and at thirteen she made her début as a leading lady. The record for being the screen's youngest romantic heroine belongs to her.

It was her mother who made that possible. Anita inherits Ann's pluck and resourcefulness. And all along her mother, who is but eighteen years older, cautiously, amazingly, steered the route. The pitfalls of Hollywood were pointed out as silly, the rewards made glamorous privileges.

Now as Anita is coming of age she and Ann reside in one of the stunning places of Hollywood, the house Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky own. It is a veritable Colonial jewel box, all mellow elegance. A quiet house-boy led me into the spacious, cream-colored living-room when I went to luncheon recently. Anita's harp stood close to the white grand piano in the adjoining music room. Across the wide entrance hall the dining-room is elaborate with gorgeous crystal candelabra and a mirrored wall.

Upstairs I overheard Anita in the hall,

telephoning a list of names. When she ran down, a bit breathless, she explained that she was giving a wedding shower for Mrs. Jimmy Ellison. She has been acting since childhood, but the everyday pleasures have definitely been included on her mother's schedule for her. A wedding shower is a treat she wouldn't dream of passing up. Anita believes in weddings, and when she marries she will have a traditional one herself.

In the cheerful breakfast-luncheon room overlooking the enclosed garden she detailed what she is up to whenever she can be.

"Mother has said, always, that when I was twenty-one I'd be responsible only to myself. She'll be free to resume her own life then. So—I'm forever in conference with myself!"

"As I look back, I'm so glad she has behaved as she has with me. She not only has sacrificed, put me before herself—for which I can never repay her, but she has devoted herself to me intelligently. She has done all a woman can do to make a daughter successful and happy.

"Mother has never let the acting interfere with her ideas of what is wisest for a girl in the long run. She not only hasn't flattered me, but she hasn't let artificiality creep into our home. She's tried to teach me to be self-reliant without becoming—impossible!"

"She chaperoned me herself until I was seventeen, and she is still particular as to whom I go out with. I've never resented this and now I realize more than ever how the antics of immaturity can steal away the glow of genuine romance. I know girls who went everywhere, with almost anyone, and now they are bored. I think going out just to be going is an error. It's *who* you go with that makes a date grand. I hope I'll always remember to be discriminating."

Girls envious of Anita's freshness will be interested to hear that Ann Beresford directed her away from cosmetics. Anita wasn't allowed to plunge into make-up jars. On the contrary, she was taught to pass up mascara and eyeshadow.

"I am thankful for the way mother has emphasized what background does for a woman. And mother has bothered to set an example. She is slim and purposefully attractive. She reacts to a fine environment, to quality. I like this beautiful house. I like to be surrounded by the nicest things and I'm going to continue working to have them. We haven't always lived this well, but as you know mother has a knack for fixing things. I hope I'll be able to do likewise!"

What Anita says of her mother is true. Ann has enormous originality and excellent taste. She has made wherever they have lived extraordinarily attractive, no matter how little could be spent. She has an eye for line, and in clothes as well as furnishings. Ann has taught Anita that this is a woman's duty.

"I don't plan on building a house when I'm twenty-one, and I'll tell you why," Anita went on. "Maybe I would economize on rent. But I believe a girl is smart if she marries in her early twenties. If I should invest in a house it wouldn't be clever, for it wouldn't be exactly what my husband and I would want and it would be too large for mother alone.

"There isn't any husband in view!" I'd raised an eyebrow in frank curiosity. "But I am all for marriage, and children, and for combining both with a career. I plan to go on acting after I marry. I feel as though I'm only on the threshold, so far as my work is concerned. And that every man or woman ought to have the stimulus that comes from doing the sort of work that intrigues them. It will be advantageous if I don't marry for two or three years,

though. I'm still in a transitional period and it would be difficult to pay enough attention to a husband now."

Analytical Anita! And it isn't a last-minute, theoretical summing up of career and love before she takes the helm. For Anita, you see, has been in love. When she was seventeen she and Tom Brown found an ecstatic happiness in one another's company. It was glorious first love. For two years they went together. Many outsiders thought it was Ann Beresford who opposed a marriage. But it wasn't. Whenever Tom came to her about Anita she'd reply, "It's up to Anita."

Ultimately it was Anita herself who understood that she and Tom were too young to cope with marriage in Hollywood. Each had concentrated so on a career. Eloping would have been rushing into a union neither was equipped to handle. It was impetuous and impractical.

Since then there have been other admirers. Anita has sensed that a girl matures considerably faster than a boy. Accustomed to working, she will blend more aptly with someone some years her elder. "But not more than ten years older," she laughs.

For the past year she has assumed charge of all chats with her studio. At Warners they are delighted with her business head.

"Next winter I hope to return to the stage, in New York. If I can so arrange it, I'll do three or four pictures a year and then a play there. In the theatre the repetition will be an education that will help me improve in films. Anyway, I enjoy the stage, too!"

Travel is specifically on her horizon. "I plan to travel between assignments. I have studied here in Hollywood; yes. Yet what is study without a knowledge of how other people live? I don't want to be narrow, or fall into a groove." She has been to Europe three times, but only once since she's grown up.

"Mother has gradually been leaving decisions up to me. We have always talked honestly. About my work. About money and security. About dates. About being ready for whatever dilemma comes along. But she has attended to the 'items' and now I'm not only attempting to decide major points for myself, but I'm becoming acquainted with details. I've never been deliberately selfish, but I'm waking up to the fact that we must consider others and that we get from life what we deserve. I am realizing that the little things can be the most significant. My worst fault is tardiness. I'm by no means cured, but I recognize at last that an apology isn't an ideal solution!"

"I'm not going to be too dogmatic, map too minutely. For instance, I shan't say that I'll never go out when I'm working. I might—for dinner, you know! All I shall try to do is to supervise myself as well as mother has done."

She not only has outgrown youth's habit of taking things for granted, sometimes. She not only has earned everything she has today. She has the memory of a marriage—that-almost-was to counsel her when she comes to the marriage-that-is-to-be.

I wouldn't say that she has changed. Anita hasn't had to learn a fondness for the niceties because her mother has made self-respect and graciousness instinctive in her. But without a doubt, she has demonstrated that her mother's pains have not been in vain.

Here is beauty, unspoiled from any angle. She doesn't wear her soul on her sleeve, but make no mistake: Anita Louise is in harmony with the better side of Hollywood because she is in harmony with the best in herself. I have no fear of what the future will bring in her case. On her own she'll be terrific, for the prizes go to her kind.

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY SHADE

Only about
3 out of 10 women ever find
their lucky shade of
face powder...
This is your chance!

Ten new—absolutely new—shades of face powder! You have never seen the like of them before.

They're new in color. They're new in color-magic. They do things for women never before known.

You Will See a New "You"

One of these shades will prove the right one for you!

It will prove your "lucky" shade. It will show you a new "you"—a more youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"

A
thrilling
surprise for
every
woman

—a more glamorous "you."

You don't have to take my word for this. You can prove it to yourself! Just mail the coupon and you will receive all ten of my new Lady Esther Face Powder shades postpaid and free.

Try All Ten!

Try, not one or two shades, but all ten! The very one you think least suited to you may prove

a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(35)

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



**DROP
THAT
KNIFE!**

**CORNS COME
BACK BIGGER-
UGLIER**
UNLESS REMOVED ROOT & ALL

● Home paring methods make corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Don't take that chance. Use the Blue-Jay method that removes corns completely by lifting out the corn Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Easy to use, Blue-Jay is a modern, scientific corn plaster. Try this Blue-Jay method now.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. J-1, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



PHOTOGRAPHY offers you big opportunities

Get into this profitable field! Cash in on the growing demand for expert photographers! Enjoy a fascinating, profitable career. We give you individual, practical training that will qualify you as an expert in Commercial, News, Portrait, Advertising or Motion Picture photography. Personal Attendance or Home Study courses. 27th year. Write for Free booklet. New York Institute of Photography 10 West 33 St. (Dept. 60) New York

STORIES WANTED

for immediate consideration. Short shorts, short stories, novelettes, articles, book lengths, plays, scenarios, and poems edited, criticized, revised and submitted to markets. 2,000 magazine editors, 300 book publishers, 100 syndicates and over 1,000 incidental markets are buying 30,000 to 50,000 stories, articles and features every month. YOU, too, can sell your stories to this vast market through us. No books or courses to sell. Send your manuscripts today for free examination and report. **CENTRAL AGENCY, Belle Plaine, Kansas.**

PILES DON'T SUFFER Needlessly, Try This Treatment FREE

No matter what your age or occupation, if you have piles in any form write for a **FREE** sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day you read this. Write today. **E. R. Page Co., 520-B2, Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.**



Personal to Fat Girls!— Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

Problem Star

Continued from page 23

ten minutes to pull myself together and go on. It's the same old thing of having to get accustomed to every new thing that comes along—gradually."

We got to talking about Fred's early adventures in Hollywood where he tried to get work as a laborer or just anything at all and finally landed a few extra jobs here and there. During that period, he worked in mob scenes in quite a few big pictures, including "Sally" and a couple of other Warner Bros. pictures. His first one was at Fox. It was a picture called "Girls Gone Wild."

"Never will forget the first time I saw myself on the screen," he went on. "The casting office told me to be at Fox in the morning. So I borrowed some make-up from my aunt, Fay Holden. She used to do a lot of picture work then. It was very light make-up. You know, like a woman would wear. The scene was on location and I was one of a bunch of boys who came rushing out of a fraternity house when a girl's car broke down out in front. I had to look awfully hard to see myself when I went to see the picture, but what I saw was enough for me! Looked like I had flour all over my face. I was pretty discouraged. Decided I'd never make a movie actor!"

During this hectic period, there were a number of times when the assistant director would single Fred out, asking if he could read lines. Fred would never say "no." But he'd look so darned scared, nothing would ever come of it. It was the same old apprehension about tackling anything new. So his picture career just died a natural death and he got a job playing with the California Collegians at Warners Hollywood Theater and later went on to New York.

"How did you feel when they asked you to take a screen test?" I asked him.

"Funny thing about that," he said, reflectively. "I was scared pink at the idea of it, but when I finally was called into the office of the talent scout at Paramount, Oscar Serlin, I wasn't scared at all. You

see, I'd been under-studying Ray Middleton, who had the leading rôle in 'Roberta'. They picked me out on account of my size. Anyway, I'd studied his part for so long I knew it by heart. So when I got up to make the test, I really had something to say. When I saw the test later, though, got discouraged all over again. You know, it was the old thing all over again—new."

"How did you make out on your radio program?" I pursued.

"Gosh, that was awful," he admitted gulping at the thought. "I'd keep telling myself that all I had to do was tell a story and sing a song. That was simple enough. I'd finally get all straightened out by the time I got to the radio station. And the minute I'd find myself on the air, I'd forget what I started to say completely and call Louella Parsons or one of the actors to help me out. Don't think I'd be so scared now. But that's all over. My radio program is finished. Took me the whole season to get used to it."

Fred has been criticised from time to time for being so non-committal about his private affairs, among other things. I asked him about it.

"I haven't any 'private life,' in that sense of the word," he said very seriously. "I just feel there hasn't been anything important enough to talk about. You know, Lillian has been sick almost ever since we've been married—she's just out of bed today. So we've had to be very quiet and not do anything worth speaking about."

"Moved into our new house last week," he said, brightening. "Outside isn't quite finished, but we moved in anyway. That one thing Lillian used to worry about—knowing the house was being built and not being able to get out to see it. Used to have a conference every day. She'd do all the planning and then I'd go out and look it over and report how things were going along."

"So you see how it's been with us. We're so quiet and do so little, there isn't anything to discuss. If we ever do get around to taking a trip or doing just anything at all, I'll talk about it—plenty! Now that Lillian is better and we're in the house, we'll probably begin to have some fun."

"You never did care much about parties or night clubs, though, did you, Fred?" I asked.



Fred MacMurray's shyness vanishes when he steps before a camera, as in this scene with Lloyd Nolan, Charles Ruggles and Edward Robins, from "Exclusive."

"Oh, I like parties all right. Don't like to dance much, so we don't go to night clubs. But parties can be a lot of fun if you're with a nice crowd. Any place can be fun if you're with people you like."

By this time, Fred had gotten away with three large slices of liver and Canadian bacon and a double portion of vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce. He slapped the table suddenly and said: "There!"

I jumped. "'There'—what?"

"Nothing. Just 'there.' I've finished!"

I never did find out whether he was just finished with lunch or with me because at that moment the assistant director came over and tapped Fred on the shoulder.

"We want you on the set of 'Exclusive,'" he said, solemnly.

"Coming right over," Fred grinned, getting suddenly out of his chair and then grimacing as he started to limp out of the restaurant.

"Got a kink in my knee," he explained. "Been kneeling down in a scene all morning. Gosh, I can hardly walk!"

I guess he made it all right, though, because the last I saw of him he was headed for the door of Stage 14—big, gangling—his hat on the back of his head—his self-consciousness tucked safely away (for the moment, at least), with the large order of liver and bacon.



Great in a clinch, are John Trent and Marian March, a new team.

Paris

Continued from page 63

meaning of the question. The darling had read "Gone With the Wind" and was so impressed with the book that she is determined to go to Atlanta, Georgia, and see for herself what still exists of the surroundings of *Scarlett O'Hara*. When she found out that I had lived in thees Atlanta she spent the rest of the afternoon asking me about Peachtree street, the plantations, and the colored servants. How I'd like to be with her when she goes there, and hope she won't be too disappointed if she finds it all not quite as she imagines. That's the only part of America that really interests her.

Her recent film, "Wings of the Morning," made in color in England with Henry

ORIEN HEYWARD —NOTED BEAUTY MODEL—NOW A B. P. SCHULBERG STAR IN HOLLYWOOD



SCREEN STAR
AUTOGRAPHED

Ann Sothern

HOLLYWOOD'S
FAVORITE POWDER PUFF
Autographed
FOR YOU



JOAN BENNETT
Walter Wanger—
United Artists Star



ANN SOTHERN
R.K.O. Star



JOAN MARSH
Paramount Star

ON HOLLYWOOD dressing tables—where only the finest beauty aids are chosen—you'll find these dainty Screen Star Powder Puffs. They're soft as down, with extra-long silken velour fibres to hold your powder where it belongs—on top. That's why make-up goes on so easily, and so evenly. Look for the autograph of your favorite star on the ribbon. At leading chain stores 5c

FREE

A beautiful photograph of your favorite screen actor or actress—size 8 by 10 inches—will be sent you absolutely free, for five wrappers from Screen Stars Powder Puffs. Don't wait—act now!

SCREEN STARS
Powder Puffs



GAIL PATRICK
In Paramount Picture,
"Her Husband Lies"



FRANCES LANGFORD
M-G-M Star



IDA LUPINO
Paramount Star

SECURITY

THE simplest skin injuries and irritations so often result seriously. Don't take chances—keep Resinol Ointment and Soap on hand and feel sure of quick, satisfying relief.

Resinol Soap—so favored for the toilet and bath—is particularly suited to cleansing sore, scraped or broken-out skin. And Resinol Ointment soothes the burning soreness in minutes, as its special medication hastens healing. An effective home treatment for over 40 years. At all drug-gists. Sample free. Resinol, Balto., Md.

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

Her EYES Won Him

CLEAR..MILKY WHITE..LUSTROUS

THOUSANDS CLEAR EYES...In Seconds...New Easy Way

WHEN eyes are dull, reddened or prominently veined by late hours, fatigue, exposure—thousands of girls now make them clear and sparkling in seconds. With new scientific EYE-GENE. And what a difference when whites are clear—sparkling white! So soothing, refreshing. Stainless. Get EYE-GENE at any drug or department store... also 5 and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS SONGS

For Immediate Consideration

Send Poems to
Columbian Music Publishers
Dept. 13A Toronto, Can.

FOOT AND LEG PAINS?

Rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, tired, aching feet, sore heels, callouses on soles—all are signs of weak or fallen arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports give immediate relief by removing muscular and ligamentous strain—the cause of your pain. They are *molded* to your feet and soon restore the arches to normal. Can be changed one pair shoes to another. Expertly fitted at leading Shoe and Dept. stores everywhere. For FREE foot booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 285, Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

Fonda, registered as a grand success everywhere. As it is all in natural color La Annabella's red-brown eyes and soft blonde hair are caught to great advantage. She says she will team with Tyrone Power in her first American film, which seems to delight her greatly. Neither Annabella nor Danielle Darrieux is of the *ooh, la, la*, type of Parisian loveliness. Instead, each is of the pensive, quiet type. Annabella, especially, plays with such a charming earnestness and sincerity, beautifully poised.

The Darrieux first came into prominence several years ago when she was chosen to play opposite Charles Boyer in "The Tragedy of Meyerling." Since then she has gained a great following over here. So much so that Hollywood called and she answered the call with a "Oui, Monsieur."

I'm afraid that is about all they will get out of her, for according to her present plans she has decided to pull a Garbo in America and not be interviewed by the press. I've tried to explain that it won't go down with people but she seems firm in her decision to be a young sphinx. Imagine she will change when she gets over there and babble with the best of them. I first knew her when she was making the "Meyerling" film with Boyer—long before she decided on this Swedish-silence plan. A nice quiet gal with soft brown hair and an expressive smile-less face—very young, my dears.

This last season she produced a play and acted the principal part, written especially for her by her husband, Henri Decoin. He is going to Hollywood with her to write scenarios for Universal. At the moment he has been directing his wife in a film called "Mademoiselle, My Mother," a title that suggests great possibilities, if you follow me.

I feel almost as though this article should be written in French as it's so entirely about our Parisian favorites. Out at the same studio where Annabella was emoting against a Polish background that great star Gaby Morlay was making Henri Bernstein's "The Messenger." Mlle. Morlay attracts all the English and American visitors to the theatre where she is playing "Victoria Regina" to great success. She made the trip to America, before opening, solely to see Helen Hayes as Victoria, and caught the same boat back to Paris. Her leading man in the film is Jean-Pierre Aumont; he, too, is on the Hollywood

precipice, so to say, and for good reasons.

He was the partner of Simone Simon in most of the films she made before Hollywood swallowed her up. They made a charming youthful pair and it would be amusing if he joined her in Hollywood and played opposite her in English. In the meantime he is filming over here and playing on the stage. He was a great success in Noel Coward's "Design For Living" when it was done in French here. He has just returned from a tour of the principal theatres in Northern Africa.

The young players over here seem to me to be better equipped than in America for they are always studying and play as often as possible on the stage for the experience and the personal contact with the audience that the theatre presents. They have so much more poise and sureness of technique than the English or American players.

Having been so French, I feel that I should wind up with a good solid American name. The only one on the horizon of late has been Ruth Chatterton. On the horizon completely describes her for she has been flying back and forth constantly from London. Between rehearsals she would hop a plane for Paris to have dress fittings for the clothes to be worn in her production of Somerset Maugham's play, "The Constant Wife." She seems very happy to be back on the stage and anxious to appear in London. Her *Fran Dodsworth* was such a grand characterization that I've been hoping she would follow it up with another performance of the same quality, but I suppose such parts are a rarity and aren't picked up just every day out of a scenario.

Fernand Gravet, after making his first Hollywood film, "The King and the Chorus Girl" for Warner Bros., is back in Paris to carry out his French contracts. The English have been very amusing in insisting that the theme of "The King and the Chorus Girl" was taken from the drama of their Edward VIII's step down from the throne. As a matter of fact, the film was planned long before the English real-life drama. With a change of title and a little cutting they are permitting it to be shown. Fernand was most enthusiastic about Hollywood and the great efficiency of the film city of film cities. He will return there the end of the summer to make his second film.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 71

"My very favorite dish—don't laugh—is fish cakes and beans. Mother showed Helma how to fix them so that I can have them whenever I choose.

"We usually buy the fish ready to use, in flakes, and then Helma dips it in beaten egg and crumbs and makes fish cakes. I don't care for the white beans, I like those big brown beans—Campbell's, I think they

are. They have flavor and are satisfying.

"I'm not a heavy eater. I have a theory that it isn't what kind of food you eat that makes you fat, but how *much* you eat. You can eat what you like, if you will eat lightly. I know that I always gain weight when I work, but the dancing takes care of the extra pounds.

"I get up at six, have tea, toast and orange juice; at the studio at nine, I have coffee and a doughnut; then at eleven, I have more tea—or perhaps if it's hot, fruit juice. Then lunch, which is usually salad and in the afternoon more tea and cakes and then dinner.

"When I'm not working, I seldom get up before nine, when I have light breakfast, lie around or play golf or swim, or play with the baby, have a light lunch and do the same thing till dinner. So I don't eat heartily unless I'm nervous, which I always am when I work!"

Ruby is not a girl who cares for desserts. "I don't go crazy when I see a dish of ice cream, as so many Hollywood girls seem to do," she smiled. "I suppose it's because they diet all the time, but I wouldn't care if I never had anything sweet. Al enjoys it, though. Helma will tell you one of his favorite desserts—Danish pudding."



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

IRRIGATION... is the modern method of TRUE FEMININE HYGIENE

The EDSON DILATING IRRIGATOR

(Two way flow)



ONE FOURTH ACTUAL SIZE

At last, scientific research has produced the EDSON, based on the principle employed in medical institutions — Internal Irrigation. 34 separate spraying jets produce a steady IN and OUT flow, assuring thorough INTERNAL cleanliness. Anatomically correct, and hygienically perfect and safe, this modern method assures freedom from ordinary inflammation and bacteria. Simple and easy to use — attach it to any fountain syringe or bulb. Quality and performance guaranteed or money refunded. Send \$2 with this ad and your name and address to EDSON PRODUCTS, 2133 R. C. A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City. (We pay parcel post.)

(P.S. Opportunity for refined representatives.)

MAKE MONEY

AT HOME!

Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home", and requirements. NATIONAL ART SCHOOL 3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 443C Chicago

WHY BE THE FORGOTTEN GIRL? PUT ON YOUR "PARTYFACE"

and get going!



Miss Ritz no longer has a monopoly on peaches and cream. Party Face is now sold at a price every girl can afford. This magic lotion, used in place of powder or as a powder base, closes large pores, hides blemishes, tightens sagging lines, wipes out wrinkles. Absolutely harmless. Money-back guarantee.

MAIL COUPON

Party Face Co., Dept. A-1, 381 4th Ave., New York City Please send postpaid one full-size bottle Party Face for (blond, brunette)....., for which I enclose \$1.00 payment in full.

Name.....

Street & No.....

City & State.....

DANISH PUDDING

Mix 2 cups of breadcrumbs with 2 cups of sugar, the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, ½ cup of melted butter, 4 well beaten eggs, and 1 cup seedless raisins. Mix well and pour into a buttered baking pan and bake in a medium oven until nicely browned. Serve with orange sauce.

ORANGE SAUCE

Place in a double boiler ½ cup milk, 2 level tablespoons of sugar, and the yolks of 2 eggs, beat well, add one tablespoon of grated lemon rind, ½ cup orange juice and whip over the fire until frothy. Serve as soon as removed from the fire.

"I like nice dressings on my salads. If I have hearts of lettuce, for instance, I like chiffonade dressing."

CHIFFONADE DRESSING

Mix in a bowl rubbed with a clove of garlic, 2 tablespoons of chopped cooked beets, 2 tablespoons chopped green peppers, 2 tablespoons chopped pimentos, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, and ½ cup of French dressing (Best Foods).

"A rather unusual salad for summertime is served with sour cream dressing. Helma will tell you about it. We call it melon salad."

MELON SALAD

Cover cold salad plates with crisp lettuce, on the lettuce place a slice of Dole pineapple, cover the pineapple with alternate slices of orange and grapefruit; sprinkle over match shaped pieces of celery (peeled) and chopped walnuts. Place on each salad 2 tablespoons sour cream salad dressing and dust with paprika.

SOUR CREAM DRESSING

Beat into 1 cup sour cream, not too old, 2 tablespoons of lemon juice, 2 teaspoons Heinz' vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika; beat well and keep cold until used.

Sonny Jolson, at two, eats a wide variety of foods, although he is not given rich dishes.

"He's only been to one birthday party in his life," explained Ruby, "that was when he was eighteen months old, and do you know he came home and broke out all over! The doctor had a long name for it, which I don't remember, but it cured me of birthday parties. The doctor said no young children should ever attend them, and when they are old enough—say, at four or five—four children is enough at one time.

"Sonny—he'll probably kill me when he grows up if I'm still calling him that, but he's such a tiny one I can't help it!—Sonny always wants me to be with him when he has his supper and to stay with him till he goes to sleep. That's about 6:30 or at latest 7, so I seldom miss.

"I brought his nurse with him when I took him from the Cradle, so I'm sure of someone who understands what to do no matter what happens. He was so very little when I got him. Do you know, we didn't have any idea we'd have him when we built the house, so after he came we had to build on a wing for him, God love him!

"Al found this place, by good luck. He was driving around in the valley one day when he met Guy Price, who used to be in show business and now is in real estate, and he brought Al here. The people who owned it had a small house where ours is now, and they had landscaped everything, just about as it is now, when they lost their money. You can see how lovely it is, so no wonder Al wanted it.

"So we bought it, put up the wall, built the house and here we are!"



THE Lure OF Lustrous Hair

History is crowded with conquests by women who were famous for their fascinating hair. It is easy to have hair that invites romance — by using Colorinse, a pure, harmless rinse that brings out the natural sheen and highlights of your particular coloring. Try it and you'll be amazed at the new glint and sparkle Colorinse brings to your hair. In 12 shades. See the Nestle Color Chart at Toilet Goods counters.



SO SIMPLE TO USE

Shampoo your hair, then rinse thoroughly and rub partly dry with a towel.

Dissolve Colorinse in warm water and pour the rinse over your head with a cup.

Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and see the sparkle that comes to your hair.



10c for package of 2 rinses, at 10c stores . . . 25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.

Nestle COLORINSE

SONG POEMS

Wanted At Once Mother, Home, Love, Patriotic, Don't delay—send best poem today for our offer.

RICHARD FROS., 28 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Learn How to GET RID OF HAIR from FACE, LEGS, BODY FOREVER!

Send for this FREE BOOK



THE SECRET OF PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL

YOU can be rid of embarrassing hair forever by new home treatment. Absolutely safe and permanent. No regrowth, no chemicals, no tweezing or friction. Screen stars have spent fortunes on this formerly expensive method. Now available to YOU at home at low cost! Have the smooth, lovely skin that men admire! Claim your right to Romance! Only method approved by medical opinion. Test it at our expense! Mail coupon today for FREE illustrated booklet and details of trial offer!

BEAUTIDERM CO., Dept. 148, 1451 Broadway, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Send FREE booklet "The Secret of Permanent Hair Removal" and details of 30-day FREE trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

Hollywood's Hell

Continued from page 29

pocket-book—in fact, no pocket-book at all—made Warner feel that life had no place for his talents. But he kept on. He fought against hard times and the town's seeming indifference. In brief, he went through hell.

Today, Warner is all the better for that early hell in his life. Ask him yourself.

James Dunn will also be glad to give information about his passage through the Hollywood inferno. I remember Jimmy's advent in the movie mecca very well. Of all winners of the inferiority complex prize, he won out over all competitors.

Scared of everyone and everything, he put on a bantering tone to hide the fear he felt. He didn't believe in much. Broadway had knocked ideals sky west, leaving Jimmy with a confused state of mind. Hollywood was to burn the confusion out of him.

The great test was when he met Maureen O'Sullivan. No one knows the exact feelings of either one. Some say Jimmy scoffed at love, and at first didn't take Maureen seriously. Others declare Maureen was very fond of him, but not so fond as she was of John Farrow, to whom she is now happily married.

By the time Maureen no longer cared, Jimmy found he cared a great deal. Perhaps they ought never to have gone together. It was one of those ironical events. But Hollywood love is dangerous to play with, as amorous cinema boys and girls find out.

Jimmy's heartbreak was the best thing for him. He went through hell at the time, but it helped him, for there's nothing like a nice bit of torment now and then. It certainly changes you, one way or another. Jimmy became more understanding.

The then three-year-old Shirley Temple appeared with him in her first Fox film. This young siren pulled Jimmy out of his decline. He became her godfather, and now believes in quite a lot of things.

Henry Fonda has not had a very sunlit existence since he came to Hollywood. He got his break on the stage in "The Farmer Takes A Wife," a short while after his mother's death. She had always wanted to see him on Broadway. Then just before the film version was released, his father passed away.

The only friends he had in Hollywood were the late Ross Alexander and his second wife, Aleta Freel. Henry and Aleta had played in the same Little Theatre movement before they got to Broadway. I remember Aleta telling me how happy she and Ross were at Henry's success. Hollywood would surely sign him up, she added, and everything would be wonderful for all of them.

I recall his first five weeks in Hollywood were spent at the Alexanders' tragic hill-top home. If ever there were three jolly young people, they were Henry, Aleta and Ross. They were more like three kids. Their wildness went to the extent of playing with a complicated train system, set out on the floor. For outdoor exercise, they shot rabbits by the score.

When Aleta and Ross shot themselves, Henry was bereft of his dearest friends. All these tragedies, which include losing by divorce his first wife Margaret Sullivan, could have caused him to go off at the deep end, if he cared to. But his infernal ordeal left him for the better. Henry maintains a steady path through life.

Perhaps no other juvenile went through



Bing Crosby prefers blondes! In his next picture that is, for the Crosby crooning will be directed toward the very comely Mary Carlisle in "Double or Nothing."

a more tormenting test in Hollywood than Eric Linden. Eric came to town with flying colors of his own hectic design. At first, he was most ingratiating. He had been suddenly taken out of nowhere and placed in the blinding limelight of Hollywood adulation—usually a sly jade.

Eric was uncertain of himself and everything else. To cover up his uncertainty, he assumed an arrogant pose. When his skyrocket came down, he learnt his lesson.

After a couple of plays on Broadway, a new Linden appeared in Hollywood. The pose was gone; the arrogance, nowhere in sight. Instead of the former self-styled "genius," I met a likeable chap, sincere and interesting. "I did not understand Hollywood at first," he recently told me. "I didn't fit into its life. Now I feel differently."

Need I add that he also acts differently—for the better—as "Ah Wilderness" most certainly proved.



Robert Taylor's singing lesson. Composers Edens and Freed directing.

Akin to his fellow artist Eric Linden, Tom Brown suffered all the tortures of the damned. The bright spot in his life was Anita Louise. But Anita grew out of passionate idealism when, as ethereal *Titania*, she grew from inconsequence into prominence.

Tommy had had an exciting time telling early interviewers all his heartbreaks. From thirteen on, it seemed his life had been shattered by one charmer or another.

When Tom's feelings and emotions were truly shattered by Anita's cruel desertion, he remained dead silent. What would have made a fine story, he refused to give.

He told me later that he was pretty well broken up. If a director corrected a scene, or stopped one while he was in it, he took it as a direct reprimand. At singing lessons, he'd start to sing, but couldn't utter a note, then find himself on the verge of crying. Or he'd feel like laughing. A regular *Jekyll* and *Hyde*.

Disillusion came when fair Anita went. His adolescent sadness has made Tom more stable, more definite. But the fires of Hollywood's inferno have still more to burn away. After his love tragedy, he appeared rather bitter and cynical.

A lofty soul, of artistic aspirations, should soar above sorrows. Like Jimmy Dunn, I advise Tom to become godfather to some captivating child, or adopt a baby.

I also advise Robert Taylor to refrain from flightiness and remain on solid earth to fight things out. And I suggest that Tyrone keep as natural as he was when the "Tom Brown of Culver" company locked him in the gentleman's room on the train. To behold Tyrone as a *poseur* would be really ghastly—with a broad "a".

Lew, Warner, Jimmy, Henry, Eric and Tom have passed through Hollywood's hell. Each has become finer, more definite. Let Bob and Tyrone regard their trials, as here related, and save themselves a lot of suffering.

But does not wise old Omar Khayyam tell us we are ourselves our heavens and hells?

So you see, Bob and Tyrone, my fine lads, whatever you do makes your heaven or hell in Hollywood. But, there, you've probably found this out already.

**The Happy
Moment**
— when the show
is over



BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating... doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."



SEE THE
BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!

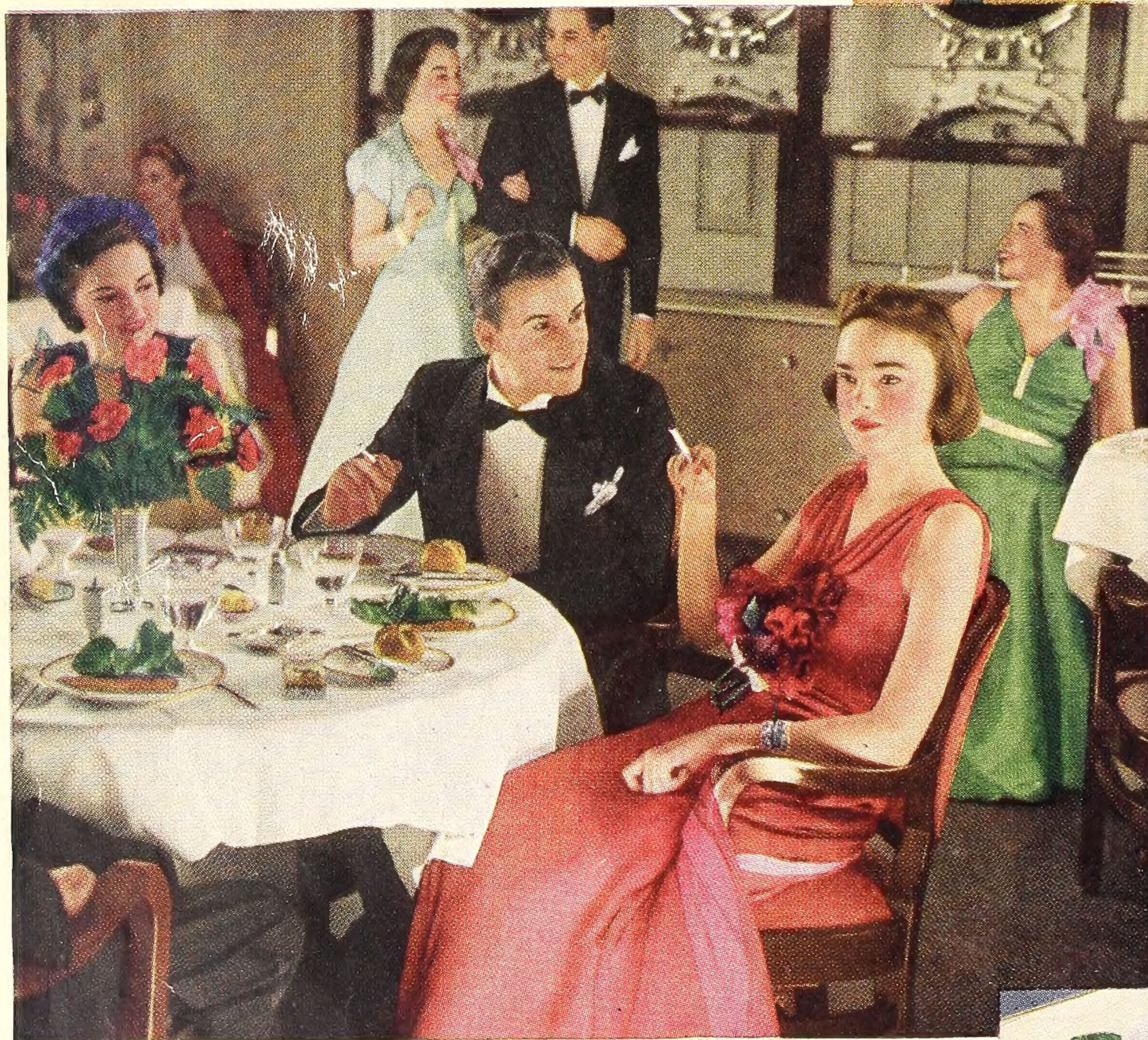
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



Swimming is the favorite sport
of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her debut in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed (*right*) at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"



*These distinguished women
also prefer
Camel's mild, delicate taste:*

MISS JOAN BELMONT, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand



For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels